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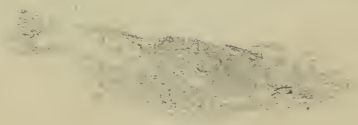


YANKEE COURTSHIP

MYRTLE WREATH

BY

MINNIE MYRTLE

THE

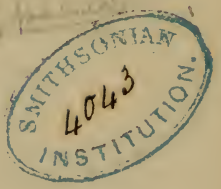
MYRTLE WREATH,

OR

STRAY LEAVES RECALLED.

Johnson, Anna Cummings

By Minnie Myrtle.



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TO

HENRY J. RAYMOND,

Editor N. Y. Daily Times,

HER CORDIAL AND GENEROUS FRIEND,

The Wreath,

WHICH HIS APPROBATION FIRST ENCOURAGED HER TO TWINE,

IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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A Word to my Readers.

WHAT excuse shall I make in behalf of my "scattered leaves," for gathering together and twining themselves into a "Wreath," and aspiring to a place among the "Floras" and "Grandifloras," with which the gardens of literature are just now teeming? Many fears I have that it will be thrown into the shade by the "leaves" and "fragrant blossoms" in the midst of which it has sprung up, and that, although it should prove an *evergreen*, it will scarcely be thought worthy to occupy the back ground among the bright garlands which thought and fancy are weaving and presenting in such beautiful relief to our view.

The author had nothing else to do, and so she wrote, and when she had gone but a little way in this pleasant path, there came to her from many hearts which she knew not, the voice of gratitude for some drop of balm which fell upon a wounded spirit, or a word of merriment which charmed dull care away, and lightened the leaden wing of sorrow. It was a holy mission—and she went on scattering more widely the flowers she had culled, hoping and earnestly praying, they might do good wherever they fell.

Imagination and fancy have had little to do with these sketches—her motto is Truth. Wherever a story or incident is related, it is given as it actually occurred, and she has trespassed a little upon an untried path, in thinking it possible and proper to write true love stories!

It has ever been the custom for a portion of the Christian community to condemn all fiction as pernicious, while nothing has been supplied in its place; and though these condemnations have been uttered for centuries, fiction of every kind has been multiplying a thousand-fold, and the libraries of even Christian people are filling with "popular novels." And it will continue so to be till truth is presented in a more pleasing garb, and made more attractive in the eyes of the young. They resort to novels for sympathy, to learn the history of hearts like their own, for it is a lamenta-

ble *truth* that Biographies represent human beings so different from any thing we actually see in this world, that there is very little encouragement to aim "to be like unto them."

It is thought sufficient, in religious Biographies especially, to give a history of the intellect. The heart is treated as if it were an "accursed thing." How many times have I heard young people exclaim, that they had searched the lives of eminent men and women in vain, to find that they ever had thoughts and feelings like their own. Their domestic history is a sealed book. What we wish most to know—the every-day life of those with whose public acts we are familiar—is scarcely alluded to. If a great man had affections and heart joys and sorrows, it is not thought proper to speak of it. It is merely recorded that "he was married at such an age, to an estimable woman, with whom he lived so many years, and who died leaving him so many children!"

It would be of no great use to cry *hush* to a volcano, and it is quite as futile to bid the hearts of children cease to beat quick and warm—for each other! They cannot be content with books which only endeavor to expand the mind and teach the religion of the soul. While they are human they must have human sympathy, and in the book which God Himself has written, there is no such silence concerning the "daily walk and

conversation of the persons whose history it gives, in the most intimate relationships of life.

If my little book shall do something towards proving that the truth may be written about the heart as well as the head, and that love may be talked about in prose as well as in poetry, it will have accomplished its mission.

The readers of the "New York Daily Times," "The Independent," "The Troy Post," and "The National Era," will recognise many of the sketches. Most of the poems have appeared in several different Journals, over different signatures, and the critics will doubtless find an abundance of faults in them all. It will not be amiss, perhaps, to say, that I have not written to instruct the wise, and have no ambition to write learnedly. I have hoped to impress the heart, and to amuse, believing this to be emphatically "woman's mission." Yet I have not on this account thought it of little consequence how I wrote. I have written as well as I knew how!

To know that the "Myrtle Wreath" is welcome to "hearts and homes," will sufficiently gladden her who has twined it—and may it do no evil if it should do no good, is the prayer of her who sends it forth with many fears and tremblings.

My Children.

AN old lady sat in the arm-chair by the fire with a full quilled cap border around her withered but very pleasant and motherly-looking face, a three cornered blue 'kerchief pinned neatly over her shoulders, and a wide old-fashioned full-gathered apron tied round her waist, with a white tape string, and the Bible on her knee.

I had been out making calls, and when I entered the room, I said, "I have seen a great number of my children to-day, aunt Rachael; almost everywhere I went I found one or more, and——"

"Your children!" exclaimed the astonished good woman, "Your children, I did not know you had any children," and she looked as if she thought I ought to be blushing with shame, instead of looking very proud and gratified.

"Why, Aunt Rachael, did I never tell you about my children, such a troop of them as I have, too—of all ages and sizes, and conditions—why, I thought you knew all about it."

Never did I see a placid countenance so transformed. She looked perfectly aghast, as she took her steel-bowed spectacles from her nose, and laid them upon the great book, while her aged hand trembled like an aspen.

I pitied her, indeed I did, but I was wicked enough to assume an air of humility as I said, "Oh, but Aunt Rachael, it is all about now, so I might as well confess it openly—and surely you will not condemn me before you hear my story."

"Children, and all about—what do you mean? tell me, and why have I not known it before?"

"O you know we do not want to trouble you with all the foolish things that are done in the world. You would have no rest day or night—and to know that I had become the 'town's talk,' why it would have been the death of you."

Here I smiled, and the good old lady began to sus-

pect I was talking nonsense (no new thing for me,) and her face assumed its usual complacency, though she was still in darkness concerning my strange announcement.

"But they are black, Aunt Rachael, black as ink—and some people say they are shocking story tellers—that they never know when to believe them. Yet I have always taught them to tell the truth, and am very sure they always do."

"Oh yes," said the good lady, "I can well imagine if they are at all like you, how they tell the truth, just as you have been telling it to me this morning."

"Indeed, have I told you anything but the truth?—Now I am sure there is not a bit of fiction about it."

"No, but you give it such a flourish and cover it with such a gloss, that it would be difficult distinguishing it from its coloring."

"And this is just what the Rhetoric tells us to do—and surely the Rhetoric must know; when we talk, we colour with the tones of our voice and the light of our eyes, and the change of our countenances; that is, we give expression to what would otherwise be intolerably stupid—and when we write, we must color with the tones and changes of language, or our thoughts, though ever so good, would be intolerably prosy, and nobody would read them at all, and what is the use of writing, what nobody will read?"

"O well, you know I do not understand about these things," said my good Aunt Rachael, who is not a good judge at all of any thing I may do, because to her eyes it always wears the *hue* of right.

But I was quite amused with the criticisms upon my children from those who had no idea they bore any relationship to me.

They are all christened M. M., so by M. M. we will call them.

"She is too severe," said one—"and then she has no right to go about prying into people's affairs, learning all their secrets and publishing them—it is shameful. I wonder if she would like to have somebody do the same by her."

And now I will tell you just how it was about one true story I told. Those whom it really concerned, never troubled themselves about it. But two others of whom I never heard, or thought, or dreamed, saw fit to appropriate it to themselves, and as they were in a grand hotel, and in a very public place, with many eyes upon them, it was whispered all about that the coat must have been made for them, and so they and all their friends came near getting up a crusade to rescue the pen from hands which so profaned it! Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but more sure to cut.

This is its mission—to "pierce like a two-edged

sword," but I cannot be to blame if it hew in pieces those at whom I never aimed even the point.

Another said "she did not like the style, it was full of Yankeeisms—she must be a genuine Yankee; her children all had the twang!"

Now I thought it was long ago settled that "Yankees were as good as any body if they only behaved as well," and that their isms were neither more oblique, nor acute, oblong nor obtuse than other people's isms, but it seems it is still a matter "open to discussion." But this accusation did not trouble me, as it would if they had said, "she is attempting to conceal her nativity by putting on New York airs." So I consoled myself with the thought "that I had not come to this."

But some people said they were nice children and did credit to their bringing up, and I concluded it was best to go on my own way, improving if I could by any kind hints I might receive, but copying nobody's else patterns; and original designs, even for children, might atone for the want of beauty and perfection.

And Aunt Rachael said, "Yes, yes!"

The Picture with two Faces.

A REVERIE IN ONE OF THE SALOONS OF SARATOGA.

"NO, oh, no"—the voice was soft, and the tones full of love; but the answer was harsh, and I heard a quick and heavy step upon the floor as of one who was resolved to bid defiance to all gentle persuasion. Then again the voice grew more earnest. "O, no, you musn't go to-night—O, stay with me to-night." But the answer was still more resolved, and I heard an oath, as he said, "he would not be chained by a woman," and again the heavy footsteps stride toward the door.

The room was next to mine, and I knew was occupied by a husband and wife. I had often seen them going in and out, and noticed the expression of concealed anxiety and suffering which a practiced eye may still detect on a heroic woman's countenance. On his face I had read selfishness, sensuality, and ungoverned passions, and I knew there must be misery in that little room, though wealth and luxury, and refinement spread a veil over it to common eyes.

My ear was quickened by this knowledge, and I listened for the sequel of what I knew to be the attempt of an injured, but still true and loving wife, to dissuade her husband from some midnight revel; and again she pleaded, "My dear, O do not go—'tis late, and all will know that you go forth at this hour to some unhallowed resort. You *must* not go." It was still for a moment, and then I heard a bound, as if neither bars nor bolts should keep him from going when and where he pleased. But the light step of love was quicker, and I heard the key turned as she said, "You must not, must not"—and O! the agony of those gentle tones.

There was a struggle—a faint scream, and she fell. In a moment more the key again turned, the door was thrown open, and muffled steps stole down the staircase, to which I listened in breathless silence, till their echo died away in the street.

Then the stifled sobs fell on my ear—a moan that told

me a heart was breaking. "Shall I go to her?" "No," said a voice within, "He is her husband—it is one of those secret griefs which proud woman never reveals, and is happier in feeling that no one ever knows."

I could not sleep, and opened the casement to look out upon the garden, and far away over the quiet village, the groves and winding paths bathed in the moonlight, and thought, O, that man should mar such loveliness! There were no sounds or signs of life. Where were the revellers? Where, in a little village, could be concealed the dark places of iniquity, the poisoned cup and the maddening game? And I thought how many hearts are breaking! How many pillows are wet with the tears of anguish, and bosoms heaving with the sigh of grief, of thoughts uttered, but in the prayer, "My father forgive them, and give me strength to endure!"

A slight sound caught my ear, I saw the curtain put back by a delicate hand, and a pale face upon which the moonbeams fell, looked forth, and a voice exclaimed "How long, O, how long!" I watched till nearly morning, and still she moved not; and I again sought rest, ere hum of voices and the tramp of feet should banish sleep from every eyelid.

When I awoke there were again voices; these soft tones were softer, and the harsh answers were harsher still; but they soon ceased, and the restless slumbers of the debauchee alone disturbed the stillness. The pale

hand stil rested on the window-sill, when the morning light streamed in; and when the bell summoned all to awake, I heard again that loving voice whispering in the ears of the sleeper, to arouse him from the stupidity which wine and revelry had produced. Muttered curses were thrown back upon her bleeding heart, but the affectionate appeals continued till he fully understood their import, when he arose and moved about in sullen silence at his morning toilet.

I descended to the parlor, and from my quiet nook observed that "happy couple" when they entered, the envied of all eyes. His are drawing-room smiles, and so well do they become him, that ordinary observers would never imagine that the saloon was the only place in which he ever wore them. But the beautiful and gentle creature by his side clings trustfully to his arm, and looks up lovingly to his face. It is not strange they believe her happy! and indeed she is. She loves with a true woman's devotion—"with all his faults she loves him still." But the worm, that insidious worm Neglect, is gnawing there, and the life-blood will soon be drained from that true heart.

I thought of those words, so true and beautiful, "Are there no martyrs of whom the world never hears?" "Pass you never, in your daily walks, slight forms with calm brows and mild eyes, whose whole life has been one prolonged self struggle?" "Lip and cheek, and

brow, tell they you no tales of the spirit's unrest?" Ah, yes, there is a whole army of martyr-women, more heroic than any victor on the battle-field, of whom the world never hears or knows, or dreams. But there is an eye that pities, and an arm to save, and O how, brightly will these crushed and broken spirits shine in the ransomed hosts above!

Thanksgiving in the Great Emporium.

THANKSGIVING-DAY has a pleasant sound, wherever it may fall on the ear; but in the city it cannot be so marked or so welcome, as in New England, for here festivities are common occurrences, and feasting is an every-day affair. At the "Astor" and the "Irving," roast turkey and oyster sauce, plum pudding and dyspepsia, are dispensed every day. Every day in the three hundred and sixty-five is like every other. The bill of fare never varies.

Here there is no best room open only on "high days, holydays, Christmas and Thanksgiving;" here there can

be no family gatherings—no grey-haired sire to relate around the fireside the sports of his youth—no aged matron to renew with remembrances the frolics of childhood.

Nowhere do associations seems to cluster so thickly as in the old-fashioned New England farm-house, where all around—every mountain, rock and tree—is hung with legends of by-gone days.

The Grandfather bought the "tract" of the Indians, and felled the trees with his own strong arm. He built the hut which first sheltered him, and ploughed and planted, and reaped and gathered in, till riches crowned his labors, and houses and barns and granaries gave evidence of his prosperity.

Sons and daughters grew up around him—and now, children and children's children, gather at every returning festival to hear his "oft-told tales," which "ne'er grow old." He heard the guns of the Revolution—how long a time it seems to the little prattler on his knee since "Grandpa was a little boy." He twines his tiny fingers in the long grey locks, and "wonders if they were ever brown and curly like his own!"

Thanksgiving-day is the only one in all the year when the whole house is warmed and lighted for festivity—and the interest of the occasion is greatly heightened by the fact, that all, from the oldest to the youngest, have had a "finger in the pie" of preparation!

On Monday morning the cocks were strutting about the barn-yard, and the hens were crackling without a presentiment of their doom, and in the evening they are all strung by their "head's antipodes" in the chimney corner. A bright fire crackles on the hearth, and the plucking and "singeing" go on right merrily. The little folks are allowed to *sit up to pick chickens*, and the next day the mortar pestle pounder and the pastry roller resound through all the borders, and the chopping, mincing and mixing and stirring employ all hands.

On Wednesday evening the pantry shelves display rows of pies of every name and savory taste, and pans of cakes, and dough-nuts. "Master Gobble-gobble" has parted with his spurs and taken to the spit; Mrs. Goose is all equipped for the steamer, and the ducks are in their native element without the power of appreciating it!

The snow-storm and the cider-press have not been forgotten, and both *used to be* absolutely necessary to a New England Thanksgiving. Uncles, aunts and cousins must be announced by merry bells, and the day could not end quite satisfactorily without a sleigh-ride in the evening.

Cider, it was thought, promoted digestion—at least it promoted sociability, and there is no disputing that it was delicious, and I have never been convinced that it has not all these qualities still! Though in the spirit

of Paul and the Maine Law, if it make my brothers to offend, I will drink no cider, even at the risk of undigested turkey and *silent sociables!*

But there is nothing else that need be dispensed with —and I would that greater honors and greater preparations awaited the hallowed day, rather than its glories should fade as time wears on. I only wish that every household would invest it with some peculiar charm, so that children might welcome it and rejoice at its coming, and so that their memories might cling to it, wherever they should wander, for the heart is not only made glad, but better, by everything that links it to home.

Parents, who provide for their childen no home, none of those loving ties and sweet remembrances, which cluster around "the spot where we were born," or where we spent the days of childhood and youth, send them forth into the world like a ship on the ocean, without anchor or cable. The helm is not alone sufficient in the hour of danger; there must be something to fall back upon—a strong chain to secure the tempest-tossed bark to the rock, or it will certainly go down in the darkness.

How surely the heart expands with kindly charities on Thanksgiving day! How many poor are remembered, how many hungry fed, how many naked clothed —for it is no more true that "misery loves company" than that happiness likes to diffuse itself. Who could

enjoy the festal board knowing that those next door to him were starving. Every heart that lifts itself in gratitude must be warmed and made generous, and it is a pleasant thought when the bells are pealing, that the multitudes are giving up with their thank offerings, because the Lord hath blessed and prospered them. "It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."

But though I remained in the city for my sermon, I went out of it for my dinner; not with the hope of obtaining anything better than the city afforded as a "feast of fat things," but to enjoy a little more of the genuine spirit of the season. I could not be at home, but wanted to be reminded of it, so assented most gladly to the invitation to sit at the board where many generations were to gather, from the grey-haired man of seventy to the baby, the tiny baby in its mother's arms.

We called Baby the sunbeam—little joyous creature that he was, so delighted with the rattle of other people's knives and forks, and the sight of all the good things of which he could not partake—so delighted with the happy faces all about him, that his own was like the dimpling pool reflecting the brightness of the morning.

How pleasant was it to see the old and the young, kindred of widely scattered houses, in a circling row; and then we pictured to ourselves all the homes we

knew, with their gatherings. Ah, and the broken links too, which had filled some fond hearts with mourning.

According to the established rule, we *ate as much as we could*, and then *made merry* with the children, as a help to digestion. We played '*blind man's buff*,' and 'hunt the squirrel,' 'fox and geese,' and 'button, button, make a rise,' and then, forgive us shades of our Fathers! we danced to music of our own making. The old lady of ninety was not less nimble than her partner, the little boy of six, and all were equally earnest in the business of fun and frolic.

Many of the little ones were too little to understand the meaning of Thanksgiving, but they were in no danger of misapprehending its privileges; and the notable fact, deduced from observation, that father and mother did not frolic quite so gaily on any other day in the year, only prepared them to welcome the next more gladly.

Blessings on their happy hearts! and my prayer is, that I may never be obliged to spend Thanksgiving where little children are not.

Neighbors.

"NO indeed, we are not going to live on gossiping terms with those around us. Our neighbors are not to know all about our affairs," exclaimed an aristocratic genteel family from the city, as they settled in a remote country village. "In the city, people do not know even those who live next door to them,"—to be sure; therefore it is not genteel. But I have heard as arrant gossip between those who were obliged to cross Union Park or Washington Parade Ground, in order to meet, as I ever heard between those who only lifted the latch to the little wicket gate, and traversed

the "garden patch," and entered the back door and seated themselves by the fire *sans ceremonie.*

No, they were not going to be ill bred, and countrified, and have "neighbors" if they did live in a village. They happened to move into a *neighborhood*, where gossip had never entered--where the people were more than ordinarily kind and sympathizing, and yet inclined to "mind their own business;" so when the good wives had put on their best *bibs* and *tuckers*, and called on their new neighbors and pronounced them very pleasant, and found their calls were not returned, they quietly let them alone.

Not many weeks had passed before sickness, the disregarder of all aristocratic distinctions, entered the domicil from which neighbors were excluded. The doctor's carriage was seen every day at the door, but it was no concern of theirs. They might not be welcome if they proffered assistance or enquiry; so they stayed away. The family watched all day by the couch of suffering, and the night brought them no rest, for there were none to take their place, and with motherly and sisterly sympathy, share their weariness, and help to bear their burthens. Then came Death, that stern leveller, and bruised their hearts and bowed their spirits, but to whom could they look for the balm which soothes, if it cannot heal; for the hand which

kindly binds up the wound, if it cannot assuage all pain.

Those who have ever lived in a country village, need not be told with what delicacy and alacrity all these offices are performed by neighbors, nor how much sweeter it is to depend on friendship than on menial service, in such an hour of affliction. Some mother or daughter softly enters and assumes all care, and attends to all arrangements, leaving those who are stricken, to the indulgence of their sorrows and to profitable reflection; and how often have I heard families in cities mourn, that for them there was no such solace—no such friendship. But those who prefer gentility to frank and cordial intercourse, should not lament their condition.

Sickness and death teach many a lesson which no other teacher could impress on the heart; and when our city friends had been humbled under the rod, they sought the sympathy which they had rejected, and cultivated the friendship which they had despised. They found they could live in friendly communion with those around them without descending to vulgar gossip, and that those who live in palaces, and dress gorgeously, are not the most sure to prove ministering angels at the couch of suffering, or the most ready to pour balm

into the wounded heart. Henceforth they had neighbors in sickness and in health, and proved good country neighbors themselves.

Cincinnati in March.

SHE is rightly named the "Queen City of the West!" How majestically she sits on her chariot of hills, with her feet upon the water, and her head rising even to the clouds. How glorious must be her beauty when she puts on her emerald robes, and wreathes her brow with summer garlands. Ah, yes, and she seems conscious of her beauty. How she adorns herself with the gems of art. Palaces are growing up all around her, and gardens are smiling in all her borders.

They are proud of their city, and proud of their country, those who have seen the wilderness and the solitary

place made glad by their fostering care, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; and who is not ready to call it a just and honorable pride? I am beginning to feel the enthusiasm which seems to inspire all who come to "spy out this land of promise," and when I return, shall bring you such specimens of "purple clusters," of the "fig, the olive, and the pomegranate," as shall induce you to come out and take possession.

I have been out into the forest and seen the giants of the wood. I have wandered over the hills and felt the "sadness which is sweet," in the silent grove.

It is much nearer spring here than it is with you, and the grass is never so completely winter-killed as in our native vales. Some days are already so sunny and bright as to tempt you to go forth and to linger, with only the blue Heavens for a canopy, and some tufted knoll for a resting-place. The shrill wind of Autumn is not the signal for the departure of all the birds, as it is in New-England, and the morning gladdens you with their cheerful song. This is the atmosphere in which the genius of Powers was first developed, and the Cincinnatians claim him for their own. He was born in Vermont, but he removed here so early, that he must be considered a plant of the soil. I have seen the first work of his hands, a plaster bust of a little girl, who is now a matron, but retaining a striking likeness to the sunny face of her childhood. I have seen the room in which

he learned to read and spell. He had a humble origin, like most great men, and struggled with poverty, and climbed many a rude pathway ere he reached the pinnacle of renown. After having looked upon the perfection of his art in the slave girl of the East, I trace with peculiar interest the graceful curls and joyous expression of the free child of the West, whom he moulded without a dream, perhaps, of the halo which was beginning even then to encircle his brow.

To an Infant Playing with a Sunbeam.

How gracefully the shadows
  Go dancing on before,
As thy tiny fingers frolic
  With the sunbeam on the floor.

How bright thy eye is glowing,
  For it seems to thee a toy;
And thy little heart is throbbing
  With the extacy of joy.

But 'tis not half so winning
  As thy smile of dalliance meek,
And the wily laughing dimple
  That is nestling in thy cheek.

Its form is but a phantom—
The bright and beauteous thing,
And changing, ever changing,
Like a fairy on the wing.

Like many a fickle beauty.
It comes but to allure;
To dazzle and deceive thee,
Although its glance be pure.

Its brilliancy is fading,
Even now it disappears;
And grief is in thy bosom,
Thine eye is dim with tears.

Thus life with beaming promise
Bids hope illume the heart;
But hopes like fickle sunbeams
Decoy and then depart

A Word about Music.

"I AM never merry when I hear sweet music," though I cannot say with Shakspeare that I am never sad at any other time! And I have been a thousand times thankful that my heart and soul, instead of my feet, were inevitably linked to sweet sounds.

I often hear good sober people lamenting that secular music should desecrate a church; but to me there is never any secular music. I never danced to Jim Crow or Money Musk, and when these sweet melodies fall on my ear, my feet are not tempted to move from their places, and my soul only inclines to "arise and spread its wings."

Tunes may be associated with secular words, and with very improper times and seasons, but this cannot really affect the music. If, as John Wesley once said, "the Devil has all the good music," it cannot be in this case the fault of the Devil, but of those who have thus appropriated it. The thousand changes which are rung on C, D, E, F, G, A, B, make all the music we have, and it would be a curious mathematical question, which combination should be considered sacred and which secular.

If a tune sung or played fast has no right or title to be called church music, some of the most grand and solemn pieces ever composed must be forthwith banished from their appropriate sphere. It would be better for the good people, all, "old folks, young folks," to see well to their associations. The time may be quick or slow, and the arrangement simple or complex, the effect is always to bring "sadness stealing o'er my spirit," and often do I retire from the assembly, where all others seem to have been made light-hearted, to weep, I know not why, and yet there is a luxury in the tears I shed.

Love and Money.

"NEVER—I will never believe that he could do wrong. Engaged to Milly Day! He says he never thought of such a thing. He liked to talk with her—she amused him; but for a wife—no, he never thought of marrying her." Thus soliloquized a fair young creature who had been wooed and won with all the flatteries which false lips know so well how to speak. Not that she was unworthy a true and noble heart. Oh, no—she was indeed the fairest among the daughters of the land—the belle of the village circle.

The auburn hair did not "fall in ringlets upon her snowy neck," according to the fashion of all heroines, but was braided in rich tresses, and fastened with a simple comb; her eyes were dark and expressive, and though she had never known sorrow, the shadow of thought rested upon her brow. She had a heart, a true woman's heart, worth all the treasures of the East; but he who sought it had never learned its value, and cared not for all the wealth of love it was lavishing on him.

Her father was rich! Oh, if he could have known the years of untold misery which his houses and lands and stores of gold heaped upon his darling Lilly, he would have cast them from him, as more hateful than leprosy in his eyes.

Albert G., was a lawyer—a young man of 'excellent habits' and 'fine talents'—'attentive to his business' and 'honorable in his dealings,' and what the world calls prosperous. Just such a man as fathers choose for their daughters! It never occurred to the man who wasrnow old and loaded with riches and honors, and to inquire if he possessed a heart—if he had the qualifications which make a woman happy. He had heard, to be sure, that he was a little given to gallantry. He had "waited upon Milly Day; but now, like a sensible man, he had chosen Lilly, his sensible and quiet Lilly, and no doubt would 'settle down' and live the life of a sober 'man of family.'"

They were married—and gay were the festivities in those lighted halls when Lilly Morris became a bride. She had been a favorite with the old, because she was ever respectful and attentive, and they rejoiced that "she was going to do so well." Young men envied him who had won the prize, and young ladies hoped that when they "set their caps" they should be as fortunate.

There she is, in her new home, moving about with quiet dignity. It is newly purchased and newly furnished, and she "knows how to keep house." What is more beautiful than a new home, and where does a young heart beat more lightly? She looks around, and says, "It is mine; how happy shall I be in making it pleasant to him who is the light of my eyes."

A year has passed away—the last of earthly happiness to her, though she knows it not. It is the same full, rounded form and elegant figure that moves in that fair mansion. The roses are not faded from her cheek, but the smile has lost its brightness. She listens for the footsteps which once gladdened her ears and made her heart beat gaily, and starts like the timid fawn; and yet she can scarcely tell why. He who once seemed so perfect is changed, but so gradually as to be almost imperceptible even to a loving heart.

Lilly is alone; but her husband is not at the billiard-room or gaming table; no scene of revelry has enticed him. No, he is by her side; but no word of interest

or endearment falls upon her ear. Her fingers are busy with that delicate embroidery, which is soon to deck a tiny form, and how she longs to hold it up and ask him to admire. He would not speak unkindly, but he would not answer, and she has no courage to meet that cold silent look of indifference.

"Days and weeks pass on—oh, how heavily they move; when will they wear away." These words she often sighed. Could she have looked into the far future and seen fifty years roll on with the same heavy burden, would not the thought have crushed her? How little we know what the spirit can endure, as one sorrow after another is laid up on it. It bends, but it is long, very long in breaking. It is a slow way of dying!

Lilly is a mother, and those hours of suffering and danger have been passed alone. The father has not entered her room; a son is born, but he has not looked upon his face. Is it possible she lives, that fair, young creature, the victim of neglect?

There has been no failure in business, and no misfortune has come to them, yet they live like those whom poverty is oppressing. The house is dark, and cold, and comfortless. Is he a man or is he a fiend who comes in and goes out, as if he were deaf and dumb—as if he had not one human feeling or human sympathy.

He is not a miser, and yet his stores are locked with more than a miser's care and the food furnished for his

family is coarser than the felon's meal. Not a word is he heard to utter from morn to night—from week to week, unless it be the bitter words of hatred.

But even this is not enough. Lilly has been sufficiently wretched, but she has never murmured, and her quiet christian deportment only seems to madden him. There can be no reason why he should remove her to a humble roof and humiliate her in the eyes of the world, and yet he has resolved to do it.

Enter that dark low cottage; it is comfortless, the walls are bare and the furniture ruder than that of the meanest peasant. She who dwells within is changed since we last saw her—how meagre, pale, and spiritless! Children are playing about; can they be hers? They look like the children of poverty. Sorrow has paralyzed the mother. She seems not to care whether they be tidy, she is not provided with the means of making them comfortable.

She is deserted; the husband of her love, he who promised to cherish her through evil and through good report, never crosses the threshold. All the weary days and nights she is alone, and is the object of the world's pity. Ah, this is the bitterest cup of all. Would that she could have borne her sorrows unpitied and unknown. But no word that could relieve her burdened heart escapes her lips. Her dignity repels the gossiping, and the most inquisitive would not dare to pry into the

secrets of Mrs. Morris' heart or household. No friend shares her confidence, and strange as it may sound, she has no enemies. They talk and pity, but they do not condemn.

Where is the husband and father? Attending scrupulously to business, and prospering as the world counts prosperity. Can that be the once gay and gallant Albert G——, with slouched hat and disordered dress, chewing, and smoking and swearing, and spitting, and drinking! Yes, but the life is not congenial to his taste; he seeks excitement to drown misery, and at length wearies of it.

Years have passed, and the husband and wife have not met. She has performed her daily routine of business, and, can we believe it, her heart has yearned for him who has spurned her.

And what has influenced him again to seek her, and grant her a husband's presence and protection? He is not changed, he does not come to her with words of penitence, nor does his countenance kindle with a single beam of returning affection. Just as coldly and silently he moves about, without consulting her wishes, or deigning to give a word of explanation. She sees the preparations for a removal, but knows not why, and dares not ask whither she is to go.

Silently and passively she performs what is required, and finds at length, that a brighter day is dawning.

Lilly is again installed in her bridal home, and the world says, "Now she will be happy." The roses have indeed returned to her cheek, and the light to her eyes. She is grateful to be shadowed from the rude gaze, and strives to seem blithe of heart. But there is no brightness within her home. A life without love; oh, is it not sufficiently desolate? But a wedded life, without the sunshine of affection, a home upon which no sunshine ever falls, a fireside circle around which the demons of distrust and hatred linger, oh, what is there in all the world branded with the name of misery, to be compared to this? To awake from a dream of bliss like that on which the young and trusting heart has dwelt—the object of devotion—and find the bosom on which she had hoped to repose, and sweetly rest from all the cares of life, repulse her, and to meet glances that send the life blood from her heart, and him to whom she had looked for elevation and sympathy in every noble sentiment, a grovelling mercenary.

At length there is a light, even in that dark place. A daughter. The birth of a son in the Queen's household could scarcely cause more rejoicing. And now, indeed, there is a little brightness. The father's heart is softened. The little creature has inherited her mother's beauty, with more delicate grace and loveliness. But she is more shrinking and sensitive, and seems to

understand before she speaks, that the blight and mildew are upon their home.

How fondly the mother hoped that this little sunbeam would dispel the darkness; that warmth and gladness would now fall upon her heart, and that during the remainder of her weary pilgrimage she should be relieved from her heavy burden.

But though the father seemed to rejoice at the advent of this new bond of affection, and was for a little time changed, he soon relapsed into the sullen gloom which had become as second nature to him, and never more did hope, or light, or gladness, dawn for the wretched wife.

Why has so much misery centered in that household? If love did not exist in the beginning, why could it not grow? I must confess to the hum-drum sentiment, that there is a mental, moral and physical adaptation necessary in the beings who are to spend life together so intimately; and all the reasoning, and all the religion in the world, cannot overcome an antipathy which may exist between two who possess many excellent qualities, and who might each have made some other happy. Lilly Morris was elegant in manners, beautiful, and in some respects gifted, but she was not fitted to be the wife of such a man as Albert G. He did not love her, and he could not love her. He might have been kind, but happiness was out of the question.

"Oh I know now that I did wrong." How many times I have heard this burst from that heart so steeped in misery. What a retribution she has experienced for such a wrong. Yet, like a true woman, she condemns herself rather than accuse another. She knows that he whom she trusted, was bound by every law of honor to marry Milly Day. Words had not engaged them, but all "those little attentions which betrayed the one heart and seek to win the other," he had lavished on one who was fitted to make him happy. Milly was neither beautiful nor rich, but she had a character fitted to strike with awe one who should attempt to tyrannize over her, and he would have respected her. But he could not understand or appreciate a quiet submissive nature—one who preferred to suffer rather than wrangle, and so he trampled her in the dust.

The weary years roll on, and though there is more of external comfort, there has been found no earthly solace for the heart. But it has been filled with grace from Heaven, and thus perhaps life has been prolonged, and the capacity of suffering increased.

For no cause which she can devise, the husband enters the house in a raging fury, and utters taunts which

sting her in every nerve—offers her money, any thing, if she will leave him, or give him cause to desert her, and authorize the law to sunder them forever.

"Never, never!" she exclaims; "you may leave me, but I will never leave you!" And now he beats her—beats her in hope she will be driven to flee—beats her till his children interfere and save him from the crime of murder. Still she cries "I will never leave you." He tortures her with every epithet of opprobrium, and pours the bitter words of hatred into her ears, and still she clings to him. Is it pride or is it love? I know not how to solve the mystery.

For fifty years she has suffered and struggled, and borne; for fifty years she has smiled and toiled for him who has never spoken one word of kindness; fifty years of unutterable wretchedness has she endured, and yet her heart has never swerved.

The hope of riches enticed him, and oh the curse it brought! He married one whom he did not love, "for filthy lucre's sake;" and an old lady who has seen much of the world, often remarks, that though the wicked often prosper more than the righteous, there is one sin which never goes unpunished, even in this world—perjury to a trusting heart. The thought of the wrong rankled in his bosom, and not producing repentance and humility, converted his spirit to gall and wormwood.

And what became of Milly, whom he loved, and with whom he could have lived a happy life? Who would have hushed and soothed that fiendish nature, and preserved him a respectable and respected man?

Hers was the history of many a lone and desolate heart. She never loved another, and early sunk a victim to——consumption. This is what they called it —the same that withers and blights so many. She lived to know the misery of him who had so injured and betrayed her, and she triumphed in Lilly's wretchedness.

God forgive her, though she could not forgive another. Magnanimity was not one of her virtues; she had not a noble heart. I hope ere it was called to give up earth, it was purified and made meet for Heaven.

Never did I know so strange an instance of parental neglect as that of Albert G. I have seen unkind husbands, who were yet fond fathers, but for none of his children did he manifest a father's pride, or a father's love. How could he thus neglect that beautiful daughter. Not one in all that gay assembly attracts so much attention, or wins so many smiles.

How often it is asked, "Where did she get those faultless manners—that queenly grace!" Her hair is auburn, and the expression of her hazel eye is soft and sweet—there is the blush of girlhood, and the dignity of womanhood.

To all around she is the merry creature, with less of depth than surface, on whom grief would sit lightly, and whom age would scarcely deign to mar.

She is not twenty, and there is a furrow upon her temple which time will never efface, and a tiny curve upon her ruby lip; and there is, when none are by to see, a shadow on her brow which the years and common sorrows of half a century would not have power to deepen. Twenty years! The season of hope and gaiety to all to whom this season can ever come, and to her only one long year of sadness!

She never clambered on her father's knee, and never felt a father's kiss.—They say he is proud of her; but oh, if he could once fold her to his bosom, and say, "I love you," it would seem to be the full measure of earthly happiness.

Though it has been all her life paralyzed with terror, her heart is full of gushing affection; though chilled by coldness and crushed by neglect, it is still warm, and throbs with every noble impulse.

There she stands, with a countenance so lighted with sunny smiles that not one in the merry throng, who looks at her imagines her heart to be less joyous than her own. Were she to yield to melancholy, while so little is understood of the cause, it would be ascribed to unamiability; and so she conceals under this careless

exterior the worm that is gnawing, gnawing, and is sustained and cheered by the smile of Heaven.

To her mother she is a ministering angel; to her brothers, the loving sister and gentle counsellor; to her father—that cold stern man—the respectful devoted daughter, ever watchful of his comfort, and ever cheerful, but never rewarded by a smile or word of approbation.

Yet that father was what the world calls agreeable and fascinating in his youth—very like many whom I see bowing and smiling around me—fortune-hunters—cold, calculating and unprincipled, who make, for those who love and trust them, just such wretched homes as he has made for two of earth's most lovely daughters.

How I would like to impress it upon these unsuspicious girls, that a true and loving heart is worth more than all the gold of California's mines. And above all, I would like to convince them that he who has been unfaithful to one will never prove faithful to another; that he who thinks a betrothal, whether by words or looks, or deeds, a light affair—who looks with indifference upon the sufferings of her whom he has deserted and humiliated by breaking a troth plight, will be false to his marriage vows, and she who trusts such lips will suffer the same wretched doom as the fair and thoughtless Lilly.

But it seems sadder still that a daughter so pure and lovely, and I had almost said faultless, should be born to such an inheritance. When the heart has been wrung with anguish, and crushed by some sudden misfortune, it will heal again, renew its elasticity and throb with the pulse of new and joyous life. But when the weight is one that is never for an instant lightened, producing a constant sense of heaviness—to feel that youth is passing thus and the young blood oozing drop by drop from the yearning heart, leaving it chilled ere the first frosts of age have gathered upon the brow, or time has bid the footstep falter in its course,—oh, this is to make life a living death. But if there is a brighter crown awaiting those who "pass though much tribulation, here on earth," surely hers will be set with brilliants, and dazzle with its glorious brightness

Song of the Cossack.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Rush on, my proud courser, the trump of the north,
Bids the steed of the warrior to battle go forth;
On, on to the carnage with foam on thy breath,
And lend speed to the wings and the arrows of death.
Neither saddle nor bridle is burnished with gold,
They wait till the deeds of my valor are told.
Neigh proudly, my courser, for aye, it is meet,
That Kings should be crushed with the tramp of thy feet.

They tell me of peace, but I know not its birth,
The ramparts of Europe are levelled to Earth.
Go, roam by the Seine, where oft reeking with blood,
Thou hast bathed in her waters, and quaffed her pure flood;
On, on till the treasures of Princes are mine,
Till the sacred repose of the valiant is thine.
Neigh proudly my courser, for aye, it is meet,
That Kings should be crushed with the tramp of thy feet.

From the North to the South, from the West to the East,
The prince and the noble, the peasant, and priest,
Have bid us come forth, and assert in the field,
That the serf to the tyrant, no longer shall yield.
I have taken my lance, I have heeded their call,
And the cross, and the sceptre before it must fall.
Neigh proudly, my courser, for aye, it is meet,
That Kings should be crushed with the tramp of thy feet.

I have seen in a vision the phantom of him,
By whose glance the quick flash of the lightning were dim.
A giant with voice like the thunder he seemed,
And high on his shoulder the battle axe gleamed.
'Twas the valorous Attila, chief of the north,
And like him with his hordes will the Cossack go forth.
Neigh proudly, my courser, for aye it is meet,
That Kings should be crushed with the tramp of thy feet.

Proud Europe may boast, but her pride will be crushed,
Her princes and nobles lie low in the dust;
The throne it must totter, the palace must reel,
'Mid the crashing of walls and the clashing of steel;
This, this be the tocsin that quickens his speed,
The spur of the war horse the Cossack's brave steed.
Neigh proudly, my courser, for aye, it is meet,
That Kings should be crushed with the tramp of thy feet.

The Unwelcome Baby.

HOW strangely and harshly will the word unwelcome fall on the ear of that pale gentle being, whose mournful countenance tells us that she has consigned her only little one to the grave. What words could tell her agony when she saw that lovely form lie cold and still in death; when she knew that those soft sweet tones would never more fall on her ear; that she could never more look on her infant's smile. How could a being so bright and pure, and beautiful, be otherwise than welcome?

And it will seem as mysterious to her whose home has never been gladdened by the sunshine of infancy, nor rung with the joyous laugh of childhood. And yet this little baby received no welcome when its tiny form met a mother's gaze, and those deep blue eyes opened to the light in a world where "all were strange and none were kind."

Was he not fair and comely to look upon? Oh, yes, no baby of an hour could be more so; he had a little golden head, and the genuine rosy tint, and he cried and stretched and sniffled like the majority of babies, and as he lay on a pillow in the great chair, buried in the folds of a little blanket; scolloped all round with white silk, with four dots in each scollope, a quilt, a comforter and various etceteras, lest he should take cold, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, he was pronounced a remarkable specimen of babyhood, which would one day do honor to the state.

But still the mother smiled not. He was placed in her arms and held to her bosom, but she bestowed on him no look of love. Poor little baby—he had no choice but to live, though it seemed sometimes as if he was conscious that the being on whom he was dependant for life and nourishment, did not tend him fondly.

And why did she not? Oh, she was weary. She had bestowed the same attentions on twelve just like him—he was an odd member. Her oldest was a man

and her daughters were young ladies, and baby was an old story, and she was old too, altogether too old to be tending babies! But there was a little boy scarce two years old and a little girl scarce four who "were ready to eat him up, he was so little and so cunning." They climbed up into a chair by mother's bed a dozen times a day, to see if he was still there—that little baby—and if he had "growed" any, and to ask if he would ever be as big as they.

All unconscious of the looks of love or of indifference, the little boy "growed" amazingly, and began to look about, and wink, and open and shut his little hands, and to smile, and what was more amazing, he grew into the hearts of all the household. Except perhaps that tall young man; who still passed by without putting off his dignity so much as to smile on so insignificant a creature.

When he had so progressed in knowledge, and skill in using it, as to notice red ribbons, and to pull the curls of his sisters, he had become transformed into a prodigy—there never *was* such a baby before. He had the wonderful and mysterious habit of putting his finger in his mouth! and a dozen times a day, a dozen of children might be seen running at the call of another *to see baby*—he had his finger in his mouth! Every morning he was *put in a tub* and there he splashed and spattered like a little dolphin, and every morning the sight was

just as new, and attracted the same number of spectators. At length he was discovered at the maximum of baby-legerdermain—he was sucking his toe. What an uproar, father and mother and all are actually gathered around to see, what they probably have not seen more than a million of times, and then baby beginning to feel his importance, laughs aloud for the first time. One would really have thought there was never such a sound heard by them before.

He is asleep, and lies there in his little crib, all tucked in with his little white quilt, with only just his nose half out, and every one of the family may be seen wending his way to a certain corner of the nursery *just to look at him*, he is so sweet and looks so cunning. And when his bright blue eyes open again to the light, there is such a conflict about who shall *take him*, that the mother is obliged to interfere, lest he should be divided, and no time has she the privilege of keeping him herself, he is so monopolized. When he is a little older and can hold a rattle and move blocks, what a pleasure for half a dozen to stand ready to pick them up as he roguishly strews them on the floor. By and by he is tied in a chair and sits at the table, and watching his opportunity, the first thing we know his hand is buried in a plate of pudding. What a marvellous feat! Indeed whether he is sleeping or waking—playful or quiet, in his crib or in mischief, he is at all times equally wonderful. The

mother blushes to think that such a little angel of love and beauty should ever have been unwelcome! What a peace-maker he is; what a composer of all discordances. What should they do without the baby? What a pure love pervades all the atmosphere where he is smiling. How desolate would have been their abode without the thirteenth boy—the joy, the sunshine, the blessing of the household!

Oh, how we love the baby,
The little fair haired boy,
Whose smile so bright and beaming
Is the sunshine to our joy.

How graceful every motion
Of his little hands at play,
With the flowers upon the carpet,
Or the toys we throw away.

How we love to build the castles,
He delights to overthrow,
The towers and mimic Babels,
He levels at a blow.

Were he the "heir apparent"
"Expectant of a crown,"
No more devoted homage,
Could unto him be shown.

He is a little tyrant,
We see it very plain;
And yet there's not a rebel,
In all his vast domain.

Whatever be the mischief
His little hands may do.
Tell mother "it was baby,"
And she laughs at mischief too.

Are we ever rudely playing
When he wills to go to sleep,
We hush the gentle whisper,
And breathless silence keep.

'Tis not by wand of fairy,
Or beauty's magic spell,
Pray what can be the sceptre,
With which he rules so well?

Oh 'tis one which those far wiser,
I often wish would hold,
For it will turn to softness,
The heart of sternest mould.

In the smile so sweetly playing,
Upon his dimpled cheek—
In the eye so brightly beaming,
Is the *love* he cannot speak.

A Steam Boat on the Ohio.

WHAT right have women to travel! What an intolerable nuisance they are, with their bandboxes and bundles, and rackety children. I am not a believer in the "equality of woman with a man in birth or intellect," or "rights." The only objection I have to the present ordaining of things, is, that, being made so dependent, there should not be some way provided by which we may always have something to depend upon! To be thrown entirely on the care of beings, superior in every way and created on purpose to protect and shield us, and never

allowed to ask their protection, is indeed a distressing condition. We may fold our hands and submissively take what is offered, though it is not quite proper to do this without demurring a little, but to make known our wants is a departure from the "true sphere of woman."

How I envy those men,—not the privilege of smoking and drinking and chewing and spitting, and roaming about wherever they please, but all those papers which are strewn about the table in the cabin. There they sit gossipping, and dozing, and yawning, and have never a thought of sharing luxuries so easy for them to obtain. Whenever the boat stops at any important place they sally forth and return laden with "Times," "Tribunes" and "Posts," and when they have finished reading, trample them under their feet, without a thought that there is a better use to be made of them. But I have as yet been very fortunate, so much so, that I ought perhaps, to be expressing my gratitude instead of finding fault. I have seen every Weekly Times and many Dailies since I left New York. "Littell's Living Age," and "Harper's Magazine," and "Godey," and "Graham," adorn the centre tables of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, as profusely as they do those of New-England and New York. We supplied ourselves with "reading" as we thought, at Louisville, but it is a long way down the river from that city, and we are moving very slowly. Our boat is freighted with emigrants, for

we could not wait longer for a "first class," and a motley assemblage is presented to our eyes as we look around on our fellow passengers. A friend in L., in speaking of the Kentucky emigrants, said if they were "so well to do in the world as to be able to wear hats and sunbonnets, they were considered remarkably prosperous."

Right before me is "one of them," and truly the greenest specimen of humanity I was ever permitted to see. He is "six feet two" in his stockings. His hat is a "broad brimmed wool," and a nice comfortable hat—his coat is green "homemade" and his "pants" are the same, reaching, within a few inches, of the top of his feet. His vest is green also, but his neckerchief is blue cotton, the figure being small white rings with a dot of blue in the centre. His boots are genuine cowhide, made for use, and his hair of the lightest flaxen tint, parted on one side and smoothed with no meagre allowance of genuine "extrait de bœuf."

His hands are in his coat pockets, and his eyes are resting on his bride. She is a little girl of fourteen and she wears a straw bonnet with a red ribbon. So you see they are of the better class! Her dress is "light colored calico" cut "goring," after the fashion of our grandmothers. On her neck is a red and yellow cotton kerchief, brought together at the waist, and fastened with a green stone, with a pin attached. Her stockings are of blue cotton, and her shoes calf-skin, tied with

"strings of the same." All their effects are contained in a common-sized flag-handkerchief, and they are going four hundred miles up the Missouri river 'to settle.' And moreover, dear reader, they are happy, if I may judge from appearances, which I know are in such cases, sometimes deceitful.

A lady unmarried at sixteen is a "sight" in these parts, and this specimen of matrimonial felicity was not lacking in discernment, as the following dialogue will prove. "Are you married?" said she, to one of our party. "No," was the reply. "Wall, I thought ye wa'nt." "Why, what made you think so?" "Oh, I don't know, kinder coz; but you've got on a putty gownd," she continued as a salve to her implication. "Do you like it?" said my friend. "Yis, and you're the puttiest gal on the boat!" You would have trembled for the effect of this remark on her vanity if you had seen the others. There are "four new married couples" on board, but only one need be described. They bear a strong resemblance to each other, and are all bound to the same place with similar prospects. There are also two "harum scarum" young men, from an eastern city, who persuade them to dance in the evening, for the amusement of the company, while a young man who has "seen enough of Oregon," plays Kentucky reels for them with his "fiddle and his bow." A genuine Hoosier who has committed to memory an

incredible amount of Webster's and Everett's speeches, mounts the table and overwhelms us with his eloquence.

It is quite worth a journey hitherward to see these varieties of character, and listen to the thoughts and opinions of those who have never received a single idea from books. There is often an originality which is quite refreshing, and most truly it is edifying, compared to the vapid "wishy washy" conversation in some of our city drawing-rooms. The rough backwoodsman is just the man to tell me about the trees of the forest, and from his wife I obtain the truest idea of "life in the country," and especially of her neighborhood and the "neighbors."

An Incident by the Way.

STEAMBOATS have become second homes to me, and travelling second nature. I should not have believed such a home body could become so reconciled to being "here, there, and everywhere." "To pack a trunk and get started," was once a day's labor; but I have condensed it into a few moments, and this is no slight accomplishment. And then to ensconce myself comfortably in a nut-shell, required more skill and cunning than I was for a long time in possession of. But now I have room enough, and to spare, in a little

cell four feet by six, and there I sew, and knit, and read, and "take notes," as if I were "monarch of all I survey."

Alas! what a leveller of all distinctions is a western steamboat, and how I would like to lead some of your city exquisites into our kitchen to witness the operation of *getting up a dinner*. It would not cost much to board them for a day or two afterwards.

Every cook that I have seen has looked exactly like every other cook; a sooty giant, but full of enthusiasm for his profession, and there he stands over the stove, not quite so huge nor so black as himself, with the big drops rolling thick and fast from his full round cheeks into every dish he compounds, while some half a dozen nimble sprites of the same hue, with their woolly locks twisted into tails sticking out perpendicularly and horizontally in every direction, execute his orders.

I have never yet seen a public table since I crossed the Alleghanies without hominy and beans, and hoe-cakes—but the corn meal is not the rich yellow of the New England grain, and the hominy is white, and the cakes are far from yellow. There is a big black kettle in which one is stirring some favorite mixture—there is another mashing potatoes, though not with his feet, as I was once credibly informed was sometimes the case, but with something as ebony; another is attending to the spit and fry-pans; and a dozen other "stews" and

"sizzles" are sputtering in different parts of the cooking apparatus.

The water in which every thing is boiled, you see dipped from the river, thick with its rich accumulations, and those who pound and compound have as little care for the delicate education of your palate as for the obtuseness of their own. "And is it possible you can eat such a dinner after having seen it in its several stages of preparation?" I hear you ask. To be sure—what else is to be done with an appetite grown ravenous under the tutelage of this constant exercise, and these fine breezes. Every body must eat a peck of dirt, you know, and no more is allowed to each individual—so you might as well take it at one time as at another. And then these sooty sprites come up all "shiny and new" to wait upon Madame and Miss, and whisper in their ears, and reach over their shoulders at table. One might be excused for squirming a little, but what's the use? There is no greater folly than to set out on a tour, whether it be in Europe, Asia, or America, with the idea that people must conform to you, instead of your comforming to them. And there is no truer way by which to judge of the *bringing up* of your fellow-passengers than the way they *take things*.

An amusing scene occurred at our table to-day. We had all noticed a dashing, dandy young Southerner, with the airs of a prince, and dress of a nabob, "with

rings on his fingers," if not "bells on his toes," ordering and strutting about, and had really longed for his humiliation, when we found that two *not so green* Vermonters had undertaken the task. They took their seats opposite him, and one had obtained various leather and iron ornaments with which he had decked his yeoman figure, and took especial pains to parade to the greatest advantage. A saddle ring was on his forefinger, upon which he rested his chin with the most sentimental air, and as nearly as it was possible for a Northern common-sense man to do, assumed the airs of a Southern conceited ignoramus. A servant stood behind his chair, who had been previously initiated into his duties and liberally prepaid for his obedience, and every five minutes he was called upon to attend to "Massa,"—to hand him this and to hand him that. If he departed a few feet, as he often did for effect, he was called back with a serious reprimand, to which he only replied with increased complaisance—and yet not a smile crossed the visage of the actor, though all who could view the scene were convulsed with suppressed laughter.

The face of him, who was thus caricatured, was bloated with rage, for he evidently understood it all too well, though there was no direct incivility to him, but on the contrary the most studied suavity, and he could make no complaint, as it is a free country on the Mis-

sissippi river, if not on all its borders! and the gentleman opposite had as good a right to wear leather rings, and to display them, as his friend had to wear gilt and tinsel. And he had also a right to be waited upon in the most assiduous manner, if he paid for the service.

I assure you the cabin echoed with merriment when dinner was fairly over, but the poor fellow, whom we actually began to pity, was never heard of more. He availed himself of the first landing to disappear among the cotton trees. We then learned that he had felt insulted by the presence of one, who had not, in his eyes, the marks of a gentleman, and he had requested the steward to remand such a nuisance as a man in a plain cloth coat and roundabout to the lower deck, among those more akin to him in appearance. So my countryman thought he would be revenged. He did not budge an inch from his position which he had a right to retain, having paid the full cabin price, but he did not tell all—which I had the good fortune to learn confidentially, being just as green as he, and coming from the same Green Mountain State—that he had in his pocket $30,000 in California gold, which he thought entitled him to the respect of even a Southern planter!

My Mother.

Oh that some image of my mother's form
I might retrace. Too early called away
For me to know her virtues or her worth
The hallowed name my lips could scarcely lisp,
When death deprived me of her tender care.
I knew not why we round her dying bed
Were called, nor why she clasped me in her arms,
And moved her lips so fervently in prayer,
Nor when within her pale and wasted hand
She pressed each hand of all that mourning group,
That blessing them her dying words she spoke.

I ne'er was taught by her my evening hymn;—
Story nor song, I know not, which her voice
Imparted to my listening ear. No smile,
Nor look nor tone, is on my memory's page
Impressed. No mother e'er my pillow smoothed,
Hushed me to slumber in my cradle bed,
Or led in infancy my faltering feet.

How often have I knelt beside the stone
That marks her burial place, and loved to think
Her spirit hovered o'er me there and blessed
Her orphan child; and then have turned and wept
In bitterness of heart, and slowly traced
My homeward steps, to find within that home
No shrine e'er sacred to the joys and woes
Confiding childhood feels. How oft they chid
My grief, and asked me why I shed those tears;
And yet I could not tell, but turned away,
Sought some secluded place, and wept the more.

'Twas strange that sadness thus should cloud a brow
Where only pleasure's halo should have shone—
That one whose path was strewn with flowers, and all
The world could yield of bright and beautiful,
Should sigh in loneliness. They never dreamed
That one so young could pine for sympathy,

Or mourn a mother she had never known.
Thus days and months, and years have passed away,
And yet no balm hath soothed my bleeding heart,
No bliss hath filled the aching void within!

Some other form may kindly hover o'er
The restless couch;—some other hand may fan
The fevered brow, may cool the parching lips,
And bathe the throbbing temples. Words of peace
And comfort may be whispered by some voice
In soothing accents and in gentle tones,
And consolation come from stranger hearts;
Yet none but a fond mother can receive
Each thought and feeling of the inmost soul,
Share every joy and woe, and hear each tale
Of childish sorrow with unwearying ear.
Though she may chide, it is affection's proof;
The fountain of her love flows ever full.
Though to the dregs she drink affliction's cup,
Though cold adversity may shed its blight
On every wreath and garland hope may weave;
Though disappointment crush her energies,
And every other tie that binds her down
To earth be severed, still she lingers here
With angel's love to cherish those she bore.

Yes, and though sin may stamp its mark
Upon the brow her lips so fondly pressed
In infant innocence, and o'er the cheek
So oft caressed in cherub beauty, guilt
May spread its sable hue, and scorn put forth
Her slow unmoving finger, branding him
With shame and infamy, yet still, unchanged
And pure, more brightly beams a mother's love.
Oh, priceless gem, whose lustre never dims,
But brighter blazes 'mid the storms of life,
Thy hallowed ray may never guide me on
Through earth's dark pilgrimage, but may that pearl
Whose holy light alone can thine excel,
The beacon of my lonely way become,
And point me upwards to that glorious realm
Where all is purity; where I may rest
With her who fondly clasped her little ones,
And breathed her spirit out in prayer, that she
Might meet them all again in yon bright world,
Where partings shall be heard no more forever.

Terms of Reproach.

BULWER denies to the celebrated Beau Brummell the right to the title of *gentleman*, because he was often guilty of alluding to personal deformities and misfortunes in the presence of those possessing them, which no person with the feelings of a gentleman could do inadvertently, and no person of common humanity would do intentionally.

I have been thinking that if this standard were universally applied there would be few who would be rightly termed gentlemen or ladies. How common it is

among all classes to speak in terms of contempt of persons in various conditions or occupying painful positions, for the circumstances of which they are not at all responsible. How common it is to allude to the aged in a manner which implies contempt for all who are old. Many children are in the habit of calling their Parents "the old man," and "the old woman," in tones of disrespect, which imply that age in their eyes is contemptible.

To tell a person, he is an "old granny" if he is disagreeable, is a common way of expressing contempt. "Granny" used to be, and still is in some places, the familiar term by which children are taught to address a grandmother. Age may have enfeebled her body and impaired her mental faculties, but these are infirmities which she cannot help, and which should purchase for her greater consideration and kindness. To fasten upon a man this epithet is a sure method to cover him with ridicule, and authors and editors often use it in a way which is both vulgar and wicked.

It is common to find in books allusions to various physical defects in a way which must be torture like the rack and thumbscrew to those who possess them. How universally is homeliness made a matter of reproach. Every person knows and will confess that it is no disgrace to be lame, or to be plain in features, or inferior in form, and no person whose regard is of any value,

would deliberately speak or act in a manner to wound another on those points.

Hood says "much evil is often wrought for want of thought as well as want of heart." How often the heartless rich trample on the feelings of the poor. The smile of ridicule often meets the eye of the stammerer when every attempt to speak is anguish to his spirit. How much grace is necessary in the deaf to meet with complacency those who "mock at their calamity." How little sympathy is bestowed on wounded affection, and how ready are the multitude to trample on a broken heart.

The allotted portion of a lonely and desolate hearted woman, is scorn, all the days of her life. What daughter has not heard the prophecy that she would be an "old maid" reiterated as the most degrading of all the calamities which could be foreboded?

As a consequence of this sentiment, so prevailing, and so thoroughly inculcated, a young lady of beauty and fashion was heard to say, she would commit suicide before she would live to be the object of such opprobrium. The chronicles of hospitals and the "diaries of physicians," inform us, that hundreds and thousands go forth to voluntary self-degradation, seeking the lowest haunts of vice to screen them from the reproach which a Christian community seem to consider as justly belonging to a virtuous unmaried woman. An orphan,

whose parents had wickedly deserted her, was neglected and made to feel every day and hour, by the looks and tones of the thoughtless and heartless around her, that she had neither home, nor kindred, nor friends, and therefore could not be their equal.

How universally are the hearts of children wrung and agonized by the taunts of their playfellows concerning the sins of their parents. How universal are the terms "Paddy," and "nigger," used as terms of reproach, yet it is no sin to have been born in Ireland, or to inherit a colored skin. On remarking this to a lady, she seemed astonished at the idea, that these classes *felt* the scorn thus heaped upon them. But they do feel, and the words and looks of reproach that meet them at every step, rankle like sharp arrows in their bosom. Any unpleasant peculiarity, not caused by sin, which distinguishes a man from his fellows, and makes him an object of remark, it is unchristian, unprincipled, and grossly vulgar, to make a matter of reproach.

A Yankee Courtship.

I WAS sitting in a lone corner of a brilliant parlor, feeling particularly lonely, surrounded with a multitude, whom I knew not, and who knew not me, and more than all, who did not care, when I was accosted by a funny little man, who took his chair and seated himself by my side *sans ceremonie*, and began immediately to entertain me after this wise.

"I'll tell you what it is," said he, "I never courted but one gal in my life, except my wife, and I'll tell you how it was: I began to think I was about old enough

to—to have somebody take care of me; my mother was feeble, and my sister was married, though I had two that were not. I don't know why. I believe they had applications enough, but somehow they didn't suit; and I asked my mother what she thought about Sally Jane, the daughter of one of our neighbors.

"A right smart girl she was, Sally Jane, and one of the best dispositioned girls you ever see. I used to see her most every day, and kept waiting to ask her to "keep company," but could never get it out; so I went down to see my brother one day about a lot of land that lay next to Sally Jane's father's—only her father was dead, you know, and the land was all hers now—and I just told him how it was, and how I felt right here, (laying his hand on his heart,) and asked him what I should do. He said I better not "go to see her" till I had asked her if I might, and advised me to pluck up courage and speak right away.

"So the next morning, I got up very early, and went over, determined to have it out. *You know—just to whisper something in her ear.*"

Here the little man stopped to take breath, and I was almost convulsed with laughter at his queer ways and strange communicativeness with one to whom he had never spoken before. But very willing to hear the sequel of such a story, I now begged him to proceed, and he said, "Oh, yes, I am going to tell you. Very

early in the morning I started off, and found Sally Jane in the cucumber yard. Her brother Robert had been trying to have me buy a horse of him, but I didn't want the horse, you see, because, though he was a good horse enough every other way, they said whenever he was tied to a post or fence, or what not, he would nibble and nibble at everything he could reach, and do more mischief than you could tell. So I wouldn't buy the horse, and Robert was kind o' out of sorts; but I didn't mind him, I was thinking so much about Sally Jane, so I walked right into the cucumber yard, and followed round among the vines, till at last, just as she was going into the house, I went close up and said, "Will you keep company to night?" and she said, right off, "She didn't choose." And I scampered off like a good fellow.

"Now, I never knew whether it was because I wasn't dandy and spruce enough, or whether it was about the horse; or, perhaps, she was thinking I was after the land which mine joined—but I wasn't; I never thought of it. But I went right and sold mine, when, if I had only waited, I might have got six hundred dollars more, for it was real rich meadow land—down in Connecticut, you know, right on the river."

By this time my immoderate laughter had attracted an audience, and my little corner and its scene became the object of much curiosity.

The little man was the greatest enigma I have ever found; but I thought at least I would try to solve it, so I begged him to give us the history of his *successful* courtship; to which he consented, and immediately resumed, saying, "Oh, yes; the next time I was more careful. Eliza Ann was one of our neighbors, and they used to buy milk of us; and for a whole year, I used to go in most every day to carry the milk; but I didn't say anything, nor do anything either. For I tell you what; I think it is abominable, it is *abominable*, and I always say so to all young men—it is mean, and one of the wickedest things in natur', for a feller to kind o' keep a girl along; "keeping company," and pretending to like her, and then leave her; 'cause, you see, if he had kept away, somebody better might have gone and married her, and give her a happy home; and he, perhaps has made her miserable for life!

Now, I really began to like the little man, and contrast his noble soul, in so rough and queer a casket, with some of those polished, butterfly, soulless and heartless popinjays by whom he was surrounded. I wish they could have heard his earnest words, and seen his earnest gestures, as he defined his ideas of honor. I interrupted him, to speak a word of commendation, and then begged him to proceed.

"Well, I was never guilty of disappointing a woman. But, by and by, Eliza Ann moved up to H——, (about

fifteen miles,) and I thought, after a while, I would go to see her, for I wanted a wife, and begun to feel really bad thinking what I should do if I was sick. So, one cold winter's day, I drove up and went in, and had not been there but a little while before they made up a fire in the *other room*, and asked me to walk in. Pretty soon, Eliza Ann came and began to talk about matters and things. I was kind o' sick—you know how—not knowing how I should ever say what I wanted to; but at last I broke the ice, and asked her if she could ever think of going home to live with me. 'Why,' said she, 'can't you find girls enough in C—?' So, I see she didn't want to answer 'Yes' right off—you know they never do—and I told her she need not answer at all now, because I wanted her to ask her relations, and consider about it, and in three weeks I would come up and hear what she had to say.

"I was kind of uneasy all them three weeks, I tell you, though I was pretty sure what Eliza Ann would say; and when I went up, I see in a minute how it was—and in three weeks more I went up, and took her home. But would you believe it?—I was so modest, that all the time I was courting her, I never gave her a single smack. I've asked her since what she thought of me, and she said she thought I was dreadful modest."

Here I interrupted him, to ask if he had never repented his choice, and his hearty "never," would have done

Eliza Ann good, though he said she had been always sick. I told him I hoped he had taken good care of her, and he said: "As true as I live, I don't believe she would find a word of fault."

But then, he added, "I have always felt kind o' bad about Sally Jane; for, you see, I liked her." "Did you?" said I. "Why, yes, else I shouldn't have felt so bad here, you know, (placing his hands upon his chest.) For about a year and a half, after she treated me so, there came along a dandy, strutting, buck of a fellow, and she had him right off, and he spent all of her property; and in less than two years, she was laid in her grave."

Here the tea bell interrupted our colloquy, but it was again resumed when I had fairly seated myself in my lone corner again as my funny little friend appeared and said he would like to have another chat, though 'tis little of the chatting I do, when he is by. How do you like these gay ladies, said I, and all these fine dresses? "Oh, I like 'em; I like to look at 'em; they are tasty; but, we might as well have so many wax-dolls or puppets dressed up; what are they good for, except to display French gewgaws?—*that* I don't like—so much French stuff; it takes the money out of the country; and brings back, not only French flummery, but French manners and French morals; and there is plenty of all kinds at Saratoga." But I suggested that if the gewgaws were not made in this country, what should

we do but send to France, or wherever they were made. "Why, to be sure, if you must wear them," said he; "but is there no such thing as convincing women what fools they are to be rigging themselves out in this style—doing nothing but dress, and dance, and flirt?" No indeed, I assured him whilst men were more pleased with the dressing and dancing, and flirting, than with anything else. Do you suppose these ladies spend two or three hours a day at their toilettes to please themselves? They would be floating about here in *negliges*, as easy and careless as the Indian girl on the prairie, in her blanket and mocasins, were there none but ladies to gaze and admire. But he insisted upon it, that *man* did not admire—it was only a race of pigmies, half way between human beings and monkeys, with not half an idea in their heads—with not the slightest resemblance to a soul, and nothing in the shape of a heart. "Very little time would be spent in dancing if ladies danced alone, or ladies alone looked on; but those who are educated for such a life must live in this way—what else can they do? Just look around to see how many fathers come here with their daughters, to lavish on them money and dress, and every extravagant indulgence,—and all for what? Ah, I was musing in my corner the other night, when I heard one of those curtain lectures which produce such sad consequences, and which daughters are alone blamed for

originating. "Remember, I have brought you here to get married—everything else has been tried. I have educated you, and accomplished you, and taken you to this place and that place, till there seems no hope of getting rid of you. No old maids will I have in my house—so, remember to play your cards well this time, for it is the last I can do for you." These were the words of a father, and the daughters went forth to smile and simper, and dress and dance; but, alas, for the getting married. I fear they are doomed to that terrible life for women—solitude, and idleness, a father's displeasure, and brother's contempt, because they are *to be supported*, and the money is all needed for other purposes—to *establish sons, perhaps, and set them up in business.* Poor girls, I pitied them, with their heavy hearts beneath all their tinsel and gauze, and the leaden consciousness that they had not the attractions that insure matrimony, and were allowed no agency in the matter, but to manœuver, therefore, must endure the bitter scorn all their lives which failures are sure to purchase. Stratagems in war and love are only honorable when they procure victory.

Society compels woman to all manner of deception and artifice to secure herself a position; and if she triumphs all honor is awarded: but woe to her whose snares are too visible to catch the unwary.

I have looked deeper into the whys and wherefores

than some who sketch manners in such a place as this. I have seen the tears and heard the secret sighs of those who abhor the life they lead—who are ready to sink with shame and humiliation; they feel that they act from compulsion, and are scorned for the act. They are laboring in the only way which is permitted them to enter upon the "only proper sphere of woman," to provide themselves "a husband, home, and a quiet, domestic life;" but oh, the anxiety and heart-burnings, the envy, and jealousy, and malice, and spite, which is engendered in the hearts of those who are thus striving.

It is visible here, if not elsewhere, that woman needs elevating—there should be something else in life for her than this one position, or else it should be secured to her in a way that does not degrade and debase her whole nature.

I look around and wonder why it is they grow old so fast—why they are so early withered and wrinkled and haggard. Oh, it is those dark and corroding passions, settling in their bosoms—gnawing and wasting—secret anguish, wringing the life blood from their hearts, and deepening the furrows upon the cheeks, ere they have scarce begun to live.

But here exclaims some wise man counsellor, "Let them stay at home and be content!" Dear Sir, how long could you stay at home and be content? You have a profession which occupies your time and thoughts.

You have money to travel when care and thought need to be dissipated, and you can go, independent of escorts and attendants, *without reproach.* You have ambition to be gratified, and fame is a bright beacon in your pathway, alluring you onward, and beguiling you of all tediousness. If you desire love and domestic happiness, you can seek this, too, and do it openly and honorably and have no fears of disappointment. Imagine, if you can, all these things taken from you, and how content would you be, with folded hands, waiting for the only boon in life that can confer on you happiness and activity, and an honorable position. I would like to see you tried. I have now and then seen one of the lords of creation confined within four walls from indisposition which was only temporary; but he was not the exemplification of contentment!

Here we were once more interrupted, and I did not again see my little friend till I had fairly put him in print, and trembled a little lest I had forfeited his friendship.

"Now, what will you say to me?" I asked, as soon as I met him, "for printing you and sending you all over the land?"

"Well," he said, "I should not care, only I am afraid my wife Eliza will feel bad when she knows I ever courted Sally Jane."

"Perhaps she will never hear of it. I hope she will

not, for I should feel sadly if I were to cause such a pang in a woman's heart, though I think it would have been better if you had told her yourself. I suppose in this you were like other men; at least you tried to make her believe you never loved any lady but her. This is the way with the men."

"Oh, I said nothing about it, you see, because she might be afraid I was giving her only a piece of a heart, and then perhaps she would say she had rather not have any if she could not have a whole one."

"But honesty is the best policy, always, and deception never. A true woman would not love a man the less, but perpaps the more, for having experienced a disappointment, if he would only frankly tell her. Now you will be always fearing that Eliza Ann will hear of it, and you will not have a minute of peace."

But he did not seem to be greatly troubled, and I parted with him scarcely expecting to ever hear from him more. Imagine my surprise, to receive not many weeks afterwards a special messenger, assuring me that "his wife Eliza did not care nothing at all about it, because he courted Sally Jane, and sent her love to me, and would like to have me make them a visit."

The Breaking Heart.

Oh I had dreamed of sadness,
And thought I knew of pain;
I had talked of madness
And the fever's burning brain.

I had wept and called it sorrow
That bedewed my cheek with tears,
While the smile of gay to-morrow
Effaced those shadowy fears.

I had yet to learn that anguish
Could fill the yearning breast
And the weary spirit languish
For the ne'er returning rest.

That midnight's sombre shadows
So heavily could roll,
That the heart seemed ever beating
The death-knell of the soul.

And when its wasting vigils
The mind no more could keep,
It seemed that frowning demons
Were the guardians of sleep.

And Oh, the dread awaking
From those slumbers dark and cold,
When the heart seems madly breaking
To crumble with the mould!

When bruised and sorrow laden
It bleeds at every pore,
With every heart-string broken
And crushed the very core.

When e'en the gladsome morning
No longer beams with light,
And the sunbeams and the dew drops
Seem wedded with the night.

No more in dreams I revel,
Nor fairy fancies know,
But the spirit's silent moaning
With its weary weight of woe.

A Word for Woman.

NOT long ago I heard a celebrated Doctor of Divinity lecture upon "Woman," and if experience and observation had not taught me better, I should have gone home thinking the earth was actually blessed with a company of angels. There was not an allusion to any real deficiency in the character, wants, or occupations of the gentle sex—they were *unmitigated blessings.* In moral qualities they were represented as far superior to man, and in some intellectual qualities, quite his equal! In perception and judgment they excelled, but in inven-

tion they were inferior. This is the point in his remarks to which I intended to come, and no farther, for, dear reader, I am giving an abstract of a learned lecturer, in order to elucidate my subject.

But just as the good man had made this remark, a lady turned to me and said, "Just think of all the bags of crochet and cucumber seeds,—the purses of knitting and netting, and knotting—the counterpanes pieced in diamonds, and squares, and semi-circles, and quilted in ginger-bread, love-knots, and 'herring-bone,'—of the divans, and ottomans, and the tete-a-tetes, all covered with block-work of satin and velvet, over which the brain has puzzled days, and weeks, and months—just think of the devices in all manner of purple and fine linen—of the worsted work, with its infinite variety of roses and posies,—its dogs, and fawns, and cats; and then the laces and muslins, with the millions of invisible stitches, over which eyes have dimmed and fingers ached.

What a variety of *patterns*, and what a variety of forms for every article embroidered—to say nothing of dame Fashion's wonderful proofs of the development of this organ, presuming that Madame Fashion is in a majority of times, and seasons, and places, a woman. Look at the plates which adorn the Magazines, the multiplicity of flounces, and frills, and furbelows. Then number the various departments of housewifery—how are those employed who study household good, "and

good works in their husbands do promote?" We might go on enumerating, but surely we have demonstrated that all the leisure hours of women are devoted to inventions. Some masculine critic will probably exclaim, that her powers are exerted on very trivial subjects, and the world is not much better for all those things. Most true it is, good sir, but who is to blame for all that? When you permit her to step out of this insignificant sphere, perhaps she will shine as conspicuously in another and higher!

And I could prove, if I should try, that it is better to embroider than to do nothing; and any art that enables a woman to promote the tasteful arrangement and adorning of her house, with the time and skill which she can spend in no better way for *want of permission!* is useful. Costly and luxuriant furniture alone will not give an air of cozy comfort to a house. I have seen one converted into a little paradise with half the expense that was bestowed on another, which was after all but a miniature bedlam.

So I hope she will go on improving her powers upon little things, so as to be prepared for greater ones when they come within her reach, but never on any occasion do I advise her to step out of her sphere to reach them!

Christmas is Coming.

"CHRISTMAS is coming," but it must be evident to all the children in the city, that Santa Claus does not come down the chimney in these days. His footsteps are not so stealthy as they were in days of yore. Heralds are proclaiming him at every corner, and thousands of fingers are busy in assisting him to fill his satchel with the gifts he intends to lavish. A nimble little sprite he is, and generous too, seldom leaving a home unvisited, yet I marvel at the profusion in his preparations, and think he must have provided more than he can dispose of, though he leave

A gift in every stocking leg,
That hangs on crane, or hook, or peg.

It has become the fashion to "give gifts," and as in most other cases, fashion has become so imperious, that it would be almost like an act of proscription to refuse obedience to her decrees, and as in most other cases too, compulsion destroys half the pleasure. There are few gratifications more delightful than that of exchanging tokens of affection; mementoes and souvenirs from those we love, with their thousand sweet associations clustering around them, keep alive fond memories and brighten dark hours, and diffuse a sunshine along life's pathway, lightening the heart of many a burden and hallowing it for many a sorrow.

How precious is that lock of hair slightly tinged with grey, which was once smoothly plaited on a mother's brow. What wealth of riches or of diamonds would purchase the little golden curls that once fell with a profusion of ringlets over the shoulders of a little sister, whom we saw plucked like an opening bud, her rosy lips sealed by death ere they had scarcely begun to lisp the sweet accents of affection? Who has not some relic of other days or early loves which he guards more carefully than gold, and cherishes more than hid treasures? What a world of memories, which have long been still, come rushing up as we look upon a leaf or flower which is linked by some delicate tendril to the heart, and has

only to be breathed upon to awake into life and bloom with richer freshness and beauty!

The chords of the soul are like harp strings which have only to be touched, in order to vibrate with a thousand melodies. And so sacred has ever seemed to me a gift, a token, that I shrink from the touch of one which custom only has bade to be offered, for it seems like trifling with things sacred, and trampling upon that which is holy and pure. This will sound very sentimental to those who value presents as they do purchases, according to the amount of money they cost,—who sit down on Christmas and New Year's eve to *reckon up* the articles, and comment on the generosity or meanness of those whom they call friends.

In the old countries, Christmas is the time-honored festival, and hallowed by associations, but in our own, the observance of it seems like something "got up," rather than to have "come down." I have no objections to holydays, and would increase rather than diminish them. I have no objection to decorating Churches with evergreens, or preparing or eating a good Christmas dinner, and any occasion that calls home the scattered ones, and gathers together the members of a household, and strengthens family ties, must have more good in it than evil; so I rejoice with others when "Christmas is coming," and join heartily in the good cheer it brings. I like to be commissioned by Santa Claus to fill little

stockings with nicknacks and to hear the shout and merry laugh from young glad voices. I love everything that gives to life healthful gladness, and beams with chastened brightness on the pathway of our earthly pilgrimage. And are not these resources every where around us? Dark indeed must be the soul which is not expanded when gazing upon the myriad orbs in their cloudless splendor, upon the ocean in its grandeur, the mountain, the hill, and the valley, and the running stream. Clouded indeed must be his vision who discerns only shadows in the sunbeams, and walks abroad only to press his feet upon thorns, who puts forth his hand to pluck flowers, and returns it full of nothing but weeds and thistles.

Solitary Musings upon Solitude.

HOW necessary is companionship to all living creatures. There is the horse, who has been neighing and whinnying all day in the absence of his companion, who shares with him all his labors; stands by him in the stable; eats from the same crib, and gambols with him in the field. His tones are mournful and piteous to hear, whilst he wanders to and fro, eagerly catching every sound from the road, and gazing with an eye, in which sparkles the animation of intelligence, down the avenue which will give him the first glimpse of his

friend. How can joy be more plainly expressed than theirs when they meet—the note of welcome and the joyous bound, the look of love and the fond caress.

There are some pretty kittens—how loving they are in their play; if one is for a little time hid or absent, how sorrowful is her little playmate. How slyly she creeps about, peeping in into every nook and corner; and how wildly she capers when she has discovered her.

The good and patient cow, so stupid, as she is called, is still capable of feeling sadness, and mourns when left alone to such a degree that she becomes thin, and refuses to give us the rich foaming milk in abundance. Give her a companion to roam with her in the field, and crop the grass by her side and she grows cheerful and fat and generous again.

There is Mrs. Goose with Mr. Gander and five children strutting by her side. How plainly she says "They are mine!" She waddles down to the brook, and knowing that I am watching her, she enters the water, leaving her younglings to follow at their pleasure; and words could not speak more plainly than her gait, and the proud bearing of her head as she ascends the opposite bank, without looking round to see if they are safe, "They are very precocious, and can take care of themselves. Don't you see how they swim?" Oh, yes, Mrs. Goose, you are a genuine mother, and with so honorable a position, so well sustained, you should not

be the butt of ridicule for the thoughtless world. I wonder how it came about that you are never anything but a goose after all. Your days of usefulness are well nigh ended—we no longer need those glossy quills to celebrate your praises nor our own! Nor that soft down to pillow our weary heads—we have learned better than to depend on you for any comfort or luxury; so perhaps you will be elevated to a higher rank. None but the starving would wish to eat you, so I see not why you should not have a title of nobility, a coat of arms, and your husband a ducal crown!

Here is this good dog, the faithful Newfoundland. One day he was suspected of invading the sheep fold with hostile intentions; he saw our looks of censure, and heard us talk of death to the evil-doer, whoever he might be, and he left us, to return no more till we sought him with assurance of trust and belief in his innocence. As is often the case in this world, a little trouble and humiliation has purchased for him a great renown; and we are careful to remember that it is not "little pitchers alone that have ears." But how came he to understand our conversation? His fear and trembling were not the effect of conscious guilt, for the offence was not his, as we afterwards proved. Was it dread of the pains of death? How could he know aught of suffering? Was it regret at parting with life merely, and being separated from those to whom he was attached, and from all

the pleasures of animal existence? Or did he shudder at the thought of unkindness from the hand that had fed him, and from those whom he had so faithfully guarded from danger in the silent watches of the night?

It was all owing to instinct, the Philosopher says. He is a dog, whatever he may do! Still I believe him capable of a very high kind of happiness, and animated with some of the best feelings of the human soul. Gratitude is one of the noblest of our emotions, and surely he is ever expressing this, and expressing, too, a love which is concentrated upon a few and more firmly links him to one.

What joyous delight he manifests at the return of the absent! What fidelity in guarding us from evil; so entirely do we trust him that we never fear he will slumber at his post; and that he will betray us! who would be guilty of such a suspicion?

When I ramble in the fields, how plainly does he express his interest in all that I do—looking among the flowers for those I pluck—bringing me a leaf or twig to win a gentle pat or smile. It is true that there are many undisputed possessors of hearts, who do not understand so well how to make the hearts of others throb with gladness.

How funny the hens look hopping up stairs! But who ever thought of being loved by a hen. We love the little chickens, they are so cunning; but when they

are grown up, they are not pretty, and though they are domestic, they are not affectionate. I wonder if they love one another? Yet it would be lonely indeed without them—a desolation it would create about the farmhouse, to silence the *cut cut*, *cada-e-r cut*, and *cock-a doodle doo.*

There is grandpa, with a quart measure full of oats, and they no sooner see him than from tree, and scaffold, and woodpile, and picket, they run, waddle and scramble for the oats he scatters. He really loves them, but I do not think they would love him were it not for the oats. But they like a home, and a nice place to roost, and they "lay two eggs a day," Sundays and all; and after having spent a year in the city, where they make custards of corn starch, we appreciate hens more than ever.

But even they do not like to be alone. Who would think of keeping one solitary hen? In the garden, or orchard, wherever they are picking worms and seeds, there are always two or three. They like companionship, but they are not generous. How each runs, when she finds a good bit, to avoid sharing it with her companions.

I wonder how it came to be so fashionable to talk of the blessings of solitude, when it is so plainly written, not only in His book, by His own hand, but in all His works, "It is not good to be alone."

My Garden Flowers.

I HAVE watched them, I have cherished
Through the early budding spring,
'Till the warmer breath of summer
Brought their perfect blossoming.

The modest peeping violet,
The snowy daffodil;
The brightly glowing buttercup
That grows beside the hill.

The variegated roses,
The lilies in their pride;
The gently loving creeper
Which climbeth at their side.

And the gay and queenly dahlia,
In royal purple drest,
Adorned with badge imperial,
And golden-mounted crest.

I have talked to them in whispers—
I have told them every thought,
'Till they seem with life and motion,
With love and friendship fraught.

So fondly I have cherished them,
I weep to see them fade,
And sigh that aught should wither
In such loveliness arrayed.

But the winter days are coming;
It is rumored on the blast—
The yellow leaves are scattered
As it rudely rushes past.

The hoary frost of Autumn
Has blighted every stem,
And on every twig and leaflet
Is a glittering icy gem.

So the hopes that dawn the brightest
Are the first to flee away—
So the hearts that beat the lightest
Are the soonest to decay.

And I have learned that beauty,
Wherever it may bloom,
Is but a fragile blossom
That is ripening for the tomb.

Two Mothers—The False and the True.

"AND here I must stay cooped up from morning till night, without a breath of fresh air, or any healthy exercise watching over this child. How I hate it, I was not born for such drudgery. I was made for something better!"

These were the words of a mother as she sat by the cradle of a moaning infant. How many mothers will believe me—will believe it possible, that days and nights of weariness and watching, of self denial and sacrifice could force such words from a mother's lips? Yes, and

the little creature over whom every day and hour she fretted, and wished in its grave, was her daughter and her only; a fair and beautiful child, wasted with sickness, and pining for the care a *fond* mother only can bestow. It could not tell its pain, but all the day it uttered a moaning sound, which was pitiful to hear, and which must have struck painfully on any *human* heart.

See its tiny fingers so long and thin—the arms, the bones of which have never hardened, because its short life has been all suffering; the temples are hollow, and the cheeks have lost their plumpness; it tries to turn its little body and writhes with pain, and the moan is deeper. What woman with a woman's heart does not involuntarily stretch forth her arms to clasp the little one and fold it to her bosom, and yet the MOTHER SITS BY AND MOCKS ITS WAILING! My blood curdles in my veins, as I listen, and my pen is palsied at the thought!

What was she? A coarse brutal woman such as we find in hovels and heathen lands? No, less than four years ago she was a belle, and is still a beauty! Her dress is brocade and her laces the purest mechlin; she is graceful as a fairy,—brilliant and fascinating, and when in her father's house, surrounded by everything to minister to her taste and gratify her wants, she was called amiable and lovely! She was as many are—"very good till she was tried."

And what is it that she calls "doing something better."

than nursing her infant and hushing it to slumber? What can exceed in her mind the importance of a mother's holy duties? What can be to her sweeter than to pour out her love upon the child of her bosom, to be rewarded with its returning smile and merry prattle? It is nothing more than the morning promenade and the evening soiree. Her husband is sitting by, but he never shared any portion of her affection; when she married it was not to find a home for her heart; the desire for admiration is not a less craving appetite than when she danced and smiled with the hope of attracting lovers. Excitement is the only food which satisfies, and the restraints of conjugal and maternal duties are insupportable to her.

"She hates them; she was made for something better!"

"Will he not look cunning in his little new frock, and white apron—see I have trimmed the sleeves with velvet—and these buttons *up and down* the waist—and he has a little hat with a bright ribbon, don't you think he will look nice?"

I looked up in the face of the fond mother, as she turned the articles round and round to exhibit them, her countenance glowing with that *beautiful pride* which a happy mother always feels, and gazed in wonder, for

though he was a noble boy, he was one for whose birth and parentage she must blush as long as she lived!

"You had rather get something pretty for him than for yourself I suppose," said I.

"Oh yes, I do not care for myself at all, I do not care a bit whether I have anything or not, if I can only get something nice for Willie. And will he not look pretty," she began again, "you can't think how he has grown lately: he begins to say mamma, and he plays so pretty with his horse and blocks. Oh, and he is so loving, so glad to see me when I go to see him."

She had been entreated to give him up, that he might never know his unfortunate birth, and that her own humiliation might be forgotten.

"You do not intend to part with him," I said. "No, oh, no, how can I part with him? He clings to me and loves me so."

My question recalled the bitterness of his lot, and her own, if they remained together, and the crimson flush suffused her face, and the long dark eyelash fell upon her cheek, while the scalding tears stole down, and dropped upon the frock and pinafore which she had finished with so much care.

I repented the remark, which added a single pang to her already broken heart, for hers had been the greatest wrong I had ever known a deceived and outraged woman called upon to endure. I tried to soothe her by

reverting to the pretty things, and her pretty baby, and her face brightened again, though it was never without the dark shadow, which betrayed the secret sorrow.

She was a servant—and all the wages of a month, except one dollar, she paid for the board of her child. This—just a sixth part of what she received—was all she had to clothe herself and him, and on him, of course it was mostly spent. In two months she had saved enough to buy the bright red frock and hat and shoes, with which she had proudly decked him, and never had I seen her look so pleased and happy, as when she brought him in that I might see "what a handsome boy he was.'

"I cut the frock all myself," she began, "does it not fit nice; and I gave two shillings for the shoes, and eighteen pence a yard for the frock—I could not get anything that was fit for him at all, for less—the ribbon on his hat was a shilling a yard, but doesn't he look pretty? and see I got him a rattle too, he likes it." Then she smothered him with kisses and pressed him closer and closer to her bosom.

All the relaxation from toil or amusement which she asked was to be permitted to go once a day to spend a half hour with Jamy. How faithfully she worked; how like a very martyr she bore confinement, deprivation and toil, that Jamy might not know want—and that "he might look like *other children*," by which she

meant the children of the rich. There was no self-denial that she did not consider sweet, if it purchased him a moment's gratification; and the humiliation was outweighed by the holy love—"the deep, strong, deathless love," with which her bosom was filled, which she could pour out upon her child—upon Jamy her darling boy.

She who mocked her dying infant's wail, would have thought her only fit to be trampled in the street—"a mother and not a wife! what contempt was sufficient for her—no matter what might be the wrong.

Which was the true woman—which mother the false and which the true!

Literary Women.

IT may seem superfluous to devote a line, or moment of time, to the vindication of literary women, when they are so successfully vindicating themselves—when they are so greatly honored and universally respected. But there are a great many women who are not guilty of dabbling in literature in any way, who are vastly concerned for the reputation of their sisters of the press, and more concerned for the well-being of their husbands and families. There is scarcely a day that we do not hear some unjust remark, or uncharitable allusion to

one who has lately become so world renowned in the empire of letters. "She neglects her family." Her children receive from her no attention." "Her household affairs are left entirely to others." "She is unamiable as wife, and mother, and friend," &c., &c. Every one of which charges I know to be false. I have been often in her house, and never saw it otherwise than orderly. I have seen and talked with her children, and often thought their intellectual and moral training was of the highest order, and that it was seldom parents so prayerfully and attentively studied, and so thoroughly understood the character of their children.

No woman who is a good housewife, in the highest sense of the term, need spend all her time in household duties. The more systematic she is, and thoroughly acquainted with her profession, the more time she may redeem for other pursuits. No woman should be compelled to toil from early morning till late at night in the nursery, kitchen, or at the needle, though the bent forms sallow faces, and dejected spirits, we meet at every step, show how many do.

There is no profession which so absolutely requires a well-balanced mind and high degree of cultivation in order to excel as housewifery, and there are very few women even in our land who have attained to perfection. That the poor are so miserably poor and remain so, is, in a great proportion of cases, owing to the igno-

rance and inefficiency of women. That enterprising business men so often fail, is owing to the extravagance of their wives and daughters, and extravagance is often owing entirely to ignorance. A few literary women have been slatterns who would have just as surely been slatterns had they never seen a book or pen, and infinitely more useless and disagreeable!

But the slatterns who could not read or hold a pen, have not been counted, though it is conceded by most matrons that our emigrant servants are not the most learned, tidy, or the most expert! But suppose that literary and cultivated women must necessarily devote the time to books which should be devoted to the "weightier matters," which must certainly be deemed the most imperative and important, if they have assumed the responsibilities of wives, mothers, nurses, &c. Are the husbands, and children, and puddings, which are neglected for books, in any worse condition than those neglected for theatres, balls, operas, or tattling, slander and gossip? The proportion of learned ladies, is as yet very small in comparison to the whole, and there is a goodly prospect that it will be for a long time to come, while the fashionable women are a host, and their employments are no different now from what they were when Addison described them.

Their toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair, the principal employment

of their lives; the sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work, and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery; and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. "One infallible resource in that day, as in this, was shopping." And then, as now, their overflowing affections were lavished on monkeys, lap-dogs and parrots.

There is a certain "knack of doing things," which is as much a gift as speaking of tongues, or writing poetry, and we have seen young ladies try most perseveringly for years and never learn to bake, or wield a dishcloth, or broom, with grace or dexterity. Do not laugh at the idea of grace in such matters, for sewing, knitting, and sweeping, if done properly, are done gracefully, and are done well by some in half the time that others are doing them ill.

A Brother's Love and Gratitude.

"LIFE is real, life is earnest." Oh for something to be in earnest about, is the unspoken thought of every woman's heart. "Oh for something fully to engage my mind, my energies. I feel within me the consciousnes of power, but where shall I exert it?"

Her only "proper sphere," is in performing the gentle offices of affection. To go out of it is to forfeit her title to respect and destroy her influence. To be mother, daughter, wife and sister, should limit her ambition and when she can be neither of these what

shall she do? Observation teaches her that according to the laws of nature, one tie will probably be broken in early life, and though a little while she may be a ministering angel around a parent's couch, death will deprive her of this sweet office, and leave her alone in a desolate home. She has brothers, but they have gone forth to seek their fortunes in the world. Duty does not bid them sacrifice the hope of honor or the opportunities of wealth, to smooth a parent's dying couch or cheer a sister's lonely path. They form new ties which almost surely sever those which bind them to the hearts which shared the joys and sorrows of their childhood. The sister, however deep, and pure, and constant may have been her love, is often, too often forgotten in the midst of the happy circle they gather around them in a new home.

How impressively these thoughts returned to me as I remembered the humble cottage where a mother and daughter dwelt—the widow and the orphan.

The son and brother was their idol; for him they toiled and sacrificed to procure the means of education, to clothe him as others were clad, and looked forward with confidence to the day when success should crown his labors and they should be rewarded by an increase of affection and a home in his household.

He received the first honors of school and college, and entered upon the duties of a lucrative profession.

He married an accomplished woman of fashion, who liked not to associate with the inmates of his lowly home, and succeeded in alienating his affections from those who had never had a thought in life but for him, and in a little time as far as any manifestation of interest was visible, they were entirely forgotten. He was blessed with prosperity, and children grew up around him. He was surrounded by everything rich and costly in furniture and apparel, and honors clustered upon his head, but, his heart was hardened.

Still, in that little cottage might be seen every morning and evening, the aged mother on her bended knees, pouring out her prayer to God, for her prodigal son. All day by the window, over which climbed the rose and the honeysuckle her hands had trained, might be seen the sister toiling at her needle, to earn the pittance which supplied them with their daily bread. She was beautiful beyond the ordinary beauty of woman, and was often tempted to give her hand without her heart, when it promised her a home and competence, but she trembled as she thought of the change which had been wrought in the heart which for a quarter of a century had beat for her alone; on her had been lavished its affection, and with her he had promised to share the weal and woe of life, and now he seemed turned to stone.

A poetic feature in the smiling landscape was that

lowly cottage, with its clambering roses, and trellised vines and little garden, where blossomed in profusion all the flowers of early spring, and luxuriant summer and sober autumn. But still more beautiful was the picture within, where the tottering steps of age were supported by the fair form which ministered to every want with the quick perception and prompt energy of affection. He who should have comforted them, left them to the chilling blight of neglect, but want never visited their cheerful abode. Friendship took them under her brooding wing, and watched over them with her fostering care.

But soon death came and removed the aged pilgrim to her rest beyond the grave; and gladly, even now, would the sister have become an inmate of her brother's home. She would have loved his children and introduced an air of comfort where fashion had so long usurped dominion, but her presence would have been a rebuke to her heartless votaries, which they cared not to meet, so she was left to her desolation and her humble toil. Their cast-off and useless drapery would have clothed her, but they preferred to see it accumulate and decay. The cottage was sold and soon shorn of its beauty; her heart had no longer there a resting place, and like the flowers she had cherished, it withered as her hopes were crushed.

"Her lot is on yon silent grave to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds a wasted shower,
And to make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray.

Her lot is on you, to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain,
Meekly to bear with wrong and cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things—therefore pray."

"To love through all things!" and what shall those love, with the strength of woman's affection, who have no kindred and no home. They have ceased to be daughters—death has severed the tie which bound them to the authors of their existence. They are not mothers—Providence has denied them this holy relationship. They are not wives—but is the heart to be despised which is too pure to be sacrificed on the altar of ambition—a shrine too sacred to admit the motives of the fashionable and the worldling? There is only one anchor for her soul—the Christian's faith. The future is the beacon which guides her on, the star of hope, the only one which illumines her gloomy sky; and on this bright star are fixed the eyes of thousands of her sister spirits to whom this life may never be an "earnest" one; for the

shrinking fear they have of incurring censure, is barrier enough to keep them within the precincts so often prescribed, and there they are deprived of objects of interest requiring a single exertion. They are peculiarly fitted for love and its delightful offices, but to them has not been given the choice of any object on which to lavish their devotion; and when bowed with sorrow or oppressed with loneliness, the world seems to think their only womanly employment to be endurance and Christian resignation!

A Little Child Shall Teach Them.

THAT little boy, did you ever see one so lovely? "Oh yes," exclaim a hundred mothers, "can he be more beautiful than mine—does his hair curl more sweetly—is his form more round, or his cheek more rosy?"

Oh, I did not say this little boy was beautiful; his hair does not curl at all, but lies in silken tresses on his brow; the blue veins twine round like silver threads upon the temple—the eye is closed, and the long dark lash rests heavily on the delicate cheek; the little hand

is nestling beneath the chin, and the breath betrays a restless slumber, which makes me tremble, for it seems to me an angel is hovering over him ready to bear him to the spirit land.

His is a beauty of the soul—I am sitting by his crib, and see the eyes compress to stifle a groan which one less brave would freely utter; I see those little muscles contact with pain, and yet no sound escapes, except those words, so natural and so sweet from childish lips, "mamma, mamma."

The dark eye so rich and full, is lighted with more than earthly brightness, and now lovingly he clasps his little arms around my neck, as if it were only a little while, ere they would take the form of wings and soar away where angel children dwell.

Ah, they are not alone the brave who die upon the battle field—nor they alone the victors, who wear the laurel crown.

"A little child shall teach them,"—meekly to bear with suffering or with wrong, and ask no eye to pity, and no voice to soothe; to struggle when there are none to herald praises is the truest martyr glory. And every day I see a tiny fragile form bear up—not with *manly* strength, but with a ransomed spirit's bravery. The pain with which some giant frames would sink, he suffers not to prostrate him. It wastes that little form, we see it day by day, but still those feet go patting

round—the voice is soft and low, but richer in its tone and sweeter than music in our ears.

The cheek has lost its roundness, and the dimpled face its cherub beauty—he smiles, but it is not childhood's sunny smile—it seems to me a beam from heaven.

And soon he will be there—a bud, oh no, a full blown flower. God gave him, and in three short summers has perfected him to a spiritual beauty which is not oft attained in three score years and ten. He is worthy now to "sing the song of Moses and the Lamb," and soon will join the choir around the great white throne, and there will be to welcome us, the BEAUTEOUS ANGEL BOY.

The Heart.

'Tis like the sweet Æolian
With which the zephyrs play;
With every new emotion,
How lightly will it sway!

Of its rich and gushing music,
The soul will never tire;
While Joy with rosy fingers,
Sweeps o'er its trembling lyre.

But, oh! the thrilling rapture,
When love with dewy wings,
Awakes the sleeping goddess,
Who tunes the golden strings.

I hear it vibrate quickly,
Like the rustling autumn leaf,
Then slowly on the night-wind
Comes the solemn note of Grief.

I bend my ear to listen,
And catch a sweeter strain;
Yes, Hope, with magic whisper,
The chords hath touched again.

But hark! a mournful melody
Is floating on the breeze;
'Tis like the breath of evening
Through the solemn cypress trees.

I look; the lyre is trembling,
And doubt is brooding there;
The plaintive song grows sadder,
'Tis the wailing of Despair!

In the stilly hour of midnight,
A voice has lingered near—
'Twas like the hiss of viper
To the maiden's trusting ear.

A strange and startling wild note
Is echoed through the air—
The shapeless form of Terror
Is rushing from her lair.

I hear a wail of madness—
The harp is tempest riven,
And never more will answer
To the gentle sighs of even.

'Tis broken, yet I linger,
Some favorite strain to hear;
And turn to hide the anguish—
To wipe the burning tear.

But the hideous form of Triumph
Is there with leaden wings,
Exulting in the music
Of the torn and shattered str

Introductions.

WHO has not "felt as if he should go into fits"—turned red and white, hot and cold—looked this way and that way and every other way, while under the necessity of *enduring* an *introduction*, with no possibility of shortening it, hastening it, or preventing it.

It is quite contrary to etiquette to bow or speak, and especially to talk, to a person with whom you have not been "made acquainted."—But "circumstances alter cases," the grammar used to say, and if by any unfortunate train of events, you have been compelled to be sociable with a stranger for an hour or two, long enough

to feel at ease, what will more fully destroy your conceit, than the entrance of one who is "wed to etiquette" and cannot forego the pleasure of "making you acquainted." You are immediately thrown back to the awkwardness of *another beginning*, and must invent a new remark on the weather, which only multiplies your blushes, and increases your confusion till you feel that an introduction has made you worse than strangers.

It is sufficient for any ordinary self command to stand *vis a vis* with one whom you have never met before, while a third person goes through the formula of "Mr. Somebody, allow me to give myself the pleasure or do myself the honor to make you acquainted with Mr. Somebody else," at the end of which you are expected to and do respond, "I am happy to see you well, sir," though you are in your heart wishing him and all the world at the bottom of the sea. I would like to see the man or woman who could pass through such an ordeal with grace or dignity.

But the climax of introduction, I witnessed when a young lady wished to *make known* to her family, a gentleman with whom she had become acquainted in the city, and in whom she was *particularly interested*, and of whom they had only heard. He entered the spacious drawing room, and she arose and placed herself at his side, saying, "Pa, this is Mr. Bush, Mr. Bush this is Pa; Ma this is Mr. Bush, Mr. Bush, this is Ma. Brother

Jonathan, this is Mr. Bush, Mr. Bush this is Brother Jonathan," &c., &c., till every person in the room was distinctly informed that this "was Mr. Bush." I certainly thought an earthquake would be a most delightful interruption to such a scene.

There are an abundance of books and of teachers who by the living voice "instruct boys and girls how to behave," as well as how to do various other things, and I cannot tell whether the fault is in the teachers or in the memories of the pupils, that the behaving is so awkwardly done.

I once sat spectator while a gentleman introduced his friend to a circle of eight or ten persons, with all of whom he shook hands, reiterating each time, "very glad to see you, are you pretty hearty to-day? happy to see you, are you pretty hearty to-day?" till every one in the room was in convulsions.

The mention of the names of those who are unacquainted, as quickly as is compatible with distinctness, is all that is necessary on ordinary occasions, and a slight repetition by those who are introduced, saves all the trouble of wishing people well or hearty; and I am sure would prevent many an ague fit.

First Impressions upon the Mississippi.

I AM still on the waters, for our boat is old and heavy laden, and we are moving slowly; but though it is in some respects a monotonous life, I am not weary of it. The days have been bright and cloudless, and so warm that we could sit on deck any length of time with perfect comfort, and I have often shared the wheel-house with the old pilot long into the night, for the privilege of looking abroad upon this fair land, and those dark waters when the moon shed upon them her silvery light. How often I look up to her, always so calm, and

pure, and beautiful, and bright, and think what else in all the wide creation is so loved and welcomed as her smile. Of all things else we are prone to weary. The sun seems necessary to our existence—he is brilliant and dazzling, and glorious, as he rolls on his fiery way—we admire him and praise him, but who ever thought of loving aught so splendid. We love the flowers, but they only bloom for a little season, then fade and die. But the moon, the gentle moon, who ever gazed on her quiet loveliness, and wearied and wished for her to wane?

And now, when I am far away as I think she is still looking upon the mountains and the little streams, that wind like silver threads through the valleys, in that cherished land, it is with more than fondness that I gaze.

I love to send my fancy roaming
Far away o'er hill and dell,
And think that thou art fondly smiling
On the friends I love so well.

To think thy beauteous robe is mantling
Cottage roof and gilded dome,
And thou with gentle radiance lighting,
Sculptured hall and mountain home!

What a different land is this. Our mountains give us an idea of grandeur with sublimity, but never before did I have an idea of vastness—of expanse, of illimitable

space. With what new and strange sensations I stood upon the deck and witnessed the meeting of these mighty waters,—the Ohio and the Mississippi. Where are the fountains from which they flow? Centuries have passed away and still they are rolling on, and on, and on! I had sailed the whole length of the Ohio, one of the great tributaries of the Father of waters, and had never for a moment ceased to wonder, but now I am on the river of rivers, and can scarcely control my enthusiasm as my thoughts wander far away to the north and trace the thousands and thousands of miles it must traverse, as it goes widening, and deepening, and swelling, so majestic, so conscious of its power ere it pours its dark flood over the bosom of the sea.

The Story a Thousand Times told, yet always New.

"OH! will you not let me rest here one night? I have not where to lay my head."

If you will go with me up town, dear reader, I will point you to an elegant mansion, in which once dwelt a family reared in all the luxury which wealth can purchase and indulgence lavish. There dwelt an only daughter; I knew her in her pride and beauty, and have seen her the envied among her young companions; and how many have I watched, as they basked delighted in the sunshine of her smile.

I knew him, too, who was lord of that stately mansion, and the proud scorner of the humble; who hesitated not to trample upon the lowly, and—aye, shall I say it? —could look all around him and see the wreck of crushed and broken and bleeding hearts—the victims of his perjury—crying to him for justice and for mercy, without a shudder or a pang.

Very carefully did he guard his idol, that neither tempter nor destroyer should come nigh unto her or whisper flatteries in her ear; and very emphatically did he make it understood that none but the rich should sue for her hand. No toil had ever stained those rosy fingers; not a dream had that fair young girl that change could ever come to her. She had never had a glimpse of poverty; and never even heard of wretchedness. In an evil hour the father was smitten by the pestilence, which is no respecter of the proud or the high-born, and the widow and the orphan stood palsied by the blow. They had lived upon the gains accumulated by fraud, and now came the terrible tribulation—they were in their turn defrauded.

Those whom they had called friends vanished like chaff before the wind, and there they stood alone! Alone in this great City, where a little while ago they received the homage of thousands, and their patronage was courted as the certain passport to distinction.

They shrunk from labor as from contamination and

yet they tried to toil. But there was one hope to which they clung. Beauty often purchases wealth, and Isabel was beautiful. There were none to guard her now; and, alas! for those mysterious words uttered by Him in whom is all wisdom, "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. Was it for the innocent he had betrayed and hurled to infamy, that his child was left to the tender mercies of the heartless seducer? Oh, ye fathers and husbands! would that it were burnt into your hearts and branded upon your foreheads, if not otherwise ye can be made to remember that poverty, and guilt, and shame may thus descend to the pure, and lovely, and trusting, to whom you have given life, and whom you would rather consign in the bloom of life and health and beauty, to the worm and the winding-sheet, than see them fall into just such hands as yours!

I need not dwell on the sequel. He who sought her talked of love, of honor and truth, and she who listened, loved, and trusted, and fell. The mother is made frantic by this accumulation of misery; and the daughter you might have seen only one week ago, ringing at that same door where she stood in the day of her prosperity to bow and smile and utter welcomes, asking for "where to lay her head."

She was spurned with contempt, and fell staggering to the pavement; and this was uttered by those who saw

her with a smile of triumph, "They had no pity—it was good enough for such as she!"

Ah, yes; and I might go on with my story, and tell of the brother of those who could talk in thoughtless raillery of that young, fallen creature, and with truth represent him as polluting the very air they breathe. A low, vulgar, heartless, unprincipled, gambling debauchee. But what of that?—he is a man, and may go forth with impunity, trampling the life-blood from out young hearts.

It does not procure for him the word of scorn or look of contempt; bright eyes and ruby lips smile as graciously upon him, and he is admitted to be their "attendant" and "protector," with as much confidence as if he loved virtue and respected innocence.

He looks from the window, and sees that she, who has in her ignorance come to his very door for shelter and for bread, is she who, a few weeks ago, clung to him in agony, praying that he would "save her! save her!" and whom he flung back with curses. He turns pale, to be sure, as his hollow laugh echoes through those gorgeous saloons, and he mutters anathemas against "the *woman* who should dare thus to insult his sisters in his mother's house;" but the wail of broken hearts has too often sounded in his ears, to bid him long tremble at a sight like this.

They soon issue forth in silks, and satins, and velvets,

just as she was once clad, and in a few moments are mingling with the gay crowd at the ball and opera, and she is forgotten.

But whither has she fled? Not again did she ring at the door of the rich, and ask for bread of those whose hands are full, and who yet withhold from the starving. She went where she knew she would not be repulsed; she laid herself down, not in the grave—that would have been too sweet a resting-place—but in one of those worse than charnel-houses, whose doors are ever open to "such as these."

But God, though He chastened, did not forget. A pitying eye traced her to this last refuge of the despairing, and a friendly hand was stretched forth to snatch her from a worse than murderer's doom; and Heaven be praised that now even she may not only be saved, but restored, and by all those whose respect is worth having, respected, victim though she be of perjury, wrong, and falsehood! And the time is coming—may it come speedily!—when the oppressor shall wear the mark of shame and degradation, and the oppressed lift up their eyes in rejoicing; for justice is no longer a stranger in the Earth.

A Chapter on Love.

IF I were to entitle this article Fanny Ford, or Mary Malcolm, I might introduce as much sentiment as I pleased—make my heroines as romantic, and falling in love as interesting and proper as any thing else human beings are in the habit of doing, and with few exceptions my readers would not be at all shocked, and most of them would be well pleased.

There are few people, notwithstanding the cynical professions of some, and the unblushing falsehoods of others, who are not interested in love stories. It is a

pity that love should ever have become so degraded, that any should be unwilling to own its power, or confess its individual influence. Is it not strange that the holiest and loftiest principle of our nature should be so derided, and so lowered, that truth should shrink from approaching it, and frankness be banished from its presence?

Next to love, music has been most proscribed.

To conquer and to slay have always been the manly occupations, and among Christian people this sentiment is still echoed, while the Bible assures us that love and praise constitute the bliss of Heaven. On almost every page the happiness of the Christian and the joy of Paradise are illustrated by allusions to the bride, her beauty and her devotion. But in these days of exquisiteness, love must be sung only in poetry, and pictured only in novels, and the world is reaping the fruit of such teachings. To change the heart or root out its affections is impossible, for God hath made it, and his laws are immutable. Some will say that the degradation of what was originally so pure is owing to the influence of novels. Leave it then no longer in the hands of those who are defiling it. Music is already in a great measure redeemed, but her sister is still struggling for the exaltation which she is forbidden to share.

To say of any one "he is love-sick," or has been "disappointed," is to place a brand upon his forehead,

and yet no one could merit these charges, who was not pure in heart and lofty in spirit. An English writer, who has ventured to raise his voice against this evil, relates the treatment which two peasants received for the same offence. One just married had lost his wife, and all the people gathered together to mourn and offer their meed of sympathy. The other was about to be married, when the object of his affection was removed by death, and because he mourned and wept, the people sneered, and when contempt did not banish his sadness, they hurried him to a mad-house, saying he was worse than a lunatic.

How many have I known, who were ready with sympathy and aid for every form of physical suffering, who had only scorn for the heart's, woes and yet any species of torture to which the body may be subjected, is a soothing anodyne in comparison with the tortures of the soul. How many who have grown old forget the dreams of youth, and woe to those who fall into their hands. But more to be pitied are those young, pure beings who are subjected to the control of those, whose lives have been so gross and sinful, that they cannot conceive of purity, and who judge others by their own depravity. There are a great many who regard with a just horror any violation of the marriage vow, who consider it a trifling matter to trample upon the not less

sacred seal of betrothal. The former, solemn and binding as it is or should be, is but the emblem of the holier covenant, which has preceded it, and without which marriage is a crime too revolting to be named. The one is a consecration between two loving hearts, with God only for a witness, the other is a ratification of that covenant, in the presence of man.

And not till he or she, who is recreant to the silent and secret pledge, shall be scorned as truly as he or she who is false to the public vow, will society be purified and these holy relationships honored as God intended.

Country Cousins.

SITTING one day in the elegant parlor of one of those princely habitations which denote wealth and the extent of luxury, we were suddenly started by a thundering knock at the street door which threatened the foundations of the establishment, and so frightened our timid senses, that we were transfixed with fear and trembling. Hoping the tacit "no admittance" would bid the intruders depart, and be at peace, we remained mute and immovable, but louder and louder grew the astounding thump, thump, thump, till we ventured to an

opened window to see what could be the occasion. The utmost stretching of our necks only permitted us a glimpse of two forms standing on the upper step, but presently we heard a passer by, exhorting them to ring the bell like Christian people, and not stand there beating in granite walls. Upon this we darted back out of sight, but were not out of hearing, as the question which soon fell upon our ears testified. The good man gazed up and down, this way and that, expecting to see a rope attached somewhere, the other extremity of which would be fastened to a veritable church bell in the cupola, not doubting that private houses in the city were thus grandly decorated, and was ready to despair of finding entrance, when another passer by kindly pointed to the little handle by the door, and bid him ring till some one came to his relief. So the next sound which greeted our already excited *auditorials*, was the continuous twang and jingle, which is better imagined than described, when the wire is pulled by a strong hand and persevering will.

To this we concluded to respond, and what was the consternation of mine host, as we all went in a phalanx for the purpose of self-defence, to behold his cousin Nicholas Countryman, from the northmost county, come with his blooming bride on a wedding tour to see their "city relations." And there they stood in still greater consternation, wondering "why we could not let a feller

in without all this fuss;" and there was their baggage—a new wooden trunk, painted Spanish brown, in imitation of mahogany, a bright green band-box tied with yellow list, which once edged those pantaloons of blue, and a bundle under each arm—and there they were on our marble steps, in front of our Doric Hall, ready to be ushered into our grand saloon, and make themselves at home on our tapestry carpets and velvet lounges. It was not my province to utter welcomes, so I stood still to see what would be done, and I saw what gladdened my eyes and made my heart rejoice.

As soon as the first surprise was over, no king or queen or nabob, could have been received with more genuine kindness and respect. There was not a remark nor look nor smile that pointed to the rough exterior. The host and hostess followed the Christian rule and looked only on the heart, and never did truer or nobler hearts beat in human bosoms. The visitors were not only feasted with all the good things which the market afforded, but taken without any winching or mincing to see all the *lions* and *elephants*, and everything was done to increase rather than to disturb their complacency.

The bride in her shiny new silk, and dunstable straw, with white trimmings, was accompanied to Stewart's, and it was a trial to the gravest risibles, after showing her the silks, and velvets and cashmeres of such an

establishment to hear her say to the dashing clerk behind the counter, "Have you any lemons to sell." "Lemons? we don't keep lemons," was the reply. "Oh I'm sorry, I wanted to get a few to put up in my citron sarse." At the next *bazaar* the same colloquy was repeated, when she was with kindest delicacy, informed that the merchants did not keep all sorts of things in one store, as they did in the country, and she should soon call where whatever she wanted in that line could be found. They spent a week and had a "good time," as their broad happy faces indicated, and returned home to tell the wonders they had seen, being furnished with "food for talk" during half the winter's evenings by the fireside. Their trip to the great city, would be an era to look back upon all their lives. If some people had been called upon to do the honors on such an occasion, they would have made it a week of misery and so wounded two honest hearts, that a lifetime would not have healed the wound.

Our Baby.

DID you ever look into one of those mysterious drawers, which ladies spend so much time in filling and arranging, and open and shut with so much importance; looking all the while as if they had just been appointed maid of honor to the Princess royal? This I was permitted to do not long ago, and I did not pay anything for the sight; but I believe I am one of the privileged ones.

I cannot tell what you would do; and whatever you may think of me, I do not blush to confess, that I took

those tiny shoes, which looked as if they might just fit Queen Mab, and pressed them to my lips. They were snugly lying in one corner, and in the other were curious layers of German worsted, with such curious devices! In the centre was a cushion of white embroidered with blue, on which came out, in full relief, the initial letters of a name, which no living person bore that I knew! All around were lying little gossamer things, with Mechlin edges and delicate tassels and silken fringes. Why, if the Queen had been coming, I think there would have been no more elaborate preparation. One after another I took them up and laid them down again, with the fear almost that they would vanish at the touch of my fingers, and all the while there stood one looking on, with a delight no words of mine can possibly describe.

This was six months ago—and then I could laugh aloud and make any noise I pleased—but soon I went away, and now I'm here again. The sequel is this!

"Hush, hush, you will wake the baby!" Who in all the world has not heard this warning, and heeded it, too. I am laughing as loud as I can, and feel, just now, so full of fun that it is almost impossible to repress my mirth; yet, instantly, I am keeping breathless silence; for what if I *should* wake the baby. Why it would cry, and then such a singing and rocking, and lullabying as would be necessary to get it to sleep again. But this

is not all the reason. It is a little lump of a thing, to be sure, but then it is *our baby*. I might go into every house in Christendom, and in heathendom, too, I suppose, and there I should find just such a little lump; it would be lying in a crib or in a cradle—on the floor, or in a hammock;—all would be engaged in a similar employment—holding a rattle or sucking a thumb—rolling over or tied in a chair; and the millions and millions who have peopled the world, have all grown out of just such little dumplings; but yet there would not be one so wonderful as *our baby*.

Why, just see: How fine and soft and silky the hair that covers its little head. There have been blue eyes, but never any that were so sunny—never any dimples quite so sweet as those which nestle in the cheek of Luly. "There never was a baby so good, that gave so little trouble to its mamma." "Why, you would hardly know there was a baby in the house."

Do you see her? She has on a little white frock, with the three cornered *bib* pinned neatly down before, and tied behind. The sleeve is looped by a cunning little button on the shoulder; and there is lurking underneath the daintiest bit of linen cambric edged with lace; and round the bosom peeps up a little frill, vieing with its snowy resting-place for whiteness. A lily-bud, with the petals just opening to the light, our Luly is.

I have tried a thousand times to tell why it was so

beautiful—why, the little thing, without a thought of doing it, should bewitch us so. I have seen a hundred babies smile, and yet I never see the gleam from out that little soul in those blue eyes, without forgetting all things else, to gaze, and wander and almost worship.

Do you see her? I wish you could. They have put her on the floor; and in defiance of all these chains and scollops mamma spent so much time in linking—in defiance all that skirt, three times her length to trammel her, out come those little feet with little socks so cunningly tipped with blue; and may I never see again the stoic or old bachelor who would not stand entranced by such a vision of perfect happiness as Baby is, with one foot in the hand and the other in the mouth, and warbling in her little throat a strain of music which no cultivator of quavers or semi-quavers can ever imitate, or make to strike so thrillingly on a mother's soul.

I remember when papa would not *hold a baby*,—would not even look at one. No, he was not so weak and silly;—but this is *his* baby, our baby—so different from babies he has ever before been called upon to notice; its loving goo, goo, goo, is full of meaning. And will you not forgive him if the newspapers and musty law books have lost their charms, now that he has a little living, moving book, every day and hour developing some new page, illustrated as no human artist's skill can equal?

And now,—no mother in the land will believe me, and yet 'tis true,—the baby is in my lap. It is not my baby,—oh no! I have not attained unto so much honor,—but it is *our* baby, all the same, and the fondness she manifests for pen and paper would not be at all gratifying to those who think these such bugbears to usefulness.

Oftener than at every period, I stop to press a kiss upon her cheek, and at every paragraph my pen is dropped to give a smile and woo it back again. Oh, what is heart of man or woman worth, that does not melt in the warmth of sunbeam such as this?

I put my lips to hers to taste the sweet infant breath, and it is like sipping nectar from the floweret's brim. As fair as the lily of the valley she will grow,—as perfect in her beauty. Oh, may she be as pure among the daughters of the land, as this among the lilies of the field.

The Clearing.

It grieves my heart to see the woodman's axe
And fire relentless raze those grand old woods!
For centuries their giant trees have stood,
Dallying with summer's breeze—but proud and stern
In winter's storms defiant of the winds
That ride on tempest wings.

But now they fall,
The elm, the oak, the bold and hardy fir,
Powerless to Earth before the ruthless hand
Of puny man, and heaped in massive piles

Awaits the torch that gives their noble forms
A holocaust unto the god of fire.
The thousand birds that waken their music notes
In that old haunt, the squirrel and the hare,
Have lost a home. The evening zephyr mourns
In silence, and the strongly girded winds
Which battled with those trees will now pass by
With cold and heartless sneer.

I too may mourn,
For every nook long cherished and so dear;
The glen with wild enchanting solitude,
And even the precipice, though frowning now
In bolder grandeur, all have lost their charms.

But lo! the lighted fires come creeping on,
And every tree and shrub and running vine
Becomes its prey. The parti-colored leaves
Crackle and curl and wither in the blaze,
And where the red flame wreathes its frightful folds
Around some grey old trunk, anon I hear
The hissing of a thousand forked tongues.
The woodmen shout and hurry to and fro,
Curbing the fire, lest o'er the circling bound
It make a fearful stride.
The winding paths,

Where oft I've strayed at twilight's lonely hour,
To hear the music that the passions lulls,
And wakens holy thoughts, with cinders dark
Are filled, and o'er the favorite mossy mound
Where I have loved to sit and muse alone
Amid the stillness of this solemn place,
Lie heaps of ashes.

Ah, 'tis ruin all!
That scene of beauty—trees and leaves and flowers,
Gorgeous in sunlight of morn or even—
Is now a waste. Alas! that no loved haunt
Escapes the all relentless CLEARING's doom!

The smoke of smouldering fires is curling still,
Above the brushwood piles, and swarthy men,
The echo of whose voices may be heard
With dismal sound through all the open plain,
Together roll the trees' gigantic stems,
That shake the earth, and fill the air with groans.
Like rumbling of the distant thunder cloud.

Vision prophetic now is not required.
To trace the progress of the coming years;
The grounds where stood the forest dark and dense,
Are open to the noonday sun; and soon

The humble cot will rise—cheerful abode
Of industry and honest enterprise:
The greensward then will smile around the door,
And o'er the fields the yellow harvest wave.
The knolls and clumps and rubbish rude, will yield
To energetic toil. The grazing kine
Will crop the grass upon the green hill side,
And lazy sheep will feed the live-long day
Among the rocks, and peace and happiness
Will smile around the frugal yeoman's board.

Oh! could it thus remain I would not sigh
For all my woodland groves and olden haunts;
But luxury, welcome guest, will enter in,
With all her menial train—and lighted halls,
And festive circles gay will take the place
Of rural sports upon the village green.
The laugh of glee which bursts from merry hearts
Untuned to fashion's rules will melt away
In polished smiles. The rich will own the soil,
The poor with toil severe will earn their bread.
In garden, grove and bower, will art entwine
Her garlands bright, and with alluring grace
In every form invite to indolence
And ease.

But not contentment this. The love
That dwelt beneath the cottage roof has fled
The spacious dome. The ruddy glow of health
Has vanished too. The feverish flush betrays
A sated worshipper at pleasure's shrine,
Or one who spends the wakeful weary nights
In bowing with ambition's votaries.

Would that my muse might rest in silence here!
But truth would bid her tell of passions base,
And vice that ever follows in the train
Where selfish pleasure leads.

No tyrant yet
Hath held his sceptre o'er our happy land—
No despot's scourge intruded on the home
Of peace, to bid the peasant leave his roof
And seek asylum in a foreign clime;
No King can roll his chariot o'er our fields,
And gather half the produce of our soil,
To weave his golden-tissued robes, or load
His table from a world's luxurious store.
But downy couch and silken curtain folds
Are not alone enjoyed by kings. Although
No mitred heads or regal crowns are found
Among our nation's noblemen, we blush

To own the many who can basely bend
To barter e'en their country's glorious fame—
Her honor and her virtue too, to fill
Their princely halls with all the pageantry
Of kings, parade and pomp which palaces
Of titled noblemen would scorn to own!

Republican simplicity! the shrine
At which the orator pretends to bow,
Is but a name. Go home with him, and who
Could count the courses at his daily meals—
The meats, the wines and desserts rare, which yet
The pampered palate loathes—the retinue
Of servants trained perchance in foreign courts,
To wait his nod, to speak in phrase like those
Who worship Royalty—to move with step
Of servile tread, with face of servile mould,
As courtly rules demand!

The statesman asks
Retrenchment! loud reverberates the word
In Congress hall, and on the senate floor!
Retrenchment! Where? Within his marble walls?
Oh no! His carpets must be brought across
The ocean wave; he must at ease recline
On "divans" rich, with gold and silver threads;
Parisian drapery curtains him at night,

And "ottomans" and "tabourets" adorn
His gorgeous halls! French mirrors must reflect
His form. And he who scarce can gain by days
And nights of anxious toil, the paltry sum,
His daily wants demand, large share must give
Of this to fill the coffers that supply—
I must not say court sycophants, but those
Whose "bills," "expenditures," would puzzle "peers"
Impoverish "princes of the realm"—whose dress
And equipage would dazzle at the queen's levee!

Oh luxury, how many states
And empires owe to thee their seeming rise,
To opulence prosperity and power,
The marks of degradation, ruin, death!
Dominion is not strength! Our banner bright
May proudly wave o'er land and ocean wide,
And yet the mighty pillars which support
Our nation's glory and her bright renown,
May harbor the insidious worm which gnaws
The root and saps the vitals!

Let the great
And mighty intellects, the noble men
Who weave the tissue of their country's fame
And give our government its character abroad,—
Who're building up this vast republic, grand
And glorious monument of freedom's strength

Beware! lest the proud column which they rear,
And hope through many ages will withstand
The ravages of time, and heavy blows
Of many a secret, more inveterate foe,
Shall crumble ere its beauty be effaced,
Ere they have ceased to boast its symmetry,
And bid their sons look on its grandeur; lest
The beauteous tree, their fathers planted, they
Have watered, wither and decay before
A generation, shall beneath its boughs
Have found repose, or tasted of its fruit!

A Husband's Soliloquy.

"OH, it is not much matter. I shall be back in a few days! I have nothing particular to say. It is no use writing just to tell her I am well." This was a husband's soliloquy.

My dear sir, have you lived with her so long, and not learned that "your smile is dearer to her than the light of Heaven?" If you will sit down and say: "Dearest, I am well, and will soon be back again," it would be more than any rod to support her,—more than any staff to comfort her. Your affection is more

than meat to her, your presence more than raiment. She is alone now. She has felt so secure when you were there,—she has slept so sweetly by your side, that you cannot know how she starts at every sound when you are absent; how timidly she moves about, feeling in every nerve that she is without protection.

You are strong, and know not what it is to rely upon another, but she has never learned to rely upon herself. Remember, you have taught her that this clinging dependance, this love and trust, are the beauty and glory of woman. This was what attracted you. This was what you professed to love her for.

When you cease to love her, she will die, but though she does not yet doubt it, the sweetest of all incense is to hear it from your lips.

"No letter!" You have been absent three days; and she soliloquizes, too: "He is busy. He is well, certainly, or he would let me know. I shall hear to-morrow." But she is sad. She does now know the cause. She would not for a thousand worlds acknowledge that she feared you loved her less, but there is an incubus upon her spirits.

She has written every day, almost every hour; not because it was her duty, not because you requested it or expected it; but because she could not help it. Her heart was full to overflowing. Every breath was some expression of her gushing love. You cannot love her

as she loves you, but you can manifest the love you have.

Write—tell her that you have not prospered in business, that you are sick, aye, that you are imprisoned; but add that *your love fails not*, and would that you could be there to see how the heart lightens, and the face brightens. Tell her that though absent, your heart is still with her, and she will shrink from no trial and fear no danger.

Remember, ye who tell us that home is our sphere and love our office, that it is your home in which we live, your love which is our life, and when you take from us that which is our very existence, blame us not if we go forth into the world to find the solace and the compensation which you prefer, to the devotion of a heart which would immolate itself on any altar for your honor and your happiness.

Dress, Houses, and House-work.

MOST people are aware that there are some general rules to be observed with regard to dress, without regard to fashion. A short lady with a dumpy form, knows or ought to know, that she must not wear large figures and high colors unless she would look hideous; and a tall lady that she must abjure vines and stripes, though she may sport frills and flounces.

Few people seem ever to think of the effect of color and figure in selecting carpets and paper hangings, and designers are originally at fault, or such outlandish combinations would not be offered. The floor is a plain

surface and should ever remain so; we do not walk over castles and trees, and shrubbery, and it is bad taste to make us seem to. It is a curious fact that the Turks excel in carpets, and that the Turkish carpet of to-day is the same as that which kings only could purchase centuries ago, proving that what is really beautiful lives through all fashion and change. The carpet should be darker than the walls, and always selected with reference to the paper and the size of the room.

Goethe said "Colors have great effect upon the feelings," and a Frenchman once observed that his conversation with *Madame* had become of a "different character since she had changed her boudoir, which was formerly blue." One colored paper will make a room look cold and cheerless, and another render the same apartment warm and cheerful. A southern exposure will bear a green paper, while the same color on a northern room, would chill us with the thermometer at eighty.

A dining room should have a rich dark paper, for with this room we wish especially to associate comfort and portraits should be hung here where familiar faces were wont to congregate, and where we love still to see them linger.

The Architect and Designer have a distinct profession in the city, and we are impatient to see them multiply so that country housewives may not live another ge-

neration without the slightest conception of convenience in any of their household arrangements.

We have in our mind many old fashioned *castles* considered in their day models of elegance and comfort, which would now be looked upon as a disgrace to the dark ages. The kitchen is a Sabbath day's journey from the store house, and the china closet another from both—and to get the articles for one meal, the wife, maid and mother, all in one, must run miles up stairs and down stairs, in doors and out, and round Robin Hood's barn, with no possibility of so doing without being exposed to extremes of heat and cold, sufficient in one week to destroy any ordinary constitution. While her "loving spouse," thinks she is "having a very easy time, doing nothing that deserves the name of labor!"

But in this case there is little hope of convincing the "superior portion of creation" that it is possible for them to err, as experience alone could become the effectual teacher, and their *position* prevents their coming under her tuition!

The True Hero.

"FIRE, fire!" What a startling sound is this at midnight, when your slumber is deepest. "Fire, fire!" And the noise of trampling feet and rattling wheels is mingled with the deafening screams.

By these sounds I was awakened a few nights since, and looked forth upon the grand but terrific sight of a house in flames. "And where are those who were sweetly and securely dreaming beneath that roof only an hour ago?" I exclaimed, as I heard the crash of glass, and saw the smoke charring the walls and black-

ening the timbers, and the fruitless efforts of the coura geous firemen to stop the work of destruction.

It was occupied by a mother and three children—the youngest an infant in the cradle. At the first alarm, the mother fled with two that could cling to her, intending to return for the baby, when they were placed beyond danger. But then it will be too late; the roof is tumbling, and the smoke has filled every room to suffocation.

But the mother is frantic, and cries "Oh save my child!" "Where is it?" asked one of these brave men, ready at any moment to peril life and limb, in obedience to the mandate which calls them forth; "Where is it? —I will try." She points to the chamber where she left the sleeping infant, and in another instant he is scaling the ladder which rests against the tottering wall. The multitude is gazing anxiously, with scarcely a hope that he will accomplish his noble purpose. The water is pouring upon every side; the hissing and roaring and crackling becomes fearful; he enters the window—our suspense is agony; he appears again—that strong, bold man; ah, yes! and the little unconscious creature is nestling in his bosom. Can he descend?—how carefully he steps! Our nerves are ready to snap with the painful distension—no; it is in vain, he cannot reach the ground in safety—they will be buried beneath the burning ruins. "Oh, save them, save them," cry a hundred

voices, and there is a rush towards the spot. But he is calm, and betrays no fear—they are safe; and while the air is resounding with his praises, he gently places the child on its mother's bosom.

Her heart is too full to speak her gratitude, and ere the words can come to her relief, he has disappeared among the crowd, and she does not even know his name. If such an instance of heroism had occurred on the battle field, how many a bard would have sung the hero's praises. His name would have been emblazoned on the page of history, and Princes would have sought to do him honor. But he is a fireman, and has only performed his duty. He is the citizen of a humble class, and must not expect to be crowned with laurels. It is a duty he performs every day or night, whenever he is called upon; and that he never shrinks from danger, or turns a deaf ear to the prayers of the widow and orphan, the aged and the helpless, is no great merit. This is what he knows is expected of him when he enrolls himself with the little band who are more than bulwark and fortress and armed legions, round about the walls of the great city.

So the soldier knows what is expected of him when he enlists for the field of battle, but his brave deeds are not the less recorded, and it is heralded with triumph when the conqueror proves to be merciful.

Let us at least show our appreciation of labors which are performed so faithfully and disinterestedly, and never forget the brave spirits without whose guardianship we should scarcely dare to slumber, and honor the true heart, however humble the bosom in which it beats.

A Hint to Housekeepers.

"IT is no use to try to teach these Irish. It is more trouble to run after them than to do the work. They waste more than they are worth," &c., &c.

These are remarks we often hear from ladies who have seen much trouble with their "help," and I would like to ask some of them to walk with me into that neat little cottage down in the valley, and see one of "those Irish," who came from old Ireland some five years ago, as "raw" as one of their own *praties*. Just look at her now, a round red rosy cheeked girl, as smiling as a

May morning, and tidy as a pattern dairy maid. She trips about as softly as if her feet were shod with velvet, and there is nothing in all the annals of cookery, breakfast, dinner or supper, which she is not skilled in doing.

If the Prime Minister were coming, Kitty would get the dinner without any assistance, and he should have roast beef done to suit an Englishman's palate, and all the etceteras should satisfy the veriest epicure.

But it took a long time and much patience to teach her, and it was not done by sitting in the parlor and telling her to do this and that, and going into the kitchen to fret if it were not done. Her mistress worked with her, and kindly and patiently showed her with her own hands how to make bread and roast meat, rub silver and wash pots and kettles. Not a week nor a month, but a year, did she spend in training her, and now she has her reward.

She could neither read nor write, nor sew, and now she can indite a pretty letter, and read any ordinary book. She can knit her own stockings, and do her own sewing, and has had her taste cultivated, so as to dress neatly and becomingly. She has sent many dollars back to Ireland, and laid up quite a little store, and above all is faithful and affectionate, disinterested and self denying. And yet she was not a promising subject at all—not *smart* or tidy naturally, and is still very moderate in her movements.

It is often the case that we expect more of servants than we can possibly perform ourselves—to bear with more patience the constantly recurring trials of the kitchen and nursery. They are doomed to the kitchen all day, and the garret all night,—weary, with nothing to cheer the present or brighten the future

We forget the golden rule, and are not willing to think what we should have been had we been born in an Irish hovel, and left to a worse neglect than the beasts that perish. They have many faults, and require the exercise of much patience, but they have kind, warm, generous hearts, and any woman may prove herself a true missionary in training them for usefulness here and happiness hereafter

Return to my Country.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Thou gallant bark, glide swiftly on,
'Till safely moored upon the strand,
And let the kindly breeze be won
To waft me to my native land!
Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
With beating heart and bosom throbbing high,
I woo the gale,
Right onward sail,

And on thy sacred shores return to die.
But hark! a welcome sound for me!
"Land! land ahead!" falls on my ear,
And hushed is every gloomy fear.
All hail my country, peace to thee!

Oh, yes, it is my native shore;
The port its fortress proudly rears,
And, near the cot where glided o'er
So peacefully my infant years.
Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
A wanderer long through many a distant clime.
The village green
Again is seen,
And curling wreaths from out the cottage cime.
The heart is sad that turns to thee,
For there a mother kindled joy,
And gently hushed her cradled boy,
All hail my country, peace to thee!

Ungrateful youth! I fled from home,
And wafted by the ocean breeze,
Through fragrant isles went forth to roam,
Encircled by the sparkling seas.

Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
Oh would were mine those ever beauteous bowers,
Crowned all the year
With gala gear,
Anon with flowers and fruit, and fruit and flowers.
But then I longed thy cliffs to see,
Would dream of sterner climes more dear.
And e'en regret thy winter drear,
All hail my country, peace to thee!

The ties of love and friendship dear
Might still have bound me to thy soil,
And treasures rich were gathered there,
And golden gifts unearned by toil.
Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
Far more I love thy rugged rocks to greet!
Though wealth were mine,
All charms were thine,
To dwell with thee inspires a joy more sweet.
Though dear that prairie life to me;
Thy sun alone can cheer me now,
The frosts of age are on my brow;
All hail my country, peace to thee!

'Mong nature's rude unlettered men,
A kingly crown they made me wear,
And through the forest glade and glen,
I bade the deadly foe beware!
Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
Thy fields e'en then were groaning with the slain,
And victory's wreath,
Nor honor's breath
Could stifle for thy woes my bosom's pain!
Oh what were India's wealth to me!
Though poor, I come with eagle wing,
The badge of toil is all I bring,
All hail my country, peace to thee!

And now adieu, thou billowy sea,
Thou canst no more with foaming wave,
Restrain the boundings of the free,
The restless spirit of the brave!
Oh dear to me,
My own countrie!
May love as pure inspire each patriot son,
And now once more
Upon thy shore,

I kiss the sod so dear to me.
An *exile*, long, I *seemed* a foe,
And suffered all an exile's woe!
All hail my country, peace to thee!

Ellen S——,

OR MARRYING FOR A HOME.

"DO you love him?" "No, and I do not pretend to love him—I have told him a thousand times I did not love him."

"Then why do you marry him?"

"We are engaged, and I cannot meet the censure which would be cast upon me if I were to break an engagement. A trifler, a flirt, what would they not call me, were I to reject him now?"

"To be sure, all this you would have to bear, and it should seem almost insupportable in your eyes, but is

not all that preferable to a life, a long life of such misery as is the certain doom of marriage without love?"

"He shall never know that I do not love him, I will be kind and cheerful and make him happy. I know I can do this."

"Oh, Ellen, little do you know what you are undertaking. It is impossible for you to be a kind and dutiful without being a loving wife. There exists in your case a repulsion which cannot be overcome; the very effort will generate hatred; you will become hateful yourself, and fill for both a cup of misery more bitter than any other the world has to offer. I beseech you think again before you take such a step."

"What can I do? I cannot live here always; my father is not able to support me, and I have not been educated to support myself. I shall be an "old maid at home." Oh, mercy! anything but that. Yes, I will marry him. I shall not be happy, but I will not be so miserable as you predict."

My efforts to change this resolution were unavailing, and in four weeks Ellen S—— was a bride.

Oh, that Fathers and Mothers would provide for their daughters some refuge from such a doom as this. Her father was not able to support her; she might not have another offer; she had not reared in luxury and none of the ordinary occupations of woman would give her a

position congenial to her taste, or remuneration sufficient for her wants.

God endowed her with talents far above the common order, talents which, if they have been cultivated, might have won for her a fortune. She had been educated like other young ladies, had studied with the same motives, with the same end in view. She did not need knowledge to gain her a husband, and she had no idea that it would be needed to gain her anything else.

While yet a child and during all the days of girlhood, she had exulted in having a beau. It was delightful to have some one always ready to attend her. Was there a sleighride in winter, she knew that William B—— would invite her; was there a pic-nic in summer, there was no danger that she would be obliged to stay at home. She was young and gay and thoughtless, and whose fault was it that she thought only of the present and prepared not for the future?

Her parents thought W—— a "good match" for Ellen—his father was rich; "he belonged to a good family;" he was "smart for business," and though a little wild, would sober down when he was fairly married, and make a "good provider" and "kind husband,"—"good enough for any girl." They were pleased with the hope of seeing their daughter, only daughter as she was, do so well, and gave him their encouragement and approbation.

But Ellen did not look upon it so seriously; she liked his attentions—she accepted his presents, scarcely thinking of the consequences. He loved her, and she knew it, and she thought she liked him "well enough"—if she should find no one she liked better, she supposed they would some day be married. But that was something far off in the future; she tried not to dwell upon it, thinking it sufficient to enjoy the present.

Those who looked on considered it a *settled affair*, and the village gossips said "it would be shameful if she were flirting all this time, but they should not wonder if it all came to nothing." Ellen, though not handsome, had other qualities which are sure to excite envy in youthful companions, and William was considered by many "altogether too good for her." And she liked very well to defy them; so she rode, and walked, and talked, and let every body know she should do as she pleased.

While she was walking and talking and making herself agreeable, her lover was believing himself beloved, and trusting that his attentions would not be received—feeling, as he did, that they could not be misunderstood—unless she who permitted them was sincere. Therefore he too considered it a *settled affair*, long before Ellen had given a serious thought to the subject. When she was rallied, she rallied again, and went gayly on as before.

She had never been out of her native village—her *heart* had never been tried. She did not know the meaning of love—would that she had never learned!

Neither did she know her power, and I trembled when I saw her transferred from her quiet home to the saloons of the rich, and gay and cultivated.

Very soon did the homage which she received make known to her the fascination of which she was capable, and I cannot say that she was entirely above yielding to the temptation so strong to woman, of winning admiration for admiration's sake. She felt that she had no right to win love—her friends had seriously warned her before she went forth into the world, that her acceptance of William B.'s attentions so long was equivalent to an engagement, and she must not dream of breaking it.

Byron says it is not beauty or grace in woman that is most sure to attract and secure the homage of man,

"What we want is animation,"

and this was Ellen's peculiar charm. The fascination was in her manners. Intellect flashed in her eye and the soul gleamed in every expression of her countenance.

She was alive with glowing thought, and original and sparkling in her conversation. She was something fresh and new in the circle of the city, and by the many who

could appreciate her was welcomed as the life of a fashionable soiree, where dullness so universally reigns.

For a long time it is admiration alone which is offered, and though it is lavished upon her, and though she is among the rich, and gay, and fashionable, she is not seduced from her simple tastes. Her plain white dress is not exchanged for the gaudy plumage of the fashionable, and her brown tresses are still in those rich classic braids which so become her Grecian head. Flattery and adulation have not destroyed her love of the pure and true.

Now to Ellen the hour of trial has come. A heart has been offered, a heart that beats in unison with her own, by one who is gifted and noble and cultivated—one to whom she can look up as her superior—whom she can lean upon and cling to with a true woman's perfect trust.

True love is not a fancy—not a dream; but a reality, a beautiful reality indeed, but not the less a reality, and the most refining and exalting of all earthly influences upon the human heart and soul. Like all other precious metals it has many counterfeits, and it is these which give the false impression concerning the genuine coin.

There are many, very many, who go all the way through life, without learning its value, without any con-

ception of its meaning. Some because they are not capable of it—whose natures are too coarse to become a dwelling-place for aught so delicate and pure, and many because the life links are formed, ere the heart has learned its necessities, and then marriage and its duties and seclusion kindly shield them from communion with those, who might have inspired the true love, which become like burning lava in the bosom, where it must be smothered and concealed, especially where it would be sin to indulge it.

In Ellen's bosom there is a fierce struggle. She has learned to look upon her obligations to W—, as amounting to an engagement, and the consequences of annulling it she knows too well. Her friends would consider it unpardonable, and he to whom she is thus bound would be desperate. But now that she has learned the nature of such a tie, and learned the love of which she is capable, and without which she must be wretched, she revolts from the crime of giving her hand where her heart can never go.

She thinks she would willingly relinquish the hope of happiness if she could be released from the certainty of misery. She has but just begun to pass through the ordeal which is preparing for her, and has yet learned nothing of temptation and trial.

Many weeks Ellen has passed in almost daily intercourse with her new friend. She has become intoxicated

with happiness, has forgotten her only vows, the warnings of friends, and given herself up to the absorbing interest of her new life, leaving the past and the future to take care of themselves. Admiration has no longer any charms for her; she is a true woman, and the devotion of one heart is worth more to her than the homage of a world.

They have talked of their own hopes and their own future, and Ellen has faithfully revealed to Eugene the folly of her early betrothal, and he of course assures her that her love for him severs all other bonds. She sits hour after hour with her hand clasped in his, feeling how sweet it is to give up self with a perfect love and trust, and has no fear.

She has asked no advice and spoken of her love to no friend. Often she sits down to write to W—, and tell him all, but words will not come to her relief, and she throws the pen from her, trying to think it is of no great consequence; at least she had rather speak it with her lips—when she sees him she will frankly tell him all.

But the home of Eugene is far away in the sunny South, and he must return to it and leave Ellen alone awhile, for it is indeed to dwell alone, where there are none to understand the heart. She has given up the world—why is it that its pleasures are so palling to her now? She sought excitement and change when she was engaged to William B——. Ah, the heart was not

at rest; and it is always so—a wandering woman has ever a wandering heart! She may be married or betrothed, but if her heart has found a home she will ask no more of earthly happiness. It will make no difference to her whether her house be palace or cottage—whether it be in city or country, in the fertile valley, or the wilderness,—some of these things may be necessary to her health or physical comfort, but not to her happiness. The heart of the wife who is ever wishing to roam, ever restless for some new thing, some scene of excitement, is not in her home, and her affections are not her husband's! She has married him for protection, or shelter, or because "there was no other way."

How instantly will a true love transform a woman; and if women were not obliged to marry till this alone induced them, *homes* at least, would be exempt from misery. Sorrow and affliction might visit them, but wretchedness would be ever a stranger. He who complains that discord and darkness are the inmates of his dwelling, need not ask the cause! Love has never taken up his abode there.

Ellen is alone and cares not for companionships. The world has no temptations or seductions which would

have power to allure her now. She has plenty of food for thought, is quiet and content.

Eugene departed on board the steamer B——, and listen to the sacrifice he has made for such a bride. He will part with the home of his childhood and relinquish a life of ease—to a hundred slaves he will give their freedom and commence a life of toil—he will leave all that is dear to him from early associations, and boyhood's dreams, come to a strange land and struggle for independence, because it seems to a fair young girl, a more noble and more manly life!

Is not love stronger than ambition—is it not holier too?

A few days have passed and there come rumors of a fearful storm at sea. It is said vessels must be lost that were far out, and Ellen knows that Eugene could not have reached the port, ere the tempest swept over the waters. Day after day she listens, but "there are no tidings"—day after day she takes the papers to her room to search with aching heart and streaming eyes for one dear name; but it is in vain. No messenger ever returned from the silent deep to the bosoms which

were rent with anguish. All went down in the darkness.

For Ellen there is no sympathy, for none had listened to the parting words which were so sweet to her, and her secret is still in her own bosom. In this there is consolation too, for now she will hear no more reproaches for her fickleness, no condemnation for her infidelity.

She is pale and sad, but no one divines the cause, and now again excitement becomes necessary to drown thought and satisfy her craving nature. She dreads to leave the city and its busy scenes for the quiet of her country home, but the spring has come and she has no excuse for remaining.

"Ellen S—— has returned," say the village gossips, "and it is just as I told you. William B—— is not grand enough for her now, with her new-fangled city notions. She hardly speaks to him, I presume she has a new beau—well, no good will come of it—a girl, who flirts as she has done, will be paid for it."

She is indeed cold to her old lover, but she has told him the cause—her heart is bruised, and freely does she talk of the sin of her thoughtless engagement, when she

felt scarcely a common interest for him with whom she was planning to spend a life. He listens in astonishment, for though he had not heard from her often, it was not many weeks since he had received a letter, with no change visible upon its pages. She had never written him *love letters* to be sure, she had never expressed what she never felt, but she had written kindly. Yet there was great wrong in the course she pursued. There was always a faintly defined purpose in her heart to keep up the correspondence no longer than whilst she was not better pleased elsewhere. She did not acknowledge this to herself then, and a still greater wrong it was for her not to tell him the truth when her heart was given to another. It was a double betrothal, but she did not look upon it in this light

W—— has never ceased to love her, and forgiveness is very easy towards those we love. He feels sure that he possessed her first affection, and that the second was only a fancy, which she would not have indulged had he been present, and from which she will soon recover.

Their friendship is renewed, and she listens again to the words of his deeper interest. Ellen is alone with nothing to do. Friends cannot understand any cause of sadness, nor why William should be rejected. She begins to look forward into life and think, "Oh how can I live through all the long weary years alone?" The world considers her engaged, and he who woos her is

kind. She again has some one to attend her, and the monotony of her life is varied by his calls, their rides and walks, and the restlessness, the longing for something to fill the aching void is pacified, though not subdued.

She tells him she cannot love him as a woman loves a husband, but this he does not understand and does not like to hear. She thinks she can never truly love another, and does *not* think that for this reason she should never marry at all. She has little idea of what will be required of her as a wife, and does not shrink as she should from the responsibilities she is assuming.

At length the vows are exchanged and she is again betrothed. She is betrothed! and those around her wonder that she is not blithe and gay with all the hope and happiness of a glad young heart. She endeavors to hide her indifference, and to seem what she is not, and the effort only increases the repulsion. Day after day she meets the man with whom she is to spend a life, and dreads the meeting! Day after day he takes her hand and presses a kiss upon her cheek, and she recoils with a shudder!

And this is he whom she is to promise to love and honor and obey! This is he to whom she is to prove a dutiful and loving wife! whom she is to nurse in sickness and soothe in sorrow—with whom she is to share

prosperity and adversity, and whom "she is to love through all things." Oh mockery! How many a woman's lips have uttered those false vows. How many a heart has felt that it was given up to a life of perjury!

To Ellen the reality now comes up with all a reality's vividness, and the bitter draught has grown more bitter still. Yet what shall she do? What else is there in life for her?

Some one is ready to exclaim, "dependence, beggary, anything rather than thus to degrade herself." Ah yes, this is often and easily said, and would that there were more to act in accordance with such a spirit.

Earnestly did I remonstrate, "Oh what will life be in constant communion with one whose conversaation, even one hour's conversation, already palls? Ellen, I beseech you not to do this thing—now before it is too late, break the oppressive chain that binds you to so galling a servitude. Go back—brave the scorn of the world and endure reproach and heartless raillery, it will be a pleasant and flowery path compared to the one upon which you are entering."

Then came the answer, which was not hers only, but the answer which I have heard from so many, many lips.

"What can I do. Oh, would that there were some refuge for disappointed and desolate woman—some position which she could occupy with honor and useful-

ness—some employment which would give her independence and absorbing interest. "How can I sit down here idle to eat the bread of those who will be continually reproaching me for not accepting an offer which promised me all I ought to ask or hope. No, I will marry him, and he shall never know that I am not happy."

Four weeks from that day Ellen S—— was a bride. There were no festivities upon the occasion. These would have jarred upon her feelings, and increased her despondency. The orange wreath was in her hair, and the bridal dress was fitting one for such a bride, and her exuberant spirits were proof to others of her happiness. But I had been permitted to look deeper, and knew her gaiety was but seeming.

There was a bridal tour, and I knew no more of Ellen for four long years. A new life and many journeyings on my part prevented our meeting, and not once in all the time did I hear from her, so I could not judge whether my predictions had been verified; and when I enquired concerning her I heard that she was happy, at least that she was brilliant and very gay.

Four years had passed away when we met. Oh what a welcome was that which a warm heart gave to one before whom the veil of seeming could be torn away, and to whom the flood-gates which had so long pent up the fount of feeling could be thrown open. Whatever

Ellen had suffered, it had not changed her heart, and indeed, neither time nor suffering had left any perceptible footprints upon her brow, or cheek, and they had not dimmed the lustre of her eye. She was not less brilliant and fascinating than in the days of girlhood, but there was a more terrible restlessness, and I had not gazed long before I saw that she was wretched beyond all that I had ever dreamed of wretchedness.

The wife had learned how irksome, how impossible are love's duties where love is not, and the husband had learned to hate one whom duty alone prompted to kindness. In not one thing had they similar tastes,—there was not a single subject upon which they could converse with pleasure. He talked of news and "stocks" or horses, till she yawned or turned away with disgust. He smoked and chewed and swore, and she shrunk with loathing.

Her love of books and pictures and refined society was equally incomprehensible to him, and so wider and wider grew the distance between the paths they chose. He was a stranger in the circles in which she delighted to move, and she could not for an hour tolerate the ribald jests of his boon companions. She is sought by those who could appreciate her, and he looks with a jealous eye upon the marks of homage which she receives. Knowing that she does not love him he accuses

her of intrigue and infidelity, and Oh ! the bitter curses he heaps upon her !

Hour after hour and day after day she sits utterly paralized by the sense of her misery and humiliation, with not a glance of hope to brighten the years to which she must look forward to make up for her the sum of life.

Night after night she is alone, and the morning's dawn still finds her watching. She does not dare to sleep, for any moment she may be awakened by oaths which curdle her blood, and he who utters them has ceased to wear even the mask of human feeling—his hatred has become fearful, and when returned from a drunken revel there is nothing to curb his revengeful anger, if she is not ready to minister to his wants and listen patiently to his withering words.

Meekly she moves about, and slowly smooths the pillow for his restless slumber, yet full well he knows that love does not lend alacrity to her footsteps, nor its own sunny hue to her smile.

" How is it possible you live," asked I, " how is it possible to bear up, to walk about, with such a weight upon you," for I was astonished every little while during the time which we were together, to see her almost instantly assume her air of carele s gaiety, when acquaintances called, to hear her talk and play and sing as if she were a very bird in freedom and ' ' hesomeness,

and the moment we were alone, sink as if a millstone were crushing her. How is it possible for you to do it ?"

Then came that *woman's reason*, for so many of the unaccountable martyrdoms which she endures, Pride ! "I am too proud to seem unhappy. What a by-word I should soon be, were I to permit the world to look in upon me as you do. No, the world shall never triumph over me. I will suffer even to the end, and go down to the grave unpitied. Whilst I suffer alone I can bear anything, but were I to become the object of pity and triumph I should lose my reason."

Alas, if she could have looked forward and seen what she must yet pass through, reason might have reeled at the prospect, but the heart has an inconceivable capacity for resisting the heavy pressure of woe.

We parted once more, and not again did I see her till the world knew more than I had ever learned of Ellen's calamities, and rumor with her hundred, her myriad tongues, had exaggerated them a thousand fold. Now, thought I, she will surely die. But she did not.

How she dreaded a life of loneliness and shrunk from a life of dependence, yet there she is, alone and dependent ! She is widowed yet her husband is alive—he is rich yet she is poor. She married for a home and yet is homeless !

Now indeed has gossip found something to feed upon

and how she gloats upon the miseries of her victim. Ellen is at first paralized, then subdued. These are the words which anguish forced from her heart, "Oh merciful that all are not called to suffer alike in this world, for then there would be only one universal wail of anguish." Then she calls it a stroke of her Heavenly Father's rod, and talks of submission to the will of Heaven. But it seems almost blasphemy to call this a dispensation of Providence. She had disobeyed a specific law—she had done it voluntarily, deliberately, and disobedience brought its own punishment. There are afflictions which God sends, but from misery like this he especially ordained that man should be free.

When God banished Adam and Eve from Paradise, and decreed that they should "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," he left them this one great blessing—*to love one another!*

To Ellen it is plain now that she committed a crime not less heinous, than one the world brands with a darker name, when she uttered those solemn vows to which her lips alone could give assent. They were not holy in the sight of Heaven.

It was a wrong to herself, a wrong to him to whom she pledged a love she did not feel, and when he found that she was false he hated her. He had expected a wife, a companion, and he was disappointed, and when he found the smile of love would never brighten his

fireside, he fled from it and sought compensation in scenes of revelry and haunts of vice. The steps are few and easy from wretchedness to desperation—from desperation to crime, and when there is no religious principle to restrain, the last is almost certain to follow the first.

William B—— sank to rise no more, and I will not become apologist for his sin, but it was not he alone who deserved condemnation.

The beauty of this love which God gave to unite two in companionship for life, is, that it is so free from the dross of selfishness, so disinterested and self-sacrificing. What toil is not sweet to one who is dearer than self? However dark the shadows which may fall upon a household, if this pure ray is beaming there, it will never become all darkness.

Where true love once exists, it will continue to burn brighter and brighter, and were it the basis of every life bond, the cement of every union, it would form indissoluble knots, and there would not be so many broken links scattered through the world!

Some Wicked Thoughts I had in Church.

MY friends, dear readers, are the "first people in the City," and so of course we "attend the first Church." You know better than I can tell you what it is that constitutes the "first people" and the "first Church." The building itself is a mass of free-stone, granite and marble, put together in such a way as to cost as much as possible. The interior is frescoed and furbelowed to make it attractive to the senses, and the windows are filled with angels, cupids, and bows and arrows, and birds, to prevent drowsy people from sleep

ing, for it is no part of the minister's business to keep them awake.

The deep-toned bell peals on the air, and lo! are gathered together a congregation, as it is called, which might be mistaken for walking bales of broadcloth, velvet and satin, which the shops had sent forth for advertisements, covered with garlands of ribbons, and feathers and flowers.

Our minister, or pastor, or preacher, is Dr. Prim. His coat fits so nicely that you would not think it possible that it had ever been put off or on, and the tie of his cravat is the perfection of a "square knot." (How long and assiduously he must have practiced to attain unto such perfection!) How slowly and solemnly he walks up the aisle,—what a reverential glance upward and around! as he seats himself on a gorgeous sofa; what a perfectly satisfied air as he turns the leaves of "gilt and yellow-covered" Bible!

I gaze awhile, and if his lips did not move I should think he were a statue; and if I did not see so many people nodding, I should think they were all statues around him. Strange that they can be so wicked; and yet I confess if I were not so amused looking at stained windows, frescoed walls, and fine dresses, I should be nodding too. Sorry I am to be obliged to make this confession, but I thought perhaps it would relieve my conscience. Every little while I start up, determined

to listen, and every little while somebody else within the circle of my vision starts up with the same resolution.

It is a "good discourse," "well indoctrinated," to which there can be no possible objection. It is delivered in a tone which must be proper, as it never varies, and all the gestures have been perfected and sanctioned by twenty years of trial—so how can they be lacking?

Now I ought to listen, and I will—and for five minutes I succeed, and then find myself busy again with the lights and shades on the wall, and especially with the *reflections* of the stained windows. How funny that man looks with light blue hair, and that other man with deep orange whiskers. (But I *must* listen, and I will. How wicked I am.) What a perfect imitation those columns and arches are of real columns and arches. What rich hangings. But those little cupids, how cunning they look. (Dear me, I have not listened—now I *will* listen.) How many people there are asleep—one two, three, twenty—what wicked people; under such preaching, too—the celebrated Dr. Prim—so learned—a great theologian; besides he is preaching the doctrine of—not of salvation—everybody knows the importance of this—but of some other *ation*—I have not yet listened long enough to tell what; but everybody should believe just as he does; "it is vastly important."

But, now he is through, what an electric shock is

given to all these satins and velvets! There must be souls underneath, after all—and if the preacher gave any indication of possessing a soul himself, I think he might influence them. But I presume it would be indecorous. The first people and the "first church" must maintain their reputation. This is not the place for "the poor to hear the Gospel preached." Oh! no—how out of place a poor person would look here! It is the place for the rich to vie with each other in decorating walls and dressing, and then to take a comfortable snooze. It is very wicked not to have my heart and soul alive with enthusiasm in the House of God. Whatever the minister may be, is no excuse for my apathy. Dear reader, I know it. This is just what I am confessing —how wicked I am!

But this afternoon I went where the canopy was the blue sky, and the walls were the hills and trees which God himself made. The preacher had never heard of Theology, but he had learned Christ and Him crucified, and I could not help thinking was a true representation of Him who preached by the wayside and on the sea. There was no *trying* to listen, for all who were present "heard the Word gladly," and sure I am that the good seed sank deep into their hearts, and will bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Would there were more to "go and do likewise," and

not till then will there be a "shaking among the dry bones" in this iniquitous City—and not till then will the multitudes turn unto God.

"Thanksgiving."

Far differently "Thanksgiving day,"
Was welcomed in my childhood's years,
When sound of mirth and gladsome play,
Burst forth from hearts unchilled by fears

When every lip was wreathed with smiles,
And clustered on each sunny brow,
The dawning hopes which youth beguiles
And sweetly beamed affection's glow

No shadow crossed our fancy's gleams,
Nor mist obscured our golden sky,
No sadness troubled life's young dreams,
No cloud of sorrow flitted by.

Where are they now—those joyous ones
That erst were wont to circle here,
The happy looks and kindly tones
Which gave the board its brightest cheer?

Ah! time with rapid flight hath passed,
The houshold group is scattered wide;
Our youthful sports and pleasures fast
Have floated down life's ebbing tide.

But though in months and years grown old,
And doomed diverging paths to roam,
Will absence make the heart grow cold,
Or chill the gushing fount of love?

Oh no, with fond imaginings
They'll linger near the spot once more,
And swiftly borne on memory's wings,
Will live again their pastimes o'er.

Yes, thought unchanged, will quickly roam,
And gladly hail this hallowed day,
Dear absent ones will think of home,
And we of loved ones, far away.

Oh may we meet once more around
The hearthstone of our early years,
If but to breathe each farewell sound,
And mingle here our parting tears.

Thoughts at the Croton Fountains.

THE fountains, the fountains, are they not beautiful, are they not poetical? Surely he must have been a poet who designed the fountains! They are often compared to showers of diamonds, but no motive power could give to millions of diamonds and rubies, the beauty and grace of the *water-drop's dance.*

How delightful to turn aside from the dusty street, the hurry and bustle of the busy throng, to refresh, not the body, but the soul at the fountains. It is elevating, ennobling, to gaze on beauty. It is everywhere

diffused in the works of nature, and the eye which does not discover it, and revel in it, is itself without brightness, and the soul which is not expanded by the mountain in its lofty grandeur, and made gentle by the soft features of the quiet landscape, must be dead to every noble impulse.

The parks are the oases in the desert of city life, and the promoting of physical health is but a small item in the amount of good which they accomplish. How many thousands of hearts are gladdened by the daily sight of something fresh, and cool, and bright. Here the zephyr comes like a ministering angel to fan the fevered brow, and the music of waters charms the weary spirit and bears away its burden.

In the early morning I often meet a young maiden, who seems to come to gather strength for her day of toil, or a lone student, his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," inhaling its freshness, and with that freshness inspiration.

At noon there is a motley crowd of all ages and conditions, but there is never rudeness, nor even levity, within the charmed circle of the water spirits. Countenances which look morose and haggard as they approach, brighten as they linger, and depart gilded with the sunshine of cheerfulness. In the evening, two and two they wander by, or gather in little groups, and upon all, the same healthy and life-giving influence is shed.

A blessing upon those who turned the Croton from its channel and bid it bless so many thousand and ten thousand homes, and still stop by the wayside to dimple and sparkle, and gleam, for the millions more whose spirits are thereby purified from the dross of care, and pinioned anew for the conflict of life.

"She is a Fashionable Woman, and ought not to be Married."

WHO performs the duties of wife and mother and house keeper in the home of the woman of fashion? Why, Margaret and Mary and Jane, who have been hired for that purpose. Who washes and dresses that little boy and curls his glossy ringlets? His mother? Oh, no, this would not be genteel, and therefore it is left to a servant. Who teaches him to read, and talks with him of all the beautiful things which God has made? His mother? Oh, no, she has not time for such duties. She is out "airing" or prome-

nading, or shopping or attending the " receptions " of her friends.

Who puts him to bed and hears him lisp his evening prayers? " Why Margaret,—this is her business, she is paid for it." His mother is at the ball or opera, or some evening entertainment. Every morning he is brought to kiss her, and every evening, if she is at home, to say good night. Is not this enough?

This is the colloquy I have often heard in that house. " Whom do you love best, Willie, my son?" " Margaret." " No, no, you must not say Margaret, say Mamma." " Mamma." " And whom next best?" " Margaret." " No, no, you must not say Margaret, say Papa."

Thus the kind care of Margaret wins his love, and the selfish mother teaches him to reiterate these falsehoods, instead of performing for him those duties which would ensure her his affection.

" But her home is in very nice order." Because she has plenty of money to pay those who know how to keep it so. She knows how to *order* a dinner,—she has learned what constitutes a " genteel breakfast," a *ton* dinner and a " fashionable tea."

Margaret calls her in the morning and dresses her hair—hangs up the dresses she has scattered about the night before, picks up her curl papers, and folds her

night gown,—listens to her fretting and makes no answer, tells her how becoming her morning dress is and how she has not grown a day older since she knew her! After breakfast she lounges in the library and reads the advertisements of "the most fashionable and splendid assortments," "the Parisian Modes" and then studies the *last page* of the *last Magazine!*

Then Margaret is called to dress her, and then to prepare her a *lunch*, which must be carried up three flights of stairs, because it is not genteel to eat lunch where breakfast and dinner are eaten. Then the "carriage is ordered round" and she "takes a drive," does up her day's shopping, and returns to sleep away her fatigue before dinner, during which ceremony she relates her adventures, and "one day is like every other."

What a useful woman; how perfectly she understands the duties of her "appropriate sphere." "She never departs from the true dignity and womanly reserve which are the ornament of her sex." What a contempt she has for those whose names are in the papers, and on title pages. She wonders how a woman can be willing to be public, and doesn't wonder that men are afraid of literary ladies!

How gracefully she sits in the great chair and rocks herself, with her tiny foot in a satin slipper, just touch-

ing the floor, and her arm dressed in velvet and satin and lace, resting upon the damask covered cushion. She glances at the great mirror with evident complacency, and never wonders that she had a dozen offers and is able to boast twice that number of conquests. She will be sure and not have her daughter know too much about books and such things, it will spoil her market, though she hesitates not to initiate her into all the mysteries of French millinery and fashionable etiquette.

She is evidently a model woman—whilst surrounded with luxury and splendor, but when the firm of B. & Co. fails and she is transferred to "*lodgings*"—dear! what a whining, fretful, uncomfortable creature she is transformed into—her husband "wishes *women* were not *such fools*," and a scene follows, to which even the pen of a literary lady could not do justice!

Thoughts on the Prairie in Spring.

SOME time ago, I happened in a little village where dwelt an old lady, who had been raised by wealth to a position somewhat above the one for which birth and education had fitted her. She had recently taken a journey to Buffalo, and to the kind enquiries of her friends, when she returned, about her trip, she answered that she had had a pleasant time, and enjoyed herself very much. At the time I met her, in a little party, some one happened to mention Niagara, and she quietly remarked, that she went there while at Buffalo, upon

which several exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. C——, you never told us you had been to Niagara. What did you think of it? Do tell us about it," &c, &c. "Why," said the old lady, "it was kind o' high and kind o' white, and made an awful noise!" I have often been reminded of this description, since it became my duty to describe a prairie. Not that it would apply, for I should need one exactly opposite. "It is kind o' flat, and kind o' yellow, and there is an awful stillness." My first impression was similar to that produced by the great rivers,—an idea of vastness, of expanse, which seemed to give wings to my spirit. I never felt so free, and was all the time inclined to take a long breath, and really felt as if I were expanding, myself, soul and body.

Then came the monotony, the everlasting sameness. What a relief would be a mountain, what an object of beauty a little hill. But in vain you stretch your eyes in every direction, hoping to see something rise up to vary the scene. There is no change. But it is not the season to behold the prairies in all their glory—to see the tall grass bending to the gentle breeze—the flowers, the tasseled corn, and the waving grain. So I will wait till rosy June appears to crown the earth with garlands before I bid farewell to beauty.

Peoria is to be another Queen City. It slopes back from the Illinois very much as Cincinnati does from the

Ohio, and the bluffs form a beautiful background to the picture. It is not twenty years since the first cabin was built, and now you may look down upon a busy town, with churches and palaces and gardens—the river on which are floating a hundred steamers, and a wharf which welcomes the commerce of the world.

One of the richest men in the place came from Old England a penniless youth, and in company with an Irishman, worked his way from the Atlantic port to the banks of the Illinois. Having selected their farm, they tilled it with their own hands, and for two years lived alone in a house of their own building, and with no other food than bread of their own baking, made of flour and water, without salt or yeast or other cooking apparatus than the bright coals. By this time the Irishman was weary, and left his friend to climb the ladder alone. And he was soon at the top; his table set and waited upon in the style of the English gentry, and his house furnished with true comfort and elegance. "America," he says, "is the country for the poor." Yet her soil will not nourish the indolent, though there is no species of honest toil which she will not freely reward. I wonder that so many young men sit down content in the cellars and garrets and dark counting rooms of your great cities, when half the labor in the free air and beneath the blue sky, would give them health and affluence, and a home of their own, and happy faces

around them. Could my voice reach them, I would say, come forth—be ye no longer hewers of wood, and drawers of water, but free and independent lords of the soil.

The Family Room.

IT was a long time since I had made a fashionable call, yet I had a few acquaintances who were entitled to the appellation of fashionable people, whom I valued, and really thought I should like to see. So, on a bright cold morning, (it is always morning in the city till evening,) I put on the best I had, and made myself look as well as I could, and schooled all my muscles and nerves into obedience to fashionable rules, and, though with much trembling, lest I should forget and speak and act in my own natural way, rang at the door of a fashionable friend.

A bright-looking black boy appeared as it opened, and, without speaking, held out his hand for my card to carry to his mistress. Alas! I had forgotten it; for my calls are usually made where the servants know me too well to need any explanation; so, with as little stammering as possible, I spoke it, and saw the look which said, "Not much matter for her, she is not the *ton*," as he opened the drawing room door, and turned away to announce me.

Fifteen minutes I waited for any further proof that the house was inhabited, and endeavored to improve the time in quickening my powers of observation, and getting ready for the greeting. The "parlor," of course, was "done up in papers," as is the case with all fashionable parlors; and like the "papers" of the toilet they were "taken down" only on some great occasions. So there was opportunity for the exercise of my imagination, and I confess I am always very curious to know what is under all those *brown covers* which line the walls of drawing-rooms, though I probably should blush with confusion if any body should see me peeping underneath.

I looked at the portraits and the pictures, and fearing that this was not quite proper, I sat down. But the unnatural position of sitting so very prim, and keeping my lips in proper speaking order, began to be painful; and, like an imprisoned child, I really began to think of

mischief as a relief. I moved from the sofa to the chair, and from the chair to the *tete-a-tete ;* and at length could resist the temptation no longer, and lifted the corner of the drapery, which I supposed was shrouding all beautiful things from my view.

Quickly did I replace it, however; but having confessed my own departure from rectitude, I will not betray the folly of others—it is sufficient that it was neither damask nor satin, nor velvet that I saw, and I am sure it was nothing that the air or the sunshine would spoil.

But at length the rustle of silks fell on my ear, and a lady in rich and gay attire walked in, and *said* she was happy to see me, and I *said* " Thank you. It is a pleasant morning." " Very pleasant !" and then a pause. A paralytic stroke could not have made me more thoroughly dumb ; and I ask, " Why is it ? I know there is neither wisdom, nor learning, nor superior goodness in her who chills me. I will not yield to it." Rallying, I make a remark, which is answered in monosyllables, and another which meets the same response. What shall I do ? There is not a book in the room, nor a plate, nor anything to which I can resort to open my lips. It is not genteel to have anything in a parlor but what is dark, and massive, and rich, and seems to say, " touch not." What *shall* I do ? If I had just come from the green woods, I could not feel or

act more awkwardly, and a sense of inferiority actually creeps over me in the presence of ignorance and stupidity.

But there is one genteel rule which comes to my relief—a genteel call must be short; and though the moments seem interminable, they do at length wear away, and the last word is said, and the last bow, and the last smile are given; the porter opens the door, when I have the additional pleasure of seeing a black porter look upon me with a smile of contempt, and I am in the street again, in the free air, where my elasticity is restored, and what is more, my feeling of conscious worth.

But I will enter one more parlor before I go home, though I resolve never again to *try* to enter a fashionable one.

The next door at which I rung, is that of a friend, and the tidy, smiling-looking girl who opens it knows that I am not come "*to make a call*," but to see the family, and she ushers me into the *family-room*. Oh, has it not a pleasant sound—the family-room—and what a cozy look it has! There is a bright fire in the grate, and by the window there is a book-case and a bird, and though everything is neat, the chairs and tables do not sit up so prim and stately, forbidding you to sit at ease.

But more than all, in the great chair by the fire is a grandmother! Who would think a genuine family-

room thoroughly furnished, unless there was in the coziest corner, and in the best chair, a grandmother? And this one is the perfection of her class. Her dress has never been altered for fashion's freaks; for fifty years it has been cut by the same pattern, and her cap has had the same broad frills "crimped with a knife," and the same broad black kerchief has been neatly pinned over her shoulders, and the same expression of benevolence, and kindness, and motherly love, has beamed upon her countenance; and I never saw her without her spectacles and knitting-work. My first impulse when I come into the room is to put my arms around her neck and kiss her withered cheek, and then to sit on a low stool by her side and listen to her gentle words, for they are full of wisdom.

The children, too, belong to the family-room, and here they are hopping, and skipping and jumping—Henry, and Mary, and Lucy—and a most pleasing sight it is to see the terms on which they are with the good old lady in the corner. Now Henry has thrown himself upon her lap, and down comes the knitting-work, and down come the stitches too; but Grandmother says, "No matter;" for their love, and confidence, and childish freedom, are more to her than all the stitches in her stocking.

Now Mary is climbling up to "hug her," and though she does not feel a little troubled to have her newly-ironed

frills all tumbled even by those loving little arms, when the mother remonstrates, it is "No matter" again; for Grandmother has learned, that were she to repulse them for every trifle, it would very soon be, "Grandmother doesn't love us," and "Grandmother is so afraid," and then they would *not* love her, and she would lose her influence over them, and the "family-room" would lose its air of joyousness and freedom, and all for what?—for a cap border and a few stitches.

Now this is not such a grandmother as that. Every little head is welcome to rest on her bosom, and little hands may soil her apron or drop her stitches, and meet with no reproof; but little hearts are not permitted to indulge in naughtiness, and little lips must never pout or speak unkindly; for then gandmother is sure to look sad, and a shadow on her countenance is a reproof which they dread more than any rod.

On the table is the great family basket; who does not know just how it looks with its stacks of linen, and stockings and frocks, and pinafores, fresh from the laundry, all ready to be mended? And near by is the little basket, with its cards of silk and spools of cotton, and skeins of parti-colored thread, an old thimble, and a bright new one, an ample "*housewife*," with the needles all nicely arranged, and furnished with every other convenience a good housekeeper is sure to possess, and a pretty little needle book for show by its side!

On a little table in the corner is the family Bible, not bound in gilt, and placed there for ornament, but in a stout, hardy dress that will bear use; and morning and evening I know it is taken by the youthful father, while all are gathered round to hear, and opened at some portion which they can understand, and read with a few impressive comments, that have an influence all the day upon the family circle, not repressing mirth, but hallowing it; and then as the holy book is constantly before their eyes, and always in the same place, it becomes a silent monitor, reminding them that God is ever present.

Every thing speaks of comfort; and the mother is the perfection of a lady and the perfection of a mother. The children are bright, and active, and full of frolic; but I have been here many times, and never saw them rude. They unite, better than almost any I have ever seen, freedom, and joyousness, and childish manners, with the propriety and respectful deportment of maturer years.

But though we are in the room with Grandmother and the children, and the great basket, our conversation is not of housework, nor servants, nor any of the petty details of housekeeping; the lady who is the presiding genius is familiar with all these things, and devotes to them all the attention they need, but is not engrossed with them; and she unites the qualities of a highly-cultivated woman better than almost any other I know—

graceful and easy in her manners, familiar with books and all passing events, efficient, full of kindly sympathy and most emphatically endowed with common sense Her "price is indeed above rubies." I never spend an hour in that pleasant room without feeling refreshed, without having my mind expanded and my heart made better.

But her *parlor* is not "done up in papers" nor "brown linen," and no chill creeps over you, or freezes your lips, if you linger there. It contains pictures, and music, and books; and the children are not entirely banished, and even Grandmother is sometimes there; but never did I meet children or a grandmother in one of those stately drawing-rooms such as I pictured first. The little ones would be sure to leave their foot-prints; and what a rebuke the good old lady with her knitting-work would be, to the idle loungers who *drop in* to kill time, and talk about nothing!

One of Life's Contrasts.

"MUST you part with it?" "I must, it is the last I have." "I do not like to take it, but perhaps you will some day wish to redeem it; if you should, remember that it is yours." There was no answer, and I turned to see by whom those few words so full of sorrow were spoken. "I must, it is the last I have!"

I was standing by the show-case in a Jeweller's store, and she who had come to make so sad a bargain, was evidently one who had experienced great reverses—she seemed the wreck of a lady of rank and fashion. She

was not yet old, and the deep lines upon her temple and about her mouth were not such careless lines as time is accustomed to draw; they were sharper and more deep-set; neither was the lurid color about the eye the tinge of time—it was the stain of tears that had been wrung from the heart. Her form was not bowed, but it was shrunk, and the muscles were rigid. How the blue veins stood out upon her wasted hand! Her dress was the remnant of what had once been a rich and costly silk, and a faded shawl hung loosely upon her shoulders. Her eye had the restless wandering expression of suspicion—she was in haste lest she should be recognized.

She had suffered, but suffering had not produced humility and the Christian's quiet resignation. The thought of the past was burning and bitterness, and the future was full of terror.

All this I saw at a glance, as she turned away, and with a hurried step went down the street.

It was a watch with which she had parted, and she took the money in exchange with a stealthy grasp and the dark shadow of mingled shame, revenge and hatred came over her once handsome face, and the deep blush of humiliation mantled her cheek. She had committed no crime, but poverty in her eyes had ever been a disgrace, and changes and reverses were something to hate the world for.

When she had departed I looked up for an explanation, and the grey-haired man behind the desk replied, "Just twenty years ago I sold her that watch for a hundred dollars, and she was then worth a hundred thousand. One by one she has parted with every article of jewelry in her possession, and when the money for this is gone, she must depend on charity or begin a life of labor, for which her early life and education have totally unfitted her."

"And what reverse has brought her to this?" I asked, thinking that some failure in business or crash in the money market must have brought so great a change.

"Nothing but reckless expenditure and a life of extravagance. She was early left a widow with a handsome fortune and one daughter. She had no knowledge of business and kept no accounts. 'It was stupid work to keep accounts, and she was sure there was no need of it.' Her money was well invested, and needed no particular care except what brokers and bankers were willing to bestow. But the income was not sufficient to support her in the luxury in which she had been living, and so by little and little she trespassed upon the principal, till it was gone—wasted upon follies which brought her no real pleasure and reduced her at length to what you have seen."

"But had she no friends to remonstrate with her and point out to her the end of such a course?" When did

remonstrance ever have any influence upon an ignorant wilful woman? She could not understand the difference between principal and interest, and would not believe there could be any exhaustion to a hundred thousand dollars!

Ah yes, and here I blushed with shame and indignation at the way in which hundreds and thousands of just such women are educated. Of what use is it to them to understand about money affairs? It is their business to mind their households and children, and not meddle with "things above their comprehension." And this is an illustration of the good effects of such training.

"Where does she live?" I asked. "She and her daughter occupy two rooms in B—— street, and are not as yet without the comforts of life, and still attempt to keep up an appearance of style and plenty. I meet them now and then with something of the air and dress of former days, but poverty is fast creeping upon them. Misfortune has had none of the chastening influence which we love to see—the proud spirit is only prouder—is chafed and fretted, but not subdued.

"Where does all the money come from?" is a question I do often ask myself; where *does* all the money come from that buys these costly dresses and those bracelets of gold, and diamonds and precious stones? I linger at the windows and wonder—I meet the

throngs in the crowded street, and wonder—I stop to pity the poor blind beggar by the wayside—to talk with some little girl with tattered frock and dishevelled hair, and wonder why there must be such painful contrasts at every step through life!

When I heard this story a part of the mystery was solved, and when not many months afterwards I met that face so haggard, and recognized the restless glance of that sunken eye, I knew that there must be a sadder tale—I stopped in to see the grey-haired man again. He was there behind the desk just where I left him. I recalled the incidents of my first interview by recurring to the watch and asking if it had ever been redeemed; "Oh no, I did not expect it would be redeemed." "Do you know what has become of the poor woman whose story you related to me?"

"Ah yes, it is the story which might be stereotyped concerning all like her—"she is lost"—"and her daughter?" "Lost, lost," repeated solemnly the grave old gentleman.

The census tells us that there are thirty thousand just such "lost ones" in the streets of this great city, and that love of dress was the destroying passion, and the street display the first step to ruin.

With a heavy heart I again went forth. Again I lingered at the windows and looked at the glittering treasures and thought "How many, Oh how many will be

allured by these to barter all that makes life precious," —to sell all happiness on earth and in Heaven for the baubles of an hour.

"Lost, lost." Only a little while ago they were in the dawn of life and health and beauty, with the bright visions of girlhood, and the holy hopes of womanhood shedding their pure rays upon their pathway, and now they are gone down to darkness.

"Lost, lost." Oh, what can fall so sadly upon the heart of woman as these two words concerning one, whom a hallowed influence upon her childhood, and a right education in future years, might have made an honored wife and mother, a useful member of the living Church on earth, and an heir of glory.

"Lost, lost." They are more sad than any death-knell that peals upon the ear, for it is not on earth alone and by earthly judges that they are repeated—they will be repeated by the Great Judge at the great day when the doom of millions is sealed forever.

"Lost, lost," Oh let them echo in every ear, and knock at every heart, till something is done to rescue these lost ones, and bring them back to life, and more is done to prevent them from entering the broad way that leads to death.

The Healing.

I KNOW the hand that dealt it,
And know the stroke was kind,
For One alone can wound us,
And He alone can bind.

Whene'er he sends the angel
To earth with sorrow's stings,
New legions are commissioned
With healing on their wings.

How sweet to bruised spirits
The balm they kindly pour,
While leading us to Gilead,
Where we may gather more.

Thus through the arid desert
The living waters flow,
And the Palm and Olive o'er us
Their cooling shadows throw

And thus though weary, weary,
The pilgrimage of life,
While angels hover o'er us
We may glory in the strife.

And hope is pointing upward,—
On wings of faith we soar,
To the land where sorrow's shadows
Will never darken more.

Oh, sweet that home in Heaven—
The peace it will impart—
Where there is no more healing,
No binding of the heart.

Strange Things I have seen and heard.

"POWER is corrupting," says the Politician. "Power is corrupting," says the foe to hierarchies. "Good men, the best men, should not be entrusted with absolute power." "Power is corrupting," says the enemy of slavery, "men should not be permitted the absolute control of human beings; however good the master may be, he will be tempted to indulge in tyranny, if there is nothing external to restrain him."

These are sentiments which I have often heard expressed by one who still exclaims, "I *will* be master

in my own house; those who live with me shall *obey* me." And the obedience which is required of a wife is as servile as that which is rendered by any bond slave.

To his daughter he says, "Whilst you are in my house you will do as I say, if you are a hundred years old;" not because she would not obey willingly and happily, but because there is such pleasure in *exacting* obedience. All would gladly do right of their own accord, but that would not be sufficient; they must be compelled; they must feel in every nerve, and bone and muscle, that they are subject to the will of another. To order, thwart and torture, is a peculiar pleasure, and I am fully convinced, is not enjoyed by Princes, and Popes, and slave-owners alone.

I have seen the staunchest advocates of "Woman's rights" and "human freedom," exercise the most brutal tyranny over wives and daughters. I have seen a quiet Christian woman beaten, by a man who was ever railing against oppression. I have seen the marks of an *inch cable* on the shoulders of a grown up daughter, placed there by a man who was ever uttering anathemas against those, who, for any reason applied the lash to those over whom the law gave them power!

I have seen a little girl drop lifeless under the infliction of the rod, which was used not merely as an instrument of punishment, but to prove that he who

wielded it had a right to do what he pleased with his own.

If those who rule with such authority lived where human beings are property, they would exult in its peculiar privileges, and triumph in the wrongs they could commit with impunity.

"Power is indeed corrupting." I have seen a young girl dragged from room to room by her hair, beaten and trodden upon, for only a slight offence, by one whom she called mother, because *tyranny was sweet*—to inspire fear more pleasant than to inspire love.

I have seen in many families, wives and daughters and sisters, afraid with a fear not less slavish than that which inspires the most abject among those who are bought and sold, and all because those who held it delighted in swaying the iron sceptre and ruling with an iron rod. And those who are ruled are expected meekly to endure; their lips must be even wreathed in smiles, and breathing gladness for those who have crushed all gladness from their hearts. "Power is corrupting," but it is not Kings and Politicians alone whom it corrupts.

Thrilling Incident, and Visit to an Artist's Studio.

"DEAR me!" What others in our language are so often and so thoughtlessly uttered as these two words? I had heard them a million of times, till they fell on my ear like any other expression of no individual import.

But this morning I was standing by the side of one, whom I knew to have experienced in a few short years a long life of agony, when suddenly he bounded from me to grasp the hand of a pale, gentle being, in whose face was also written suffering, while at the same time

burst from his lips these little words, in a tone that startled me, and sent the blood rushing, torrent-like, from my heart, whilst his own seemed breaking by one of those blows which recollection deals in its power to call up the past and set it in instant, and terrible array before us.

"DEAR ME!" The words were nothing, but never before had I learned the magic power of the living voice. I looked a moment and understood it all. He had been a father, whose love for a gifted and beauteous daughter, was a passion such as even few fathers feel. In the bloom of girlhood's beauty she was stricken with disease, during which he watched her with a devotion which was almost madness, and when the grave received her, sank a prey to grief, which wasted him, till he, too, was on the verge of the tomb.

Then another and another cord was broken, till not a link was left to bind him to earth, yet still he lived.

Those whom he was greeting had been the guardians of his idol treasure, his friends through all the long weeks of suffering and woe; comforters in the hour of darkness, and counsellors when there seemed no hope. Months and many miles of land and sea, had separated them, and here they met.

"DEAR ME!" It was a common-place expression at such a time, and yet the tone had in it more of intensity —of deep and varied emotion, than any in music or in

eloquence, that ever had before struck upon my ear. There was a parent's "deep, strong, deathless love;" there was the unutterable anguish of broken ties; there was gratitude for those deeds of loving kindness, and joy and gladness at the meeting.

Oh, the power of memory! how quickly the past, with all its sable train, passed on before him. The wasting sickness upon those lovely forms; the cold relentless hand that snatched them from his embrace; the shroud; the pall, and mourning groups, and then the crushed and broken spirit, struggling with its speechless woe.

I afterwards sought the Artist's studio, to look upon the faces of the lost and loved ones, the bright yet sorrowful vision of whom had been thus painfully recalled. How beautiful, how beautiful! I wondered not that round that Father's heart had so closely twined affection's cords, that it was rent and shattered when they snapped. I wondered not that earth had grown a waste, and life a wilderness to him, round whom had once gathered that lovely group, now "gone—all gone," except as his magic pencil has preserved them.

A family—the favorites of genius! Never was the lyre tuned more sweetly than by that poet mother, and not less richly gifted were the daughters, who lived to an age to exhibit the development of their powers. At four years old they began to lisp in rhyme, and as the dew-moistened flower exhales the perfume, so were

their spirits redolent with the sweet breath of poesy. Pure and highly cultivated were their minds, and not less lovely were the fruits which the culture of the heart yielded—the graces of the spirit.

And all that was beautiful in expression, graceful in form, and striking in feature, still lives, by the more wonderful genius of the artist Father. The canvass breathes and speaks as you gaze.

It was indeed a sight to make a seraph weep; a family so lovely and so gifted, thus early removed from a sphere where they would have shed such holy radiance; and yet how bright and glorious must be that little band tuning their golden harps in the angel choir above.

He is left, that bereaved and stricken, yet manly spirit, to tread the world's rough path alone. There can be no greater sorrow for him on earth, and it is kind to pray that the weary pilgrimage may be short, and they all united, a "whole family in Heaven."

Poor Little Robert.

POOR little Robert! And why is he poor little Robert? He is dressed well and warmly, and he lives in that large handsome house, an only son—an only child. His father is rich, and loves him, as fathers are prone to love only sons, and he has many friends and enough to eat and drink. He also has many handsome toys—a rocking-horse and blocks in abundance, rail-cars and steamboats and ships—and yet whenever I see him, I cannot help saying, poor Robert!

See how pale he looks, and what a mature expression

of sadness rests upon his face. I say, "Good morning Robert, how do you do this morning?" "I am very well," he answers, but he does not smile, and speaks with a mournful tone, as if his little heart was heavy.

I never see him playing with children, and in the street he walks with the sober heavy step of sorrow. Almost every day I meet him, wandering alone from street to street and sometimes he comes and sits upon the doorstep, especially on Sunday mornings, with his little hands clasped across his breast, and his head drooping, while his full dark eye is fixed upon the sky or gazing upon vacancy.

Poor little Robert! Very early in the morning he is sent to school with a little basket on his arm, which contains his dinner, though the school room is but a little way from home, and all the long *noon* he lingers about with a listless air, never joining in the merry sports of other children, though always gentle and kind.

"Why do you stay all day when you are so little ways from home?" ask the children of Robert. "Mother says I must," he replies, and a deeper shade of sadness spreads over his pale face.

At night, when those of his own age are permitted to leave school early because they are little ones and get weary, Robert stays, though he looks more weary than the rest.

"Come Robert, why do you not go home?" exclaims

some merry-hearted boy who is full of glee, and whose heart is bounding with joy at the thought of freedom and a happy home.

'Mother says I must stay till school is done," Robert answers, while his eyes fill with tears. And when he goes home there is not a gleam of pleasure upon his face; he does not leap the steps with the light bound of childhood, and hesitates before he rings the bell, as if he dreaded to enter.

Poor little Robert! his mother dreads to see him enter too. She cannot bear the noise of children, though it seems to me that any noise little Robert is inclined to make would not disturb a mouse. She cannot permit him to go into the parlor because he might "put things out of place," and the room would not be in order for callers. She cannot have him in the nursery, because his steamboats and railroads make her *nervous*, "she is so delicate." She cannot have him in her room, because almost every night when he returns from school there are dresses and ribbons and laces, laid out for the evening ball or Opera, and his childish curiosity might tempt him to touch them. He is not allowed to go into the kitchen, because "he must not associate with servants and acquire their vulgar ways."

His mother cannot talk with him because "he asks so many questions and is so tiresome." He must not cling to her and climb upon her knees, because "he 'musses'

her collars and spoils her dresses." When it is dark his father comes, and for a little while he is petted and caressed, and feels that he is loved; but *he* is soon hurried away to some scene of excitement, and Robert goes to bed and cries himself to sleep.

In the morning he does not get up crowing and singing and whistling, and making a "terrible noise," as mothers know that *boys* are wont to do. No, Robert rises very quietly, and steals away to some corner, almost as if he were guilty, wishing his papa would come down, for in his presence he feels a little freedom. But his papa sleeps very late because he is out long into the night, and when he does make his appearance, he is in such a hurry for his breakfast that he may "go down town," that he has no time to devote to Robert. Besides, he has no idea of the desolation of the little boy's heart. He supplies him with books and "playthings." and sends him to school, and though he sometimes thinks "he is not like other boys" and "fear he is dull," the mother has no such fears, and he is left again to his solitude.

Poor little Robert! could he only open his heart, and pour out its sorrows, he might learn to skip and play and forget them; but there is a something whispering, "She who neglects and chides me is my mother, I must not tell my grief." So he bears it like a hero and a martyr. Now his spirit seems to be purified

and made manly and noble by his suffering. God grant that when he is older and is driven forth by his mother's reproaches, that evil ways may not tempt him, and reproaches come back to her with tenfold bitterness.

"The innocent mirth of childhood is too much for her delicate nerves." May she not see the neglected boy become the ruined man; may the lips which she seals to childish prattle and chills with her coldness, never burn with unhallowed passion, and taunt her with her worse than heathen cruelty.

"She cannot bear the gentle child in her presence!" May she not live to see herself a mother whom her son hates.

"She cannot take the trouble to teach him to kneel at her feet and lisp his evening prayer." May her nerves never be rent and shattered with the curses those lips may yet utter, and which he will learn of those who will take pleasure in teaching him. "She cannot take his little hand and lead him to bed—lull him with an infant song and press a kiss upon his cheek." May she not live to see him reeling from a drunken revel to a drunkard's couch, and shrink from the touch of him who owes to her his being, and whom she has held to her bosom.

"She cannot listen to his songs of careless mirth and boyish glee." May her brain never be turned to mad-

ness by the wail of a lost one whom she has cast down to degradation and shame.

Poor little Robert! I cannot restrain the tears as I see thy little feet go wandering round with no mother to guide them. May some guardian angel keep thee, and "He who took little children in his arms and blessed them," watch over and bless thee always.

A Solitary Ride on the Prairie.

IT is not necessary to give all the evidence which exists, to prove that it became absolutely necessary that I should ride about fifty miles over a Western Prairie, alone; that is, alone in the woman's sense of the term! I had neither companion nor protector!

I had remained in one of those bustling towns far up on the banks of the Mississippi, till the ice had accumulated in the river so that boats could not run, and I must therefore depend upon a stage, or some private conveyance, till I reached the point at which the river was again open.

For the first twelve miles I was indebted to the carriage of a friend, and met with no adventures. Then I was put on board the "regular post-coach," and was the only passenger. There was no "inside and outside," and but two seats, one of which was occupied by the driver, who was a "Great Western," a genuine son of the soil, and the other by my humble self. I felt indeed "peculiarly situated," and not at all inclined to be merry; but my companion soon gave evidence of a decided inclination to be sociable, by beginning the following dialogue.

"Wal, I guess as how you aint married?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don'now, there's most allers generally somethin' about the girls, so that I can tell whether er no they're married."

"And I guess *you* are," I said by way of reply.

"No, oh no, I ain't," and there came over his brawny face, not a rosy, but a peony blush.

"Why not, why don't you get married?"

"Oh, when a man is married he has to settle right down in one place, can't go no where, nor see nothin', and I want to see a little of the world. I was born in Ohio, and came out here 'bout two years ago, and went to boating, and now I am driving team. Don't know what I shall do next."

"Well," said I, "when you choose to marry and

settle down, you have but to ask some nice girl, and she will say yes, and the matter will be finished at once."

"Oh, but I aint so sure about hearin' yes. Girls sometimes say no."

"Do they? well you have the advantage of us, in the privilege of asking—we have to wait to be asked, and if nobody asks us, of course we cannot say yes."

"But the asking, that's the worst part; to kind o'like a girl, and pop the question, and hear her say *no.* I tell you it is about the hardest."

His ideas were very original, and he expressed them with great freedom, and served to diversify very pleasantly the sameness of a ride over some twelve miles of prairie road, which recent rainings and freezings had converted into such a corduroy as no Green mountain wild ever witnessed.

When his "official term" was ended, he set me down at a little French tavern by the wayside and it was three o'clock in the afternoon.

I only asked for the privilege of taking a nap, for it seemed to me I must have been metamorphosed into a jelly, and for the purpose of sleeping I was permitted to take my choice of half-a-dozen little rooms—kitchen, parlor, and bed-room—all looking as if they had no such acquaintances as chambermaids, till in despair of finding comfort and cleanliness, "I laid me down to sleep" amidst fleas and various other quite as sociable

companions, and slept ten minutes, when I was aroused by the bustling landlord, "for the stage was ready."

"You are an English lady," said he, as he officially conducted me on my way.

"Why, how came you to know?" said I, for I thought it would be a pity to spoil his conceit, by telling what all my readers have learned by greater discernment, that I came from the greenest part of Yankee-land—"how could you tell so quick?"

"Oh, I can always tell an English lady the moment I see her."

I suppose it was my *embonpoint* which deceived him, as I confess it often led others into the same mistake, and is on a scale which American women generally, and modern gentility do not approve!

Now I was on the way again, and not in any thing that could in Christian charity be called a stage. A New-England urchin would have called it a "go-cart." I needed no canopy to shield me from the sun, for it was cloudy and very dark, but the wind was piercing cold, and I had for companions three boorish-looking men. Never before did I feel so much as if I were away out in Iowa!

The sun soon went down, the moon and stars were invisible; I could not see the river; there were no hills, all around was one dreary waste. With what affection my thoughts lingered among the dells and

dingles of my native land—those forests, and those grand old hills.

But during this ride I saw for the first time those mysterious mounds, the "Tumuli of the West." Little hillocks they seemed long, and narrow, and too regular to owe their existence to the freaks of nature. For two or three miles they were scattered along at little distances from each other, and my fancy was very busy in imagining their origin, and wondering concerning the strange people who moulded them. But fancy, however far it wandered, and however frequent its queries, could bring me back no answer.

At nightfall we stopped "to water the horses" at a genuine log cabin of the prairie, and I ran in to take a peep. How true that one half the world knows not how the other half lives. There were two rooms, with no other floor than the native earth; the logs of the roof and ceiling were just as nature made them; there was a bed in each of the three corners, and a stove in the fourth, upon which were roasting, and baking, and boiling, goose and quail and Prairie chicken, with all the et-ceteras of a luxurious repast. So much more do such people care for the palate, than for the comfort of any other portion of the body.

Tame animals of the feathered tribe were "at roost" overhead, and all around hung the paraphernalia of the

bipeds and four-footed things who lodged "within and round about."

I had only time for a glance when "all was ready," and on we went. The prairie fires were blazing at a distance in every direction, and more and more strange and desolate it seemed. But my companions proved very harmless, and did not address unto me a word, during the whole way to K——, where they deposited me upon the platform of a hotel in the midst of a multitude, I being the only woman.

I was guided up stairs into the reception room, in which were two beds and a lounge, a bureau, a stove, and three rocking chairs, with various other conveniences. This room opened into a large hall "where men did seem to congregate." A woman in this region is always a *lion*, and must expect to be treated like one. I was no sooner seated than the door opened, and in stalked a would-be gentleman, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth. He walked back and forth very leisurely, viewing me from top to toe, till he was satisfied, (I conclude,) and then walked out, to make room for another, who followed his example, as did five or six more. Thinking endurance no longer a virtue, I arose and asked for my room.

To reach it, I was conducted through same hall, the gentlemen forming a phalanx on each side for me to pass, and making the best use of their eyes they could

in so short a time. Then up a pair of rickety stairs through a bed-room, and finally into my own. Dear me! weary and worn as I was, I despaired of finding rest in such a place.

The room must have been proof against brooms and dusters, and the bed against water. There were lying about such articles as I had not been accustomed to seeing in ladies' sleeping apartments! and which prompted me to be sure the door was secured against all possibility of ingress.

Every moment the boat was expected on which I was to take passage for St. Louis, so I had no time to sleep, yet I could not keep awake. My nap was only a season of horrible visions, by which I was not in the least refreshed, and seemed an age, but I found could only have been a few moments, when I was called, for the "boat was ready."

Upon opening my door, I found the floor of the adjoining room so thickly strewn with human beings that I could with difficulty find my way, and when I landed in the great hall, lo! the multitude was still there, only having changed a standing for a recumbent position, and up popped a hundred of these same black heads to stare at me again. I opened the first door which met my eye, and found myself in the dining-room; with a feeling of relief I seated myself in the nearest chair, thinking "I am certainly safe here."

Soon I heard a coughing and sneezing that promised anything but solitude, and started up to see "what now!" My consternation was not diminished when I beheld on the floor behind the table, a row of cots, and fifty more black heads, and a hundred staring eyes. Alas, what should I do? not a woman to be seen or heard of.

I opened a door to depart, and found it leading up a dark, narrow staircase, which offered anything but hope of relief. I opened another which presented to me a chasm which certainly reminded me of the bottomless pit! There were no more, and I sat down in hopeless imprisonment.

Soon I heard a step and ran to the hall stair-case to speak. I saw a man, but he was standing and walking, which was a little encouraging.

"Where shall I go," said I in accents of misery.

"Down here," said he, and he led me to the bar-room! There was a blazing fire, which was another comfort, for I was nearly frozen; there were also plenty of men, but they were sitting, and I again took courage. They were chewing and smoking, and spitting and swearing, and there were plenty of evidences, that they had been drinking. But I never fell into the company of even such men when they did not immediately attempt to assume a decent deportment. If they would only wear it all the time, how much better it would fit! They were

very civil to me, and, after half an hour in their company, I was again reminded that the boat would soon leave.

> "Over moor, over mire,
> Through bush, and through brier,"

I was escorted on my winding way to the river. It was very dark, my guide was a stranger, and our walk half a mile in length. Many were the resolutions I made never to travel "after this wise" again; but I reached the boat in safety, and was rejoiced to greet a woman once more, though as state-room companion, she was not the most agreeable, being a Dutch servant-girl, and none of the tidiest!

"What's in a Name?"

THERE is a tiny creature nestling in a little crib by my side, and every sound is hushed lest something should disturb its slumbers; the room is dark, lest there should come a sunbeam and rest upon its eyelid; it cannot move a hand or turn its little head but the mother starts up to see if some evil has not come nigh unto it, for it is her child, her first born, and seems to her the most beautiful of all the gifts her heavenly Father has bestowed.

And what is its name? Oh it has not yet a name,

though a hundred have been syllabled and sung to see if they were musical enough for their baby; with each there has been some fault, and now that the matter has become so important to them it seems strange that the English language should be so meagrely supplied with names suitable for *such* a baby!

The whole catalogue has been ransacked, but one is too long and another too short, and another too common, and another very well for a grown up person, but not at all proper for such a cunning little creature as this. It must be one that can be shortened and petted easily whilst it is necessary to talk *baby talk*, and then it must be one that can call her easily when she begins to go patting round on her little feet; but then it must be one that she will like herself when she is a young lady—one which her lover would like, and especially her husband! Let's see, Caty and Minnie and Mary—but one is too fanciful, and the second found only in books, and Mary is pretty and a good substantial name, a Bible name; but every body has a Mary. We must find something else. Again the catalogue is called over, and again and again, but without success. What *shall* we call the baby?

The father comes in every night and clasps one of those little hands upon his forefinger; and really thinks there never was such a curious piece of workmanship. "What beautiful little dimples are nestling all over it,

what perfect nails !—just see that little thumb. Oh, is it not wonderful! But what shall we call her, wife ? we *must* have a name :" and then he, conceited, selfish man, goes on thinking (I see it all over his face) there never has been one invented which it would not be almost wicked to bestow upon such a baby ! But here the prosy old nurse exclaims, " Fudge, what's in a name? do give her a good old fashioned Christian name, and if she never does anything to disgrace it, you may think yourselves well off."

Now you should see the indignation in that father's face at the idea that his child should do aught to disgrace her name, whatever it may be. Alas ! how many fathers have thought thus, and lived to blush at the name they bestowed upon a daughter in her helpless innocence.

Things are at this crisis when there is ushered in a venerable grey-haired man, who has almost finished his three-score years and ten, a clergyman who has been all his life contemplating things solemn and divine, and to him the matter is presented. " What shall we name the baby?" All this while it has been seeming inexpressibly ludicrous to me that two sensible people should make it a matter of so much consequence, and look so very wise, and talk as if the fate of nations were depending on a decision which I thought I could make in five minutes and say no more about it ; but when this

dignified man, to whom I have never dared to address anything but monosyllables, is seriously invited to give his opinion upon naming this little insignificant thing, I am ready to laugh outright and to blush for their folly.

But I am immediately reproved by the aged man, who very solemnly repeats, "A name for the baby !— it is indeed a very important matter, and one over which you should pray and think seriously, for the *name* is to be registered in heaven !" I had not thought of this, but instantly saw that, looked upon in this light, very solemn thoughts must be suggested, and most solemnly did the good minister endeavor to impress it upon our minds as he went on picturing the Recording Angel standing by the great book, in which were written the names of all the people of every nation, tongue and kindred, and underneath each the "idle words" for which we were to "give an account !"

The little "muling, puling infant" was now transformed into an immortal spirit, and we looked forward to the time when she would be an inhabitant of heaven, and her name would be spoken by angels and archangels and all the saints of light.

The words of the minister made a deep impression upon the heart of the mother, and though she was far from being a thoughtless woman, she now exclaimed, "I have given birth to something that will never die : how can I fulfill the holy mission of training a spirit

for immortality ?" in a tone which implied a consciousness of her responsibility as she had never felt it before. Then my memory recalled a family picture, where aged parents were surrounded by sons and daughters grown up to manhood and womanhood, and all seemingly happy and prosperous ; where I could not discover any cause why sadness should sit upon the mother's brow, and a smile scarcely ever lighten her features. I heard the sigh that escaped her bosom, and listened to the words which fell from her lips, sometimes mourning that she had ever formed the tie which gave her a wife's and a parent's duties, and always advising others to assume them not.

Though she was now old, I saw her the idol of her husband's affections, and children "rising up to call her blessed," and all who knew her regarding her with peculiar honor, and I said, "Why is it that she is not happy, and does not consider herself highly favored among women ?" Fortune has smiled upon her ; everything in her outward life is pleasant ; she is a Christian, and her children are "heirs of the same precious faith." It must be an unhappy spirit that is not cheerful and even joyous in a home like hers.

But I did not know all. There was one whom I had not seen, and whose name I had never heard. He had been consigned to a drunkard's grave ! They never alluded to him now. That mother needed not to be

reminded that she had given birth to an immortal spirit. His name was registered in heaven—but ah ! it was not written afterwards in the "Lamb's book of life."

Oh, how can there ever be a *thoughtless* mother—one who forgets that she has "given birth to something that will never die"—a spirit to be trained for immo r tality !

Let those remember who are to "name the baby" that the Recording Angel will write the word down, and on them it depends whether, on "the great day," it is called among those who enter the realms of light and bliss, or is blotted out forever !

My own Little Corner.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

I LIKE not the world and its fashion,
I love lonely solitude best,
Those gay whirling pleasures are thraldom,
Retirement alone offers rest.
Enclosed in my own little boudoir,
I am blithe as the bird on the tree,
Oh give me my own little corner,
And from every dull care I am free.

There I go with the soldier to battle,
And ponder the affairs of the State;
I weep o'er the people's misfortunes,
And assign to the rulers their fate.
I look to the future with pleasure,
And gaily it smileth on me,
Oh leave me my own little corner,
And from every dull care I am free.

There too, with the wand of a fairy,
I lavish good gifts on the poor.
I rear noble trophies of glory,
And the worthy to honor allure!
I rule in the councils of princes,
And pure are the laws they decree!
Oh leave me my own little corner,
And from every dull care I am free.

And there like a silken winged seraph,
My fancy floats sportive and gay.
And ever around me is strewing,
Bright garlands she wreathes by the way:
Ah yes, from the world and its pleasures,
My heart ever gladly would flee,
Oh leave me my own little corner,
And from every dull care I am free.

With a patriot's love for my country,
I offer to heaven my prayer,
That she may be ever protected,
And the richest of blessings may share:
Then do not, I pray thee, rebuke me,
Though musing alone I may be,
Oh, leave me my own little corner,
And from every dull care I am free.

Another Reverie in a Lone Corner.

"I HATE old maids; she is an old maid, I hate the sight of her."

This was a sentence to which I listened in my lone corner, and I looked around to see by whom and of whom such words were spoken in such bitterness.

I saw, not far off, a quiet unobtrusive woman, plainly but very neatly dressed, with an expression of refined and subdued sadness upon her face, and a gentleness in her manners, which indicate to all who know these signs that her life had been passed among the high-bred, and that pure feelings and lofty sentiments were hers.

I have watched her in her walks among the flowers and in the groves, and noticed the true appreciation of the beautiful which she manifested in her admiration and I have listened to her conversation with those who know her, and been delighted with her quiet humor, originality and quick discernment.

Two gay young girls are walking up and down the saloon radiant with silk and tinsel, and as they pass they turn their heads with scorn, when about to meet the glance of the quiet dignified lady who knows no reason why they should refuse her friendly greetings, and therefore offers them a bow or smile of recognition as a mark of interest in their youth and happiness.

Very haughtily they quicken their steps, and toss their heads, and the one with gay streamers exclaims "an old maid, I hate the sight of one."

I am not a prophet, but if I were, I would risk my reputation upon the prediction that ere twenty years have passed, *her* ears will listen to that which will pain them more!

Let me tell you why Miss B. is an "old maid." She was once young like you, though not like you haughty, vain and vulgar! She had a fresh warm heart, worth a thousand such as yours. She had beauty, too, and wealth.

I cannot add that she had around her a crowd of ad-

mirers, but if you lingered a little more politely, you might see upon one finger a ring, the only one she wears, which betokens an engagement. Yes, she was betrothed.

In three weeks she was to stand at the altar with one who was also young, and who had loved her long and truly, but alas for earthly hopes, the evening that was to see her a happy bride, found her alone by his grave.

"It is a pity," exclaimed the village gossips, "that they were not married, for then she could talk about him, and it would look so different to the world."

Yes, it is a pity that the world should have a standard of propriety so different from what is right, and pure, and holy. Is she not a widow? Were their hearts not sealed by the holiest of all bonds? Why should she not speak of such a love, as if it were not hallowed in the sight of Heaven, as truly as if the outward seal had been affixed to their union?

She did not "sit among the mourners," when the last respects were paid to the departed, though she was the one who mourned most deeply. No, this would not have been maidenly decorum. She did not speak of her grief, this she knew would not be considered proper. But she did not feed upon her sorrow till she became a useless misanthrope. She went about doing good, cheerful and seemingly happy, knowing that she must

ever be one of those desolate ones, for whom the world has so little sympathy.

To how many homes has she been an angel of mercy—into how many hearts has she poured the oil of healing—how sweetly has she counselled in the hours of adversity—how kindly chid in the hour of sin. A sweet savor ever rising to Heaven, her good deeds have been. She is not yet old, and if married would be called a "young woman." A long life of loneliness she has yet to live, with her "heart ever hungering," for no true woman's heart was ever satisfied with aught but love—something which she is severely censured for not feeling, and more censured for speaking! God made her so, and she should not blush to own it, and this desolation, with the world's unfeeling scorn, makes life a sad pilgrimage.

From that lone corner I often saw another in those deep weeds which always excite sympathy and purchase respect. They were worn by one who was but a few months a wife, and who knew when she became one that she must soon be a widow. She knew the magic of the title, and the deference the world would pay to it. The vows were breathed without the love which can make them holy, and there was no grief in the heart, when the tie was sundered which bound her to an unwilling obedience.

Gaily she smiles, and her smiles are not met with

coldness. The world permits her to talk of her sorrow and it will never prey upon her spirits. Grief will not mar her beauty; she is still fresh and blooming, though older in years than she with the *widowed heart.*

Ah, there is another world where worth is weighed in the true balance. The thoughtless belle will not tread with that haughty step, the streets of the Heavenly city. These saloons are brilliant, and these forms beautiful to the animal vision, but there is a beauty of the spirit which transcends it all.

Ye desolate ones, whose hearts are heavy, those whom you loved have gone before, and the trials you meet in journeying life's pilgrimage, with the gross and selfish ones of earth, are "like the furnace to silver, and the fire to gold;" but life does not last always, and he who sitteth on the throne and judgeth, looketh upon the heart.

In the palaces of the New Jerusalem will be assembled the meek and lowly ones of earth, who have "suffered for Jesus' sake"—their forms will be arrayed in the "white and shining robes," their hands will tune the "golden harps," and their brows will wear the jeweled crown.

"There will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage"—neither rich nor poor—dashing belles with gay streamers, nor hateful old maids in Heaven.

A Woman's Toil.

HOW many sensible husbands do I know, who think a woman's toil is nothing, and deserves no reward because she is not engaged in coining money.

They cannot perceive that it is any labor to take five thousand steps round the cooking stove to prepare breakfast for a dozen people, or as many more for dinner and for supper, and twice as many more for the various other duties she has to perform.

Just look with me into that neat and comfortable house on the hill, and watch for one day a prudent

industrious woman, at her daily labors. At five o'clock yes, often at four, you may see her gliding *softly around*, for "fear of disturbing the little ones," sweeping and, dusting, and "*putting things to rights*," and ere she has half finished, some half a dozen little heads are popping up and crying, "mother, mother," and she must run and "dress the children."

It is no work to pick up their frocks and pinafores—to wash them from top to toe, and tie a hundred strings —to patiently answer a hundred questions, and settle as many little disputes. It is no labor to run up and down stairs fifty times "to put away the things after breakfast," and it is only play to stand two hours at the dishtub. It is only recreation to stop and wash baby and dress him, and get him to sleep, and in the mean time to fit out three or four who are hopping and skipping and jumping, and fretting and quarreling, too, perhaps, for school.

But when all this is fairly is over, she has nothing to do but rest. Her gude man slept soundly till the breakfast bell rang, and then he washed and shaved, a little disturbed by the noise of the children to be sure, and after breakfast he seated himself in the great chair, with his left foot comfortably resting on his right knee, to read the newspapers and pick his teeth!

By the time he has finished these important manly operations, it is time to go to the office, and he takes his

hat and cane and sallies forth. His business for three or four hours, is "harassing, embarrassing, perplexing and wearing," and when he returns to dinner it is right and proper that he should be a little cross, if it is not ready at the moment, if it is not cooked to his taste, and every thing is not in order as Mrs. B. "knows he wishes and expects to find it."—"What a slave he is to his wife and children."

After dinner he spends three or four hours more in that same brain racking, and, very likely, soul destroying business, and then it is strange that every body should not be quiet when he comes home—he needs rest. His wife has not known a moment's cessation from toil and care and anxiety, but that is nothing, it is her duty to be cheerful and patient, and long suffering and forbearing. She is a woman—her labor is of no account, it brings no money.

The evening he spends in the great chair, reading or sleeping, or he goes to lecture, or to have a plesant chat with his neighbors, and when he pleases he goes to bed, and sleeps soundly till morning. He is paid for what he does, and therefore it is labor.

The wife has never once been out to breathe the air, or enjoy the sunshine—when not upon her feet she has toiled with her needle,

"At band and gusset and seam,
And seam and gusset and band."

And long into the weary night perhaps, has she leaned over the thankless task, "because the children were asleep and she could work undisturbed." But surely that is not toil, to put the needle through and through —to patch and mend and sew on buttons.

All night she has the care of her baby, and knows no dreamless sleep. A weight is ever on her mind, and thus it is through days and months and years. Is it strange that her brow is furrowed and her cheek hollow? Her husband is distressed that she should grow old.—Why cannot she remain always fresh and young and fair? She ought to walk in the open air—women stay in the house too much. He does not believe it need take all her time to do the work. He cannot afford to hire "*help*," it "*is paying out money.*"

He hires a man to open the shutters and sweep the office, whilst he is sleeping and picking his teeth, but then it would not be proper for him to perform that menial labor. Sweeping and dusting and scrubbing,—weary days and wakeful nights—this is woman's sphere!

And when one wife has worn herself into the grave, and the green mound has covered her, why he can easily get another, for there are plenty more who have nothing else to do, and it is proverbial that the second does get a little more mercy than the first! And it is proverbial that men grow old with scarcely a foot-print upon their brows, whilst women fade and wither and

fall like autumn leaves; but there is no reason, for their labor is nothing, and the "wearing, harassing, perplexing toil," is all performed by men, and they earn all the money!

Bill and Little Amy.

MY way led me through one of the by-lanes of the Great City in my evening walk, and as it was just at nightfall, I met at almost every step the laborer "hieing from his toil." It is Saturday night, and almost every one had in his hand the reward of his week's labor,—a fish, a basket of potatoes, or a bag of meal; and in many countenances I could read that pleasant and so visible expression, "I'm going home to my wife and children and a day of rest." All around, in the street and on the sidewalk, were the children of these

toiling parents, "some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns." On one corner I noticed a little boy with sun-bleached head and sun-tanned face, on which there was not even the careless joy of childhood, and soon there came a coarse and dogged looking man, and in a voice of cold and grating harshness, I heard him callout, "Bill, come home!" Instantly he obeyed; but there was no smile of gladness at his father's coming —and he did not run to take his hand, and fill his ears with childish prattle, as happy children do, but, with a look of crouching fear, he lagged behind,—his bare feet red with cold and black with dirt, and in his eye a look which said, "Some day I'll be a man,—and then!" Yes, I thought, a miniature loafer, a thief perhaps, and rowdy.

I walked along, and soon found them at their home. Oh, that this sweet word should ever be applied to place so wretched—and from it issued forth a woman, the wife, and mother, more unseemly, coarse and fear-inspiring than the father. The words of greeting were reproaches, and all around were the proofs of wretchedness and sin. Soon the child received a blow for not doing what he did not know was required, and when I was a long way off, his deafening screams were ringing in my ears.

I have heard it said that affection is one of the fruits of cultivation,—that the poor and ignorant are destitute

of the love which softens the heart, and that it does not even exist to bind kindred—those of the same household—to one another.

I was pondering upon this, and wondering if it could be really so, when I met a little boy of twelve years old or more, with a wood-saw upon his shoulders; and *he*, too, was going home. His face betokened maturity beyond his years, and by his dress he might have been taken for a little Methusaleh, or one of Noah's progeny just issuing from the Ark. His coat hung loosely about his wasted form, and his collar and cravat were evidently made for one four times his size.

But, though there was every indication of poverty, there was as plainly stamped refinement upon his face and in all his motions. Sorrow and thought were written upon his brow. I stopped and asked him where he had been. He looked up to see if I were friend or foe, and what my motive was, and then politely answered, "I've been sawing wood all day for a gentleman up town." "And what have you received for pay?" "Oh, meat and meal and things to carry home." "But had you not rather buy a hat or cap, or something pretty for yourself?" "Oh no," he said, "I do not care for myself, if mother and sister Amy have enough."

I found his home was only a little farther on, and so I offered to go with him and see the mother and sister whom he loved so much. As we walked along, I was

struck with the correctness of his language and the intelligence he manifested. Soon we came to a big old shattered house occupied by many families and in two small rooms were the mother and four children we were seeking. Though wretchedly poor and destitute, there was an air of comfort which told that she who presided was a lady, and in all their looks and tones there was proof that love bound them to one another.

In the corner, in a stuffed and very comfortable-looking chair was little AMY. She had never walked a step or known a moment free from suffering. Her face was pale, and gleamed with that spiritual beauty which patient suffering always gives, and across her brow there came every now and then a shadow in which were volumes of the woes her little heart was feeling. Her dress was thin and made me shiver as the wind came whistling by. I took her little hand, and asked her if she was not weary sitting there, and she said, "she would like to work to help mother and brother JAMES." Her little brothers looked upon her as if she were a being of higher order than themselves, and all around there seemed a pure and holy atmosphere from her presence.

She was not cheerful. She knew nothing of animal happiness. She had never been out in the glad sunshine, or joined the merry laugh of children on the green;

but she was patient and resigned. And I thought, they are not alone the useful, who toil, and strive, and win. Here is a little creature whose mission is to suffer. How could a holier influence be shed upon those little boys? Will they not carry the impress of her patient smile and loving words in all their way through life?

They are practising self-denial to surround her with a few little comforts; and will it not prepare them for some noble sacrifice, and fit them for life's highest sphere? They go forth in the morning with her childish blessing. She puts her arms lovingly round their necks and presses a kiss upon their cheeks, and says "Good-bye, come early home to-night;" and will not that sweeten every hour of toil? She sings a song for them at night or reads a story, and is ever studying how to show her gratitude; and though hunger and cold often come, and they have few of what the world calls blessings, they are still happy, for they love one another. Those boys will never be guilty of crime or riot; and then I thought of little "Bill," and almost wished he had a little sick and suffering sister to brighten his coming, and shed her hallowed radiance in one corner of his dark and dreary home.

To love and suffer—this has ever been woman's mission. It is the highest, holiest of all earthly missions. In the first she is like the angels—those ministering

spirits, invisible but ever watchful—and in both she is like Him who was "meek and lowly, and went about doing good."

The Bachelor's Bedroom.

IF you will not ask me how I came to know, I will tell you just how it looked, that Bachelor's Bedroom. It was a little bit of a place, because the landlord thought, as he was only a bachelor, he did not need very spacious quarters, and the servants thought as he was only a bachelor they need not trouble themselves to sweep very clean, or dust very nice, and besides it was impossible, he "left everything round so," and immediately "turned everything topsy turvy," however

squarely they might arrange it. And so it followed that it looked very much like a pig-stye.

There was a bed on which he reclined, whenever he was weary, with a quilt which shiny black boots had converted into "all of a color," and "all askew." There was a trunk, a very handsome thirty dollar trunk, which when deposited upon the platform of the hotel, indicated a gentleman who was well aware that people are often judged by the *outsides of things*, and his well-brushed coat and Genin hat betrayed the same regard to appearances.

So there was a hat box, in which to preserve the glossy beaver from the touch of "time's effacing fingers," and there was a carpet bag, "hanging on a nail overhead." In one corner was a heap of newspapers :—the "Times" and "Home Journal," two volumes of "Harper," the "Knickerbocker" and the "Washington Union," (strange medley,) and—a pair of boots! In another corner comes a stack of newspapers—the "Boston Journal" and "Saturday Courier," "Putnam's Monthly" and—a pair of slippers, which must have been wrought by more delicate hands than his! In another corner were half a dozen dickeys, a checked cotton cravat, a white vest and *other things*, ready for the laundry, and a pair of brogans, in which his feet looked "amazing neat," but to the corner they were very unbecoming.

All around on nails were various articles of a wardrobe, of which I never learned the names, but looking very much as if the man himself were *suspended* there and on the table was a box of "Giraud's Medicated Soap," for pimples, (he is very anxious to look well;) one box of "Custerdow's Excelsior Fluid Hair Dye," (why does he care to look young;) a box of pills, (he is evidently dyspeptic;) hair brushes, nail brushes, and clothes brushes, lying about in most inelegant confusion. And there are two or three books, "Salad for the Solitary," "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Advice to Young Husbands," (there is a far-off vision in his mind of better days.) Dear sir, why are you content with visions only? Why, I could tell you of a dozen pairs of bright eyes, that would see every particle of dust in an instant, and a dozen pairs of fair hands that would "set your room to rights," and make a little paradise of it in half an hour, and all for what it would make you a thousand times richer rather than poorer to give.

"Just look on this picture and then on that."

Do you see that snowy quilt, all smooth and nice, and those pillow cases with crimped frills not a bit tumbled. Do you see that toilet table with its muslin drapery, and that little vase of flowers in the centre,—that little box, in which are arranged all the necessaries of a toilet apparatus, so that you "can find it all in the dark." Just peep into those drawers and envy the man who has his

dickeys "all in a row," his cravats all folded and in one place, his socks all mended and his buttons all sewed on, and no trouble to him. The newspapers are just as plenty, and there are as many magazines, but they are filed and numbered, and "laid on the upper shelf." The clothes are in the closet, and the boots and slippers—where they should be!

But what makes the difference? Do you not see that cunning little work-box, and that dainty bit of cambric! but if you could only see the fair owner, and those bright eyes glisten, and those rosy cheeks blush welcome, at the entrance of one who is no better than you by nature, you would set about furnishing some snug little domicil with just such a pair of hands, being sure they were owned by one who had a true, warm heart, and then there would be no difference.

Just try it, and you will no longer dread to go into that cheerless room, going about moping, or seeking comfort where you should not,—or in despair because a button has come off just as you were fastening your collar, or a seam has ripped in the most conspicuous place, just as you were setting off to the exchange.—Just try it, and the next time I take up my pen I will tell the world of a room where love is the motive power, and order reigns, for the Bachelor's dormitory has been transformed into the happy husband's home.

Kitty Grey;

OR,

"I HAVE BEAUTY ENOUGH TO CARRY ME THROUGH THE WORLD."

"I HAVE beauty enough to carry me through the world." So said Kitty Grey. I heard her for I sat on the same seat with her in the old schoolhouse on the green. She dashed the book which she was studying to the floor. "I will not study," she continued, "I hate to study—it is well enough for Mary—she is homely, but she has more mind, and she must know something, in order to please. There is no such necessity for me."

"Oh Kitty," I replied, "what foolish notions, and do you really mean to live in ignorance because you can get through the world without knowledge? What do you expect beauty will gain for you, that you are so certain of its power?"

"Gain, why a rich husband to be sure, what else should a woman expect that would be sufficient for her?"

"Kitty Grey, so young and yet so old! you are deliberately thinking that your beauty will purchase you a rich husband, and it is a pleasant thought to you that some rich man will marry you for your beauty and nothing else. What sort of life would that be?" and I looked into Kitty's glowing face to see if there did not come a deeper blush at the thought of such a bargain.

But it only beamed with a thoughtless kind of exultation at her power. She was very young, but she had learned something of the "way of the world," and in this matter certainly had judged rightly. She had beauty, and she knew its value, its *market price!*

So Kitty went to school through all the years of girlhood, and learned nothing. She was gay and thoughtless, and flitted about like a butterfly. She never gave any evidence of possessing a heart, and trifled without scruple with the hearts of others. Many were the lips that cursed her for her coquetry, while she only laughed and flirted the more. She liked to hear men profess to

adore her, and when she had deceived them long enough, she liked better to witness their consternation when she told them she despised them.

Wooers were abundant, for Kitty was right indeed when she said that men would care for little else when they looked into her face, and though each one knew the fate of those who had gone before, with a presumption which was truly astonishing, each was sure that he was treated with sincerity; but while he was glorying in his prize, and perhaps boasting of his success, the thoughtless girl was ridiculing his temerity and plotting his destruction. How gaily and wildly she laughed over her conquests. "What fools they were," she said, "to imagine she wanted anything more of them than to amuse herself."

"But Kitty, you will begin to fade soon; your's is a beauty which will not last longer than the years of youth. You must not trifle till it is too late."

What a toss of the head was that with which she looked in the mirror, and twined her fingers in her auburn curls. "None of them are rich enough yet," said she; "if I marry for money there must be more gold than any of these have in their coffers."

"You will have to marry an old man, some rich old clod plodder—Oh Kitty, what a life you will lead."

"I do not care if he is as old as Methuselah, I will be rich—what a dash I will make in the world!"

And Kitty's hopes were not disappointed. A wooer who was rich enough came at last, and though he was not as old as Methuselah, his age was nearly three times hers, and a "stupid old fool" she said he was, "that she could manage just as she pleased."

In this too she was not disappointed, she managed him to perfection, and yet, if she had had a heart or the least sensibility, it would have been like spending life in the stocks.

"A stupid old thing" he is, to be sure, especially after dinner, when two empty bottles are standing by his side, yet he knows enough to watch his gay young wife, and Oh, the oaths he pours into her ear if he suspects her of trifling. But they do not trouble her, she laughs and trifles on, only endeavoring to be a little more careful when he is—drunk! How graceful she is; how like a queen she moves about, blooming as a bride, with never a sigh that tells of a wearied or aching heart. She is not a true woman. All these false and hollow pleasures are enough for her.

She is in the midst of a festive circle where the wine has passed freely round, and her husband has sipped until he is maddened rather than stupified. Kitty has forgotten to be sedate. What a sight for a mixed assembly! A bottle is sent whizzing at her head, and epithets are heaped upon her that the veriest outcast in the street would blush to hear. And yet she heeds

them not. He never refuses her money, and this was what she married him for. What a dash she does make indeed. What a giddy whirl she keeps.

"Oh dear, if he would only die!" Yes, Kitty Grey had come to this, that she dared speak such a thought.

"Oh Kitty, what are you saying, and what if this should come to the ears of the gossipping world? You do not mean what you say."

"Yes indeed," exclaimed Kiity, "I do mean it, and why not—he is so old and gouty, and is so much trouble, and watches me more than ever. I wish he was dead."

I looked in amazement, but there was not a shadow of remorse upon her countenance. To her it was "all of life to live, and all of death to die," and anything that deprived her of life's gay pleasures she looked upon as she would a stone in her pathway. She knew that she married a "stupid old thing," but she did not look forward so far as to the time when he would be nearly eighty and she still young and handsome. Now that he could not be present at dinner parties, and could not join the circle around the card-table, he wished her to remain with him, and stupid indeed she was beginning to learn he was. He could talk about nothing, and if she took a book to read to him he swore—if she walked he swore, and if she sat still he swore. He knew she

hated him, and Kitty did not play the hypocrite and pretend to love him.

But death did come at length, and before Kitty had lost her charms. He died, that wretched old man—died with an oath on his lips, died cursing his gay young wife. Kitty went to the mirror and said, "How will weeds become me?"

She made the necessary arrangements and assumed a becoming gravity, wore her veil the prescribed length and the hem the prescribed depth, although she did not weep nor pretend to mourn, and when the prescribed days were ended, during which she must appear to be sorrowful, she was a gay young widow, with the money all at her command!

"Oh Kitty, what will become of you when the season of gaiety is passed? Do you ever think of the world beyond the grave?"

"No, indeed," said Kitty, "there is time enough to think of it when I am old and can no longer enjoy the world." Yet I saw a look of terror cross her face, and I knew she was not so thoughtless as she seemed. I knew too that she had wasted much of the energy of life ere life was half spent, and that the fear of death did sometimes blanch her cheek. Still she tried to drown all such troublesome thoughts in some new sea of pleasure, and was everywhere welcomed as the gay, the brilliant, the fascinating Mrs. A——.

I could not follow her in the dizzy maze—I often heard of her, but seldom met her. I loved her when she was little Kitty Grey, and sat beside me in the district school, because she was playful and often affectionate, and very witty, but I could not love her as I saw her in the heartless unprincipled woman.

"I am dying!" These were the words I received in a little note, written with Kitty's own hand. I knew what they meant, and quickly did I obey the summons, and hasten to the bedside of her who was now to drink the dregs of the cup of pleasure—so sweet at the top, so bitter at the bottom.

Yes, Kitty was dying—how she sobbed as she threw her arms around my neck, and clung to me, crying "Must I die, Oh must I die?" She was scarcely the shadow of her former self, there was not a trace of beauty left upon her form or cheek. The lily and rose had been exchanged for consumption's sallow hue, and the skin seemed drawn tightly over every bone, and had a glossy look, which told the sad story of decay.

I laid her back upon the pillow and soothed her with kindly words. "Am I so changed," she said, "Oh is it

consumption, and must I die?" and again she sobbed bitterly.

I did not attempt to deceive her. "Yes Kitty," I said, "you must die. It is consumption, and quickly it is hurrying you to the grave. Oh Kitty, how does your gay life seem to you now?"

She covered her face with her hands and cried, "Why did they teach me to live so, Oh why did my mother let me grow up such a vain thoughtless thing? I might have been different, Oh I might have been something better!"

This question had often been asked by others, but the mother was just such a vain thoughtless thing herself, and wished her daughter to be happy, and thought in order to be happy she must be gay and thoughtless, and dance life away.

Only one week before I was summoned to her death-bed, Kitty had given a ball, when those around her almost feared that every step would precipitate her into the grave.

That night she was carried to her bed, and never again left it. "Oh the grave yard," she would exclaim, "how can I lie buried in the ground."

Every effort was made to lead her thoughts from earth and the grave to heaven, and

"Him who can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;"

but still death was a fearful messenger, and she clung to life like one who feels that it is the ship, and that all is darkness and uncertainty beneath. Her mind had been so dissipated that it did not seem capable of comprehending truth. Every day she caught at some new hope that she might yet recover and enjoy life again.

"Consumption is a syren"—how it deceived her, and in some measure deceived those around her. They did not think she was so soon to die.

It was a morning, a cold November morning; I was scarcely awake, when a voice hurriedly whispered in my ear, "Come, come quick, Kitty is indeed dying." In another moment I was at her bedside. But she was almost speechless. She knew she was dying, and realized now "what it was to die"—it was not the grave of which she thought, nor of the agony of the death-throe, it was ETERNITY. This was the word her lips murmured —"ETERNITY;" it was the last she spoke on earth Her eyes were closed to open in another world. Thither I cannot follow her. What preparation God wrought in her inmost soul ere he took her hence I cannot tell; to me there seemed no change that fitted her for the companionship of the high and holy.

This was the life and this the death of Kitty Grey, who had "beauty enough to carry her through the world." She learned when it was to late that "is is not alt of life to live and all of death to die." To get

through the world is not sufficient. There is an eternity beyond.

Eternity! It is a word of solemn import at any time, but never did it ring so fearfully in my ear, as when uttered by the dying lips of Kitty Grey; those lips which had been speaking foolishness all the days of her life, and now for the first time were breathing solemn words, with that earnest dying look. Oh, could they be the same from which burst forth the heartless sentiment at the commencement of my story?

Eternity had then never entered her thoughts, the word had never rested upon her lips. Little thought she then that it would be the one which would seal them forever.

The Little Match Girl.

"BUY my matches, lady; will you buy my matches?" Once or twice I had passed through the street and heard the cry without stopping to notice it, but a few nights ago it was almost dark, and the wind blew very cold, as I was hurrying on, when again it rang in my ear, "Oh, buy my matches, lady," and I felt a gentle pull at my dress, which induced me to stop and speak to the earnest pleader.

She was a little girl with that bonny blithe expression, which indicated the land of her birth beyond the

sea, and her flaxen hair fell in tangled masses upon her brow and neck; her feet and legs were bare, and her frock was tattered and thin and soiled.

"Oh, I do not need any matches, dear," I said as I put my hand kindly upon her head and smoothed the hair upon her temples. "I do not keep house, and I have no particular use for matches." "Oh, but you can buy a few," she said, as she looked up beseechingly, first at my face, and then at my dress, as if she were thinking, "You are able to have such nice things, you might buy a few," and I began to think so too.

"But what will you do with the money if I buy your matches?" "Oh, I'll give it to my mother." "And what will your mother do with it?" "Buy coffee and bread." And does your mother never buy any of that naughty stuff that makes her cross sometimes, with the money you get?" Here the little girl's cheeks grew red, and she held down her head without answering at all. Ah, thought I, the money will not buy bread if I give it, but the little girl hesitates to tell a lie; so, to encourage her in speaking the truth, I will put pennies in her hand, and pray that God will give her bread.

Her blue eye sparkled brightly as she took them, then away she ran crying "Matches, matches" till she was out of sight and so far off I could not hear her voice.

But the matches served to remind me of her, and I hoped again to meet her in my walks, where children

seem to be as sand upon the sea shore for multitude; and to-night, though it was fairly dark when I was passing a long way from where I met her before, she came running, as fast her little feet would carry her, crying, "Oh, now, dear lady, will you buy more matches?" "Dear child, I have not used up half I bought of you the other day, so I do not need any more;" but this time she did not urge her plea, though she seemed more sad than when I met her before.

"Come," said I, "will you show me where your house is; it is too late for you to be in the crowded street." How my heart sunk within me as I took her hand to be guided down a dismal alley, where I could see nothing but filth and dirt and squalid poverty, and thought, "Oh, dear, that little girls must grow up in such a place as this." Coarse, brutal men were lounging around, and now and then the drunken brawl fell on my ear, and oaths and blasphemies made me shudder as I passed.

To the little creature at my side, these were familiar sounds; and when she is a little older, what is to preserve her from the "path of sin" and the "way of death?"

Her home was not, indeed, the worst among the miserable huts that surround it, and yet it was miserable in the extreme. Her mother was not in, but there was another little girl in the corner on a pallet of straw,

fast asleep. "And is this your sister?" said I. "Yes, she sells flowers, and I sell matches." "And where does she get her flowers?" "Oh! of the man who has a housefull up here, and he gives her two cents for every boquet she sells." "And how many does she sell in a day?" "Sometimes only two or three, and sometimes none."

"Is this all the way you have to buy your bread and coffee?" "No; mother washes when she is well, but,"—— Here she hesitated, and the sad look came over her face, I had noticed when I first asked about her mother. I could easily imagine why her mother was not well, but I did not wish to draw it from her, for oh! it is the most humiliating of all trials when a child must blush for a parent's sins.

There was not what I should call a single comfort in the room. The air was fetid, and everything was covered with dirt and slime; and yet here were two little girls alone, with only a drunken mother to care for and protect them. They were pretty, too, for which I could only pity them more. I could not stay longer now, but telling my little friend I would come again, I kissed her brow, and dropped a tear upon her cheek, and left them, praying that God who feeds the ravens and clothes the lilies of the field, would guard and guide them.

I had only to cross from avenue to avenue to enter

one of those princely mansions, the gorgeous folds of whose curtains sweep the floor—where silver and gold and satin and damask dazzle the eye, and surfeit the senses with their very richness. As I ascended the staircase, and passed the door of a little room that looked as if the fairies might inhabit it, I saw a little girl asleep, with a bunch of flowers in her hand. She was one of those fair elfin creatures, with rosy cheek and golden curls which were lying in silken tracery all around her brow and neck; the pillow and also the sheet that covered her were edged with lace; one arm was thrown gracefully back above her head, and the other was clasping the boquet, which her mother said she had insisted on purchasing of a little girl whom she met in the street, and would not part with when she went to sleep.

I could not know certainly, but I was willing to believe that the poor little sleeper I had left on the pallet of straw was the very one of whom the flowers were purchased; and could her weary aching eyes look in here her heart would be ready to burst at the contrast. All day long she must roam from street to street, crying, "Buy my flowers," to be repulsed with coldness, and sometimes stung by insult, and return at night to a drunken mother and comfortless room and supper, less bed; her little body shivering with cold, and her little heart chilled by neglect—with never a word of

love to cheer, or kindness to encourage, this is all she knows of life—for her there is no gladness here, and no knowledge or hope of a bright hereafter.

But this little sleeper before me breathes the atmosphere of indulgent kindness, and is pillowed on the bosom of love. All around her are light and joy and gladsomeness; and everything is lavished upon her that can tend to the expanding of her intellect or the culture of her heart. I lingered long to gaze upon her innocent beauty, and dwell upon the contrast in the homes of the little girls, so near together and so widely different; and ere I turned away I pressed a kiss upon *her* brow, and dropped a tear upon *her* cheek, for my heart was bursting with thoughts my pen would not dare to utter.

Oh, bright and glorious day, when mystery shall be dissolved, and all things shall be made clear to our clouded vision! Meanwhile, may God increase the measure of our hope and trust and love; and fill our hearts with kindly charities, and strengthen our hands to dispense "good gifts" among the "little ones,"—such as when on earth He took in His arms, and cherished in His bosom.

A July Night on the Upper Mississippi.

AT Burlington, Iowa, we went on board the boat, and found it crowded, and old, and rickety, and filthy beyond anything we had before seen. There was not an empty berth in the ladies' cabin, so we were honored by being permitted to occupy the state-room of the captain, which was as many as four inches longer and broader than those of the passengers, and really gave us so much space to breathe and move that we hardly knew what to do with ourselves. We could actually turn round, and hang up our dresses, and look

out of the window. But alas, for any visions of dreamy slumbers in the night time. Never before was I so assailed by enemies—" black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey."

The thermometer indicated a temperature which one might denominate *hot* without being vulgar, and the pressure of the atmosphere was therefore sufficient to banish sleep, yet we might have caught a nap or two, had not the fleas and *other animals* been still less merciful. I was covered " from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot " with winged insects and " fourfooted things," and their bite was like that of scorpions. A young lady in the next room arose and devoted herself to the work of slaughter for the space of three hours, insis ting that she had paid her passage—making her shoe a *guillotine* more bloody than any recorded in history.

Hoping for some door of escape, I peeped through the lattice of my dormitory, which opened into the gentlemen's cabin, and there I saw the floor strewn so thickly with cots, in which were stowed living beings of every nation and hue, that to walk forth was impossible, and to breathe the heated and poisoned air quite as undesirable. What should I do ? There was no alternative but to lie down and resign myself to—bugs ! For a long time it seemed doubtful whether there would be anything left of me to tell the story. To wage war, to

fight, to flee, would have seemed glorious, but to lie passive in the arms of such foes, without the prospect of a victorious crown, the "meed of praise," nor even the pleasure of struggling, was inglorious and humiliating indeed.

But "all things must have an end," and so did that night; and the morning dawned so proud and glorious that I could almost thank my enemies for compelling me to rise in season to "behold its appearing." There was not a cloud in all the sky, and a flood of golden light bathed the island and the stream, while the air came fresh and sweet, laden with life and health and strength to the weary. The prairie is no longer a dull monotonous waste; the tall grass is waving to the breeze; you look abroad upon a wilderness of flowers, the "tasselled corn is bending o'er the teeming plain," and the cottage and cabin are surrounded by the tokens of cultivation. Rock Island sits like a beautiful gem on the waters, and busy towns are scattered all along the shores.

A romantic story is related to every traveller in this region of a distinguished and handsome English officer, who wandered into these western wilds, when the Indian was still in possession, and fell in love with a beautiful Indian girl, whom he wooed and won and took to be his wife. He built a cabin on the river's bank, accommodated himself to Indian life and manners, and from youth to old age has remained seemingly content

and happy, mingling but little in society, and not at all with people possessing tastes similar to his own.

His palate has been resigned to Indian cookery, and his habits to Indian housewifery; and for one thing he certainly deserves commendation, that his heart has never wavered in its fidelity to the bride of his youth. She has ever retained her Indian dress, and I believe has never learned to read, yet has ever remained sole mistress of the affections of a highly cultivated and accomplished man, accustomed to the refinement and luxury of English society. Their daughters have been educated at a popular boarding school, and are bright intelligent girls, but not so content as their father with their home and mother—often manifesting mortification at their mother's manners and dress when she visited them, and expressing the wish that they were either English or Indian, and their position defined as either savage or civilized.

It was indeed one of love's strangest freaks, and, as in many other cases, "there is no accounting for it."

A Hint to the "Lords of Creation."

I HOPE it will be understood with what timidity I take my pen to give those a hint who are so much unused to be instructed by "*us women.*" But it is sometimes given to "the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and though I do not wish to *confound them*, I would like to enlighten them on one or two points.

It is very often my lot to hear ladies when they have taken up a "Paper," exclaim as they throw it down, "Dear me, nothing in it but law and politics, and stupid

old documents and police reports. Of what earthly use can they be. I wish they would have something that I can understand—something interesting."

And here some wise gentleman looks over his spectacles and remarks, "You ought to be able to understand these — it would be much better for you than the silly love stories, or trifling articles which you like." But he does not take it into his wise head to consider that she was not educated to understand these things. It was not considered necessary for her in the sphere in which she was expected to move!— She was told that men did not like women who "meddled with politics," or soared to things above their comprehension—and that they a little preferred those who were not able to comprehend. "So she did as she was told," like an obedient girl, for she wished to please you and get a husband!

Now he has one whom she thought would make an excellent wife beeause she was so quiet and so affectionate, and looked up to him so reverentially! But who now that the honeymoon is over, really wishes that she could talk about something sensible, and had a head as well as a heart.

Neither does he take it into consideration that he has never taken pains to supply the defects of her education. Hours and days and weeks he has spent poring over the long stupid documents—devouring them all by

himself as if he were in bachelor's hall. All the long winter evenings he spends reading the "Papers" in silence, because, "his wife would not understand if he should read aloud," never offering by a little explanation a few passages of History or Biography so familiar to him to make even law and politics interesting to his companion.

"Milk for babes," was St. Paul's advice, and it is as good a rule for the babes of literature. As it is impossible for her to understand the long stupid documents which fill the newspapers, she should be provided with something which she can understand. There should at least be one corner for her. But here the "corps editorial" will remonstrate, "are there not enough entirely devoted to their understandings. It is impossible to fill up any of our important corners with such trifles as please ladies."

Yes, but there are a great many families scattered all over the country who can *afford to take but one paper*, and this of course must be one which has the most "ship news," and the longest column devoted to the "price of stocks," and the "New York market,"—the prospect of a "war on the continent," and "the state of the whale fisheries." This is what gentlemen wish to know, and therefore they will know it! "Ladies do not read newspapers to teach them how to darn stockings or make delectable soups."

No, but they need something to give variety to the long weary hours, and more than all, they like to feel that they share your pleasures—that they are not helpmates merely for your animal gratification. Bring home a paper every night in one corner of which you are sure there will be something your wife can appreciate, whilst she is mending your coat or rocking the baby, and she will mend it all the nicer, I assure you, and be inexpressibly happier whilst she is doing it.

And when she has learned to welcome the newspaper for that lone corner's sake, she will begin to look it over for your sake, and try to understand what interests you. Then if you will only kindly and patiently teach her, you may soon have an intelligent companion to share your thoughts, and the little boy who is to receive his first impressions from her lips, will be a wiser and a better man.

She must have a motive for self-improvement, and the strongest one you can present is that she will thus add to your happiness. But do not sit there moping till she has become wise enough to entertain you or share your reading and conversation. Begin with entertaining her and prove to her that wisdom's paths are flowery, and allure her by culling the fairest and sweetest blosoms in the parterres of knowledge—and let her her see that among the sweetest *fruits* are patience, long suffering, sympathy and kindness. Let me tell you that life's

thorny pathway would be smoother thus travelling together *companions in all things*, than whilst you stride onward, never offering a helping hand to her who cannot keep pace alone.

The Little Boy with Faggots;

OR,

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

AS I was walking home last night through one of the thoroughfares of the great city, I met many little boys with bundles of faggots in their arms, and some tied with a hempen cord and slung upon their shoulders; and having an inveterate habit (I will not say whether it is good or bad,) of speaking to all little boys and girls that I meet in the street, that look as if a kind word would be kindly received, I stopped to talk with these.

To one, who seemed about twelve years of age, I said, "what a nice parcel of wood you have, where do you pick it up?"

"Oh, out here where they are building," said he, and I knew instantly by the tones of his voice and the mild pleasant expression of his eye, and his respectful manner, that he either had a comfortable home and kind parents, or had experienced some sorrow which had softened him and exerted a purifying influence upon his boyish spirit.

His clothes were very thin and tattered, and soiled too; his shoes were too large and his cap not large enough; it evidently fitted him when he was many years younger, but his face, if it had belonged to one who was well dressed, would have been called handsome; with him were two others, smaller and laden with a similar burden, but easily distinguished as belonging to a different nation. Their round chubby faces and dumpy figures told that they were Dutch, but their countenances also indicated they had the true Dutch good humor and warm heart.

When I asked their names, the little boy said, pointing to the largest one, "he lives with us, but he is not *ours;* he has no father nor mother, and no home, and so he sleeps with us.

I looked again upon that youthful face, and the lip was quivering and the tears were gathering in his full

dark eye, and I knew his heart was throbbing quick and loud, and his little breast was heaving with emotions which none but the homeless and friendless can know. For a moment I could scarce speak myself, and knowing that I must not stop to learn his history in that noisy street, I asked the No. of their residence, and telling them I would call soon to see their mother, I bade them good night.

Very early this morning I threaded my way through the narrow alley where I knew I must expect to find my little friends. As the poor need neither bars nor bolts to guard their treasures, when I reached the door I entered without ringing or knocking or waiting for an usher.

I went on up stairs, but I must stop to say that the stairs were very clean and white, and looked as if they had been lately scoured, and at the next door I gently tapped, and Robert, my little acquaintance of the night before, appeared before me as its opener.

What a sight for those who dwell where luxury or even plenty reigns. In one little room were the father and mother and their *six children*, and yet they had room for another who was "neither kith nor kin." * *

The Saviour said, "He that giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones in my name, he shall in no wise lose his reward." They had given more than the cup of cold water—food, shelter, ah yes, and more

than this—they had given him a little corner in their HOME, and though it was what any of my readers would call a very dark and almost loathsome corner, it was very bright to him, because it was lightened all about with the halo of that sweet word WELCOME.

Oh into how many glistening halls might he have gone, where the hangings were of gold and silver and tapestry, and where they had "room enough and to spare," and heard the hollow ringing of that cold word "depart." He might have asked of those, whose food is the richest and costliest which the market affords, and whose drink is the sparkling juice of the vine, and they would have answered, "we know you not."

I enquired how much the father earned by his daily labor, and he said, now he had a good place where he was paid four dollars a week. "And how much rent for this room and a little bedroom adjoining?" "Five dollars a month." Thus there is left not quite the wages of three weeks to feed and clothe nine, and yet they take an alien of whose birth and parentage they know scarcely anything, and bid him sit at their table, and warm himself by their fire, and sleep under their poor roof, as kindly and heartily as their own!

"How came you to know him at all?" asked I. "Oh," said the mother, "my little boy found him in the street and he was crying bitterly because his mother was dead, and he had no home, and he brought him in

and said, "O mother, let him sleep with us; he will be good and help us pick up sticks; will you, mother?" so she said, "I could not refuse him—and he is a good boy, and does all he can to help us along."

I then drew from him a little of his story, and found his birth-place was a western city; and when his parents died, knowing that he had a brother here, he came, without doubt that he should be kindly received, and found his brother worse than a stranger. He would not permit him to share his home, nor do aught toward providing him with one elsewhere. So he went forth to beg, and strange it was that he did not learn to steal.

Many a night he slept in the street in open carts, or wherever he could hide away; and many days and nights he had not so much as a potato or a bit of bread to appease his hunger. He asked for work, but no one wished the sevices of so small a boy, one whom they did not know, and therefore could not trust.

When weary with wandering he would lie down in despair, bathing the cold stones with his tears, and fall asleep wishing he might never awake, and in the morning, cold and damp, and scarcely at all rested by his slumber, would arise to drag his aching limbs through another day, and sleep another night on the same cold, lonely pillow, beneath the same blue canopy.

At length, among his street acquaintances, was a little boy, who learned to love and pity him, and offered to

share with him his little corner, the portion of coarse food they could obtain, and a mother's care.

It was a rude, unseemly place, but perhaps as clean and comfortable as the mother of seven children could make it by nine o'clock in the morning; and one very pretty sight met my eye on opening the door, a baby in a tub of water, splashing, and spattering, and crowing, as happy as the baby of any lady in the land. And when it was taken out, it was dressed as clean as a baby need be, and what mother was ever so poor, that she could not in some way obtain a ruffle for the baby's frock! Oh yes, and it had a *yellow* frock too, and, with the little white ruffles in the sleeve, and the dimpled shoulder peeping out above, it was a baby to be kissed, and seemed fully to understand its importance as it was handed from mamma to papa, and then to the "ladies," for this purpose.

I offered the mother a book, and what was my surprise to learn that she could not read; but she said her husband could, and the little boys—and one ran quickly and brought a Bible which had been given him at the Sunday school.

This was the second instance I had found that morning where the mother could not read, though the father could.

So she did not learn self-denial and disinterested benevolence from the Word of God, but her countenance

and conversation indicated a heart in which the Spirit of Truth and Love had taken up its abode; and I could but hope that He who had begun the good work would perfect it, and that she was laying up her treasure in Heaven.

There was a little girl of eight or nine years; "and what does she do," I asked, "to add her mite to the common treasury?" "Oh I do not send her out," spoke the mother very sorrowfully, "I do not send her into the street, I must work very hard and suffer very long before I send my little girl into the street; she might be taken up, and I never know what became of her."

The child was bright and pretty, and I understood the terrible fear of a mother's heart.

They all seemed to love one another, but the most beautiful sight of all was the orphan boy, standing in their midst, his bosom swelling with the gratitude his lips could not speak, whilst each said some kind word for him, and with a delicacy which the most cultivated could not more than equal, tried to make him feel that he was a blessing and not a burden in their little household. "Of those to whom much is given, much will be required." If the rich and prosperous are to be judged by this law, how will they answer in the great day for the treasures which God has enabled them to accumulate?

How will they look upon the thousands of orphan children, whom they might have rescued from poverty, degradation and crime, and saved their souls from the penalty of guilt ?

Here is a family, whose toil is the most menial of drudgery, without education, refinement, or intelligence, whose subtantial meals are not so much as the crumbs which fall from your table, and yet they divided with him who had none—" they have done what they could," and who is not ready to blush with shame, when he remembers his blessings and privileges and his abundant means, and thinks of what he has " left undone," in this great work !

How much need we have to pray that God will not reward us according to our deeds. May some heart be moved by this simple story in the annals of the poor, to feel for the orphan's woes, and listen to the orphan's cries—and wipe away at least, one poor orphan's tears.

Our Valley,

IN SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

SPRING.

"Will you walk into my parlor,
Said the spider to the fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."

BUT I do not mean to ask you to walk into my parlor this bright pleasant day in May. If you will sit down beside me on the terrace step, I will bid you look abroad on the most beautiful combination of mountain, meadow, stream and hill, your eyes ever beheld—a landscape whose name is beauty.

Here you shall be shaded by the moosemissa, that twines its branches in delicate tracery above your head, and over the trellis is creeping the Petunia with its tiny leaves just uncurling, and the little tendrils clasping confidingly the arms I have given them for support. This is on the brow of the garden hill; at the end of the walk at your left, a beehive is humming, humming, and all around are the trees in blossom, and the shrubbery begins to "leave out."

In front, on the border of the terrace, is a row of gooseberry bushes, and if you will come at noon and be very quiet, "as still as a mouse," you shall see among the almost invisible flowers a dozen humming birds. Those little fairy creatures, poising in the air while they dip their bills in a hundred tubes, and fill the air with soft music, like that of the Æolian when the evening zephyr plays.

How many hours I sit and watch them here,—a thousand rainbow hues are glistening in the circle around the throat, and scarlet, green and golden is the crest. A leaf is sufficient to support them, and when they light, they seem scarcely larger than a bee, but how graceful every motion as they hop and turn about; but in vain I look for those little net-work wings among the spangles where they rest. In all animated nature there is nothing else so beautiful.

Below at the foot of the hill is the orchard; this is

what we call it, because once it was a place where apples grew, but now it is a sort of "drawing-room" for Dolly the pony, or any little lamb who may have lost its mother, or a "handsome calf" who is to be "reared." Dolly walks lazily about as if she were "lady of the manor," and seems to understand that Charley and Katy are in the harness, or away over in the pasture, while she is permitted to browse and crop in a more fruitful and luxuriant field.

The meadow is a semi-circle in its form, around which the river winds, and I get a peep at it now and then through the thick green foliage which droops upon its borders, while gradually rising from the opposite bank are those "old granite hills," which I have loved ever since I can remember. Did you ever see Moose Hillock? Look then how he towers above all the surrounding hills. Bald he has been from his youth up, and whether he is afraid of catching cold, or whether it is a humor of his, I know not, but never more than a month in the year, and that in the very hottest weather, is he to be seen without his cap, his night-cap, we call it, though he wears it night and day.

Ah, yes, very well do we know when Old Boreas is let loose, and the icebergs are coining, and snows are gathering and winter is coming, for Moose Hillock is first to cover his bald head and don his white robes, and not till his broad shoulders are bare again do we feel

sure that the wind will not come sweeping down the valley, and blight all the leaves and tender blossoms. It is May as I said, and I can scarcely see the furrows on his face, deep and dark as they are, and his cap is drawn far down over his brow; but stern and brown, and burley as he is, there is not an inhabitant of the valley that does not love him and feel for him a peculiar reverence.

At his feet sits Sugarloaf, in her blue morning dress and grey slippers; but she sits up so prim and straight, and looks so unsociable, that we hardly think her a fit companion for her lord, the brave old country gentleman.

Far away at his right stretch the black hills,—at full view from where we sit are the Franconia mountains, and farther on we have just a glimpse of the white hills, so grand and always hoary. Oh, the mountains, the mountains for me, let me live and die among the mountains!

Antiquarians and geologists, those learned people, say our valley was once a lake—a range of the Green mountains on the west forming a perfect amphitheatre with the granite hills on the east, completely enclosing us, the river being now the only remnant of what was once a large sheet of water.

Elms, oaks, and butternuts, dot the meadows and shade the stream. Bold crags and cliffs are jutting out here and there by the road side, and wild cataracts are

dashing down the precipices. Foutains are gleaming in the forest, and brooks are meandering through the dells.

It is noon now, but if you will come again at sunset you shall see a sight as glorious as Italy can boast, when the mountains and the hills are clothed in crimson and the valleys seem a flood of gold.

Now they fade, and the shadows come creeping on. The clouds rest on the hill tops and the dew is on the grass. Listen, and you shall hear the crickets from under every leaf, how cheerily they sing, and the frogs are making bass, treble and tenor, quartettes. If you will stay a little longer you shall hear the whipporwill; every night she is there, but where I have never yet been able to learn. I have been sure she was in that tree, and when I came softly up, her song was far away under the hill, and if I followed her there, her sorrowful strain would be echoing by the river bank. So I have given it up, and let her take shelter under her nomme de plume, or nomme de tune; as long as she will sing "whipporwill" through all the summer evenings, concealed in her leafy bower, I will not ask her to appear on the stage.

The cows have been milked and the hens have gone to roost, the villagers are strolling through the street, and the "boys are whistling as they go." The work is

done up, and the matrons and maidens are knitting on the doorsteps or chatting by the gate.

It is nine o'clock, the granaries are locked, the doors are closed, the lamps go out, and you and I must go in; but if you will come another time I will tell you more about "Our Valley," for I have not revealed to you half its charms.

SUMMER.

Now, dear Reader, are you ready? If you are we will take a ride. A string of pearls is on every blade of grass, and diamonds are on every calyx, and leaf and flower. Every tree is a concert room, from which is pouring forth such melody as the walls of no Metropolitan ever echoed. Oh, I hope you love the forests, fields and flowers, else I shall not be disposed to ask you to ride with me, especially in this cozy way, in the old chaise with Dolly the pony. See how very nice and sleek she looks—and she likes a ride almost as well as I.

We will go up by the river bank—how the waters gleam and sparkle in the morning sun; and here is the eddy curling so gracefully underneath the rocks. How

many hours I have spent in childhood on that sunny bank, and climbing over those rocks. Here is where the bend in the crescent meadow begins, and those great boulders may be worn for ages by the current and they will not perceptibly diminish.

On our right is the river, and on our left, "a little strip of meadow-land," "in which the farmer sows his seed," which yields abundantly of "all the fruits of the earth." Across the river, too, is a meadow, and those two white cottages you see, looking like twins, are occupied by two twin brothers, who have lived there all their lives and grown rich with the products of that little bit of land. There is a village near by, but I do not see as it has grown any since I can remember, and all along among the hills, as far as the eye can see, a steeple may be seen nestling among the trees.

I wonder if it is association that makes the spire so picturesque and so welcome a sight to the traveller in New England?

Here comes a little brook, leaping and skipping and dimpling along. Oh, how I love its merry music. How many castles, of new shingles, have I built upon its borders, and how many hours with a troop of merry cousins have I "played go a-visiting" from castle to castle, where we have eaten and drunk from broken bits of china imaginary tea and pastry, with a better relish than any substantial viands have ever afforded since.

How many apple pies and dumplings I have made on that rock, with the sparkling sand for spice and pebbles for plates. How many fishes I have tried to catch in those little nooklets with a crooked pin, and a bit of flannel for a " bait," which the fishes always knew better than to taste !

But Dolly does not care about these pleasant remembrances, and is in a hurry to go on,—so here we are at the top of the hill, and here is an old castle of a house, that would pass very well for a ruin, and is emblematical of the ruined hopes and expectations of him who built it.—He was a singing master, and sung himself out of house and home. Its present possessor is not given to " fixing up," and so there it stands, a blight on this fair scene. Near by is a little brook, and not far away I hear the music of the foaming cascade, as it bounds over the hill, and remember well how I once played truant, and climbed up among the bushes and crumbling rocks to take a shower bath, " all for nothing," and came very near being turned into a waterfall myself.

But now look abroad, and whilst you are gazing I will tell you that I am not alone in thinking this one of the most beautiful landscape views this world affords.

A friend of mine was dining at the American Hotel in Paris, and a gentleman whom she did not know, and who did not know her, was relating his journeyings

and telling of the beautiful spots he had seen in the old world and in the new, when suddenly her attention was arrested by a picture she could not fail to recognise, for she had gazed upon it often from this very hill-top. He had been in every State in our Union, and in most of the countries of Europe, and he had found but one scene to rival this in loveliness, and that was in the north of France.

Was not this a compliment to "Our Valley," which we may be proud to repeat?

This is "Ingall's Hill," and for miles you can see the river winding through the luxuriant meadows,—the mountains stretching far away in the distance till they are lost in the blue ether, and I can point to you the spot where they come down to the very water's edge, on both sides of the stream, and terminate the valley on the South, by taking hold of hands, and giving the river only a very narrow passage to make its way onward to the sea. Only the artist's pencil can give you any idea of the beauty and variety which you can behold at one glance of mountain and valley, and river and streamlet, and dingle and dell.

But look, there is something you might see only once in coming a hundred times. A deer has been startled from his leafy covert. Our voices have reached him—how he trembles—away he bounds, over the fence, up the mountain, and is lost in the forest.

Is it not a beautiful sight—how fortunate that yon came to day, for though I pass over very often, it is not as frequently as every season that a deer crosses my pathway. This is worth putting in your note-book.

I am sometimes asked by those whose vision is bounded by brick walls, and who never even saw a mountain, if we are not afraid to go forth lest the bears and wolves devour us? To which I answer, the bears and wolves have all departed, but we have plenty of *dears!* You have seen one, perhaps you will see more!

There is a flock of ducks sailing in the river, arranged in regular rank and file. See them dip their heads in the water, first one, then all, without disturbing their soldierly dignity and etiquette. Did you know before that they always sail as the wild geese fly, in the form of a triangle, which is exactly the form of an old-fashioned harrow? But I presume you know nothing about it, for they must be greater geese than any I ever saw if they permit their *qua qua* to be heard amidst the rattle, and clang, and clatter of a great city. They are great geese, but they are wiser than that!

The meadows form the most delightful feature in the landscape. Here the river runs along close under the hill, and a little farther on makes a graceful curve, and flows smoothly between two rich intervals, which in another freak it soon terminates, and finds shelter beneath an overhanging cliff on the other side. Here an

elm and there an oak, and then a butternut, is throwing its graceful shadows o'er the field, and if a painter had stood on this hill, and decided how many should be left for ornament, and how they should be arranged, I think the effect would not have been more perfect to your eye.

We might stand all day gazing, and should not weary, but before we return I must take you into this old-fashioned farm house, where you shall see how our worthy grandmothers lived, for the maiden ladies, who dwell here, adhere to the primitive simplicity of the olden time.

Their father was a brave soldier in the wars, and they had two brothers; one who went to seek his fortune in other lands, and the other who lived with them unmarried till he died, and left them alone to "keep house" and take care of the farm; and should you see how well they manage it you would be convinced what woman can do when thrown upon her own resources.

Here you shall walk upon the "sanded floor," upon which you may be careful not to "drop your bread and butter," and look upon unpainted walls scoured to snowy whiteness. You shall see beds of down and patchwork quilts, and blankets of wool which they "picked" and carded, and spun and wove, and sheets made of flax which they raised and bleached, and "made into cloth;" rivalling even "Holland" itself.

The table-cloth will dazzle your eyes, as will also those rows of pewter on the "dressers," and you will wonder by what process these knives and spoons are burnished; and I shall be obliged to tell you that they use an ingredient which is almost banished from modern kitchens, though so plenty in the days of our grandames, which is, "elbow grease." You shall have "boiled dish" for dinner, and tea, real "Suchang," in those tiny cups, and "puff biscuit" and butter which looks as if it were made of butter cups, and such a dumpling as you never tasted. And you shall be regaled with conversation that is as rare as your repast, so spiced with common sense and mother wit, and anecdotes of the early settlers—for they are old ladies now—and you shall admire (if you do not I will never forgive you,) their dresses of genuine homespun, cut after a pattern which has not varied for fifty years, and which has permitted them to enjoy health all the days of their lives.

Here they have lived always, entirely secluded from the world, seldom ever visiting their neighbors, and never indulging in gossip, and seemingly contented and happy. The rudest lips never mention their names but with respect, and the most indifferent heart yields a cordial tribute to their homely virtues. With what a hearty welcome you are invited to come again, and is not such hospitality the richest treat you have had for many a day?

We must go home now, and Dolly is in fine order too, for she has been cropping clover. See how she pricks up her ears, now she is homeward bound; I shall always quarrel with those who deny to her thought and intelligence. I had rather take a ride with her any time than with some stupid bipeds I could mention, and some day we will take another, dear reader, you and I, and see if she does not enjoy it as well as we

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AUTUMN.

I hope you have not forgotten me, and Dolly the pony, though it is a long while since I asked you to take a ride.

Just now I am sitting on the terrace steps, and Dolly is in the orchard that I told you about at the foot of the hill, and lazy sheep are scattered over the fields beyond. The men are harvesting in the meadows, and one of those light delicate veils of haze is spread over all the hills and valleys, for which our Autumn, and especially our Indian summer, is so renowned.

Oh! for the painter's magic pencil, that I might place

it before you in all its beauty, this little valley of ours, for

> " There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
> As this vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The mountains are just now in their glorious autumn hues, and a slight breeze stirs the leaves to give them a gentle motion. I hear the music of their rustling, and see the ever varying lights and shadows on the hill side, and by the stream ; a few birds are lingering here and there upon the branches, and send forth a deeper and more melodious song—at least it seems so to me—because perhaps it is a little tinged with sadness; for I know they do not like to leave their summer homes and me here among the mountain wilds, and flee far away. Oh, I am guilty often of wishing with the little boy in the primer that " summer would last always." I am sad at her departing, but if she were always here I should not have the joyous thrill which returning Spring sends through my soul, and the glad songs of the myriads of songsters, as glad as I, at the brightness and freshness, and beauty of the spring-time ; neither should I have this delicious dreamy sadness which infuses itself through my soul, and gives a mellowness to my feelings, that is sweeter than joy

The snows are kinder than usual this season, and Moose hillock is still bald—grand old mountain that he is—how I wish I could make you as much in love with

him as I am. But there are no humming birds now, and the gooseberry bushes have laid aside their summer robes.

The delicate tinted summer flowers, too, are gone; but the gay marigolds are in all their glory, and the little violets are the very last to hide their heads, because the coarse bleak wind is coming, and never for the rudest blast do they turn pale. They are conscious of their purity and truth, and like many other modest flowers, will live and blossom where they can be most useful, smiling alike in the storm and the sunshine—looking up so cheerful with their cheeks resting upon the brown earth whilst all their companions are shrinking and withering, and all the green leaves are faded. Oh! how I love them; and not for all the grand parterres in christendom would I part with this little bed of violets, that even the frost and the snows cannot chill.

Here is the bright little snow drop, too.—The leaves are all scattered, and the berries are left alone on the slender woody stem, and yet it is not disheartened. I love all things that bear up courageously, and quietly perform their mission, let what will oppose.

There is now and then a butterfly flitting about, and a catterpillar under every dead leaf, but the bees have ceased their humming, and we have stolen a goodly portion of their summer labor, for our Valley is a

land "flowing with milk and honey," and many other delicious things, as I will prove to you, dear reader, if you will come and take tea with me some time. You have no idea what delicious pies I can make, though very likely you will not believe a word of it, because you know I am in the habit of flourishing this old goose quill so dextrously!

You think I know nothing about pudding sticks; how I wish you could just taste of my hominy, which I make in a little kettle over one of Stewart's stoves, and which, when finished, we eat in little blue bowls, up to the *rim* in milk. And if you don't like hominy you may have sweet apples. Why, yes, and baked pumpkin, which will make your mouth water for ever after. And such hoe cakes, and drop cakes, and griddle cakes, and all kinds of cakes, so much the sweeter, you know, for my fingers having been in them; and I assure you the ink was all washed off!

But I really intended, when I began, to ask you to take another ride over the hills, or down to the village, or out to the Lilly pond; for the ways we might go are innumerable, and Dolly really looks disappointed that she cannot go, just because I have been so long gabbing away here about nothing. But it is too late now —the days are short, and we should not get home before dark; so you must excuse me though we will take a little walk, if you please.

"Down the lane" is one of my favorite strolls; and though it would be more polite, perhaps, to leave the choice to you, I take the liberty of deciding, because I am so much better acquainted with the localities. If we pass along under the hill, and jump over this fence, (I am sorry to ask you to do so unladylike a thing, but there is no other way,) and then through these bars, we come to the spot where the first house was built, more than a hundred years ago. It is what you would call a hut; but in it there lived a good man "all of the olden time," and a wife who was a genuine help-meet in the days of "wars and rumors of wars," and there grew up children and children's children, who have been an honor to Church and State.

The ashes of the old house are still here, a little further on, near the river's bank, are yet to be seen the remnants of an Indian Camp, for this crescent meadow was once their favorite camping ground, and often the plough and spade bring to light some of their rude implements, a war club, or hatchet, or arrow, where are now cultivated the rich products of weath and civilization.

The river here is distinguished by the name of "The falls," though I can hardly tell why, as there is no perceptible "*falling from its high estate*," and here it is shaded by magnificent oaks, and elms, and butter-nuts; underneath them on this little plat would be a nice

place for a pic-nic; and if you will come to see me in the "merry month of June," we will have one, and you shall see whether I can do nothing but scribble. But it will never do to be out after sun-set, so I must bid you good night.

WINTER.

You will wonder what I can have to say for Our Valley in Winter, when we are all buried up in snow; but you are not capable of appreciating what is grand, if you do not think it a glorious sight when the sun rises over Moose hillock on a winter's morning, and every snow-flake is a glistening star; when the icicles are hanging from every tree and roof, and the plain is like a sea of molten silver. Never am I more in love with the mountains, than on a cold day in January, when a fierce storm is raging and the winds are howling, and the dark forest trees are swaying to and fro, scattering their fleecy robes upon the hill sides.

A snow storm! It almost chills one to speak it, and it is not very pleasant to endure; but to stand where you are shielded from its rage, and see it sweep through

the valley, is to gaze on a scene which only a storm at sea can equal. But when it is over, what a merry time we have, peering through the snowdrifts which have piled themselves to our very roofs, and what a famous shovelling and sweeping there is over all the neighborhood, before we can be neighbors. Then the snow-paths, are they not clean and nice, with walls on each side above your head—what a pleasant sound is the creaking of your new boots as you hurry along—how much younger you look when the mountain breeze has kissed your cheek, and if you are a lady this is of great consequence! and how much younger you feel when refreshed by a draught of the morning air, which comes to you fresh from the fountains where it is distilled, with nothing but purity to breathe on as it passes.

But you would like to know what we do in winter-time to amuse ourselves, and help the weary hours to drag away. Oh, we know nothing about weary hours like you city people. We are quiet "country folks," and the days roll pleasantly along without any special assistance.

We call it Fall till the snow comes, and then Winter till it is gone, and this is the longest season of the year. But we are so well acquainted with him, that Winter always finds us ready. We know very well what a frown he will wear if there is an ear of corn unharvested, or pumpkin left in the field. Every farmer, when he is

married, listens to this solemn injunction from the lips of the minister:

> "Be kind, be good,
> And keep your wife in oven-wood."

And it is most religiously remembered. All the wood-sheds are full of "four-foot sticks," which "the boys" spend their leisure hours in "sawing," before school or when it is too stormy to go "sledding."

Our first grand festival is Thanksgiving, but I have told you about that in another place. The three weeks previous are spent in feeding the chickens and "cramming the turkeys," making the pies, and "getting things ready." There is some pleasure in having a feast when you have only one in a year, and the pleasure of a country Thanksgiving lasts a whole month.

By the time it is fairly over, it is the week to "kill pigs!" You are wondering if I call this one of the amusements! In the eyes of some people excitement and amusement are synonymous, and most surely it is a time of great excitement when some twenty or thirty stout porkers are led forth to slaughter. The men and boys, and especially the butchers, seem to enjoy it exceedingly, and the old lady who is the presiding genius in the kitchen in all the country round on those occasions, is in her element. What great fires are necessary for the great kettles, and what a great sputtering is kept up by their contents.

If you never "made sausages," or "scraped souse," I shall not be able to convince you that it is a very scientific and interesting process. What wise consultations are held whether sage or "summer savory" is the "best seasoning," and as to the best process of "taking out spare-ribs" and "curing hams,"—how "pork should be salted," and "beef put down." But the worst part of it is that we are obliged to eat such enormous quantities in order to keep it from spoiling

So the "killing pigs" keeps the house in a turmoil a whole week. At the end of this time we begin to think of Christmas, though among the genuine descendants of the Puritans this is not permitted to take its place among the festivals. We make a few more pies, though there are yet left several rows of those which were made in honor of Thanksgiving, and perhaps roast a turkey, bake a chicken-pie, and "go into some of the neighbors and spend the evening," where we have apples, pop corn and butternuts for "refreshments," and talk about the "news" in the "last paper;" and "news" is not so plenty in our village that it is an "old story."

Every morning somebody goes to the Post Office and as often as once or twice a week somebody has a letter. Two or three times in the course of the winter we "have company," and such luxuriant "teas" as we have, and such merry times, where *company* is a rarity!

There is no *good thing* in all the catalogue of cookery,

with which the table is not loaded, and the *centre dish* is a pyramid of that delicious honey, which was made by the bees that I told you about. There are biscuits as "light as a feather," and cold bread for dyspeptics—there are mince-pies and apple pies, and *tarts*, plum cake, pound cake, loaf cake, and "cake that is so plain it will not hurt you if you eat ever so much;" there are quince preserves and peach preserves, and plum—besides the honey—four plates of butter and two plates of cheese—and *such* butter and *such* cheese, as is made only in Our Vallley.

So you see it is not what *some* people call a TEA, where you have a thimble full of the steaming beverage, a bit of bread and cake just the size of your tongue, and the rest in gentility.

"New-Years" is not made "much account of;" the young people perhaps "get up a sleigh-ride," and the old people pay a visit to the minister; but before January departs, we have a "thaw," and during this I really cannot say much for Our Valley. It is neither Winter nor Spring, nor any other respectable time. The leaves do not dare to *come out* and the river does not dare to *run*—and yet they are exceedingly rebellious in their bonds.

Sometimes we have a freshet in mid-winter, when the ice breaks up with a great crash, and bridges are "carried away"—the meadows are overflown and trees up-

rooted, and "great damage" is done to "property" for miles up and down the river. This causes great excitement, and gives us opportunity for sympathy and earnest talk for weeks.

During February, which is the coldest month, we *burrow* very much like the animals. It is of no use trying to do anything but keep warm, and even this is not quite possible. There are not so many storms, but everybody you meet will say, "it is bitter cold"—the very air is *blue*—you can see it and feel it, though it moves not—it is heavy and still, and presses upon you like a weight. Yes, we begin to grow a little weary of winter before he is gone, and are never guilty of "wishing winter would last always." The jingle of the bells, as

> "Swift we go
> O'er the fleecy snow,"

becomes less musical—the snow-birds and blue-jays are pretty and sprightly, but they do not sing. The lowing of the kine is not a pleasant sound from the stall—and though Dolly the pony is just as clever, and "carries a sleigh beautifully," we lose our sociability. I cannot spend so much time talking with her and patting her; and she evidently does not enjoy the rides as she does in Summer, when we jog along so cozily.

Yes, we are glad when the sun revisits our northern sphere, and bids the waterfalls go dancing again, the rills leap forth, the trees blossom, and the grass spring

up. How everything awakes with light and life and joy. Oh yes, and then it seems to us that Our Valley is more beautiful than ever.

And who has seen the merry April shower
When dancing on the springing grass; and watched
The curling bud and tender leaf unfold
To drink the crystal drops, and give their first
Fresh perfume forth, to bathe the zephyr's wing
And fill the air with fragrance—heard the songs
Of birds from every bush and tree-top—seen
The bright green moss o'erspread the crumbling rock
And fallen tree, and heard some joyous sound
From every living thing, and has not felt
His heart beat warm with gratitude and love?
The Hand that ruled the wintry wind, and quelled
The raging storm, now leads the sunshine forth,
And beauty glides o'er all the waking earth.

Amelia.

HOW often have I gazed with pleasure, on the face where rested that peculiarly bright yet quiet expression, which nothing else in life can give, but a happy love. There is no longer the restlessness of her whose affections are still wandering about, and find no resting place. There may be yet a thousand plans for her to make—she may be still ignorant of the place of her future home—she may anticipate a weary journey and wandering life, but there is no sleepless anxiety or troubled thought—her heart has found a home!

The admiring homage of thousands would not now add one gleam to her smile—one glance alone can light it with unwonted brightness. No skillful physiognomist need falter a moment in reading the countenance of a true-hearted woman. Amid all the lights and shadows, there is one pure, softened ray, which nothing else can kindle in the eye of the betrothed. Not less pure, but more brilliant, is that of the wedded wife, but with none of the sparkling flashes of the coquette!

Never was this more perceptible than in Amelia.—Hers had never been a fluttering heart, nor a spirit disturbed by every passing breeze. If any censure had been spoken concerning her, it would have been that she had not sufficient animation, and many would have seen in her few attractions.

It was in her home and at the fireside that she must be seen to be appreciated. She was not one of the ornaments of society; for she mingled not with the world, and her great reserve and extreme sensibility deterred her from active interest in others. It was only a confiding friendship that understood her character, the pervading element of which was sweetness; and I did not know her with the intimacy of sweet communion, till grief had entered her bosom, and was performing with fidelity the silent work of the destroyer.

Day by day, I saw her happy, and I knew, what all

the world knew then, that she was engaged to Robert S——; and all who knew him said he was a noble, high-minded man, worthy of Amelia. He had not wealth, but the ambition and energy which insure the attainment of it. He was intellectual, intelligent, and fascinating; and many and warm were the congratulations they received, as the bright prospect opened before them.

How often have I found her reading a letter, and "from whom can it be?" I would whisper archly; but I had only that beaming smile for answer, as she would lift the lid of a beautiful papier-mache box—his gift—and show me a dozen, among which this would be deposited, and then she quickly turned the key, lest they should be desecrated by even a look from indifferent eyes.

She had a bible which he gave her, too; and it was always lying on the little table by her bedside, to read the last thing before she shut her eyes to dream of him, and the first to meet them in the morning.

How she loved to talk of their home, and how happy she was with her needle preparing for domestic comfort, and planning household arrangements. How proudly she exhibited the chest of linen and the patchwork quilts, in which were no stitches but those by her own fingers

For a year this happiness lasted, and then he left her

for a distant clime. As they talked over the "days of absence," she would sometimes say, "And what if you should change, Robert?" But this she did without a thought that it could ever happen; he would as soon have thought of suicide as change.

In a year he would be back again, and then they would part no more forever. Every pleasant haunt was visited, and every fond vow repeated. Her cup of happiness was full; and for many weeks, aye, months, no doubt or fear disturbed it.

His letters were, at first, the gushing springs from the overflowing fountain; but by degrees they became cold and restrained. Every expression of affection seemed forced, and she felt the contrast, before her mind could decide in what it existed.

It was an effort now to be cheerful; yet she chid herself for distrust. She looked within her own bosom, and said, "It is impossible the heart can change." Again she wandered by the brook and in the grove, to rekindle the memory of those solemn pledges, to revive the look, the tone, so dear to her; and then would hope spring up again, and she would feel sure that time would unfold the mystery, and all would be right—that is, as her heart wished.

Shall we follow him to those sunny bowers? It is possible for us, though impossible for her; I heard it from his lips, and therefore it must be true.

He is not alone; there is one who talks and walks and reads with him, and with whom he thinks it no harm to talk, to walk, and read; for she only wishes for intellectual companionship. Her weeds, which are very becoming, contrast strikingly with her delicate complexion; but he has not learned to read those dark eyes, or he would see something more than intellect in their unhallowed glances. She knows he he has left his heart far away in a northern clime, and talks to him freely of his beloved one, and also of her own desolation—her heart is in the grave!

Ah, man is not alone the seducer—woman is not alone the victim!

He has fallen; but her family are among the proud and aristocratic—disgrace must not fall on them. He has sinned and wronged, and must make the only reparation now left, to redeem the daughter of the house from infamy!

For Amelia, there was no longer the pretence of affection; the letters ceased, but without explanation; and at length hope died; but love could only cease with life. No censure passed her lips, and no murmur was heard from her sinking spirit.

Day by day the bloom faded from her cheek, and sorrow was written upon her brow. I knew she would die, for her mind was not one that could be diverted by amusement, or find employment by concentration of

mental energy. When there was no longer any object for her affections, life was without interest, and there was nothing to preserve even physical strength.

She could not endure the thought of mingling again with the thoughtless, for her delicate nature would shrink from the look of pity, and would wither beneath the look of scorn; and well she knew that both would be directed towards her—desertion being almost as sure a mark of degradation as sin and shame, in vulgar minds—the envious would rejoice and the malicious triumph.

I knew that she had only a little while to live, and I wrote to Robert S——— a reproachful letter such as I thought one deserved who had thus trifled with and trampled upon such a heart.

He answered it; but he did not try to palliate his guilt. He was married, and silence was his duty, now; and any expression of sympathy or regret would be only mockery.

I prepared the way for conveying this intelligence to Amelia, as well as I could, knowing that I could not soften it, so that it would not prove the death-blow, yet still thinking it best not to withhold the stroke.

The fountain of her tears had long been dry, and I hoped this would bid them gush forth again. I even dared to hope that something like scorn and hatred might be fostered in her bosom. This can be done

where only fancy or passion has existed; but anything like revenge, or wish to injure, can never occupy the place true love has once usurped in a noble heart.

She had lingered through the summer, and faded with the flowers, yet she was not confined to her bed; and every day I read to her, and brought her garlands from the wood—those wild vines and blossoms which she had so loved in health—and tried to cheer her with the hope of again enjoying the pleasures of life. But this she did not desire; she had put her trust in Heaven, and would talk of being reconciled to live, and the hope of being useful, if God saw fit to keep her yet a little longer in the world; but death was the messenger she longed to meet, and she did not doubt of happiness in Heaven.

The iron had entered too deep for the wound to heal; she could not recover from such a shock. But I had no idea she was so near her end, and day after day put off repeating what I knew must break the last link that bound her to earth. If I had reflected a little more deeply, I should have withheld it.

It was one of those delicious Indian summer evenings, when even the invalid needed not to shun the window, though the golden tinge of Autumn was over all the hills, when she sat with her wasted hand in mine, and both were resting on the Bible, that I, for the first time for many weeks, alluded to him who had wrecked her

hopes and crushed her heart. There was no bitterness in her words—some mystery, she said; she could not believe it was deliberate wrong.

I showed her the letter; she read it through, folded it, and laid it upon the window sill, and said she would like to answer it, if I would write what she wished to say.

They were a few words, expressive of confidence in his truth; for by inspiration she seemed to understand what no one else had faintly conjectured. She spoke of suffering, and of forgiveness—she should soon be in her grave; but whilst she lived, her heart would remain true, and in death there would be no change.

She had ceased to speak, and the shadows of evening were gathering around us. A cold shudder passed over her frame, a single flush crossed her pallid cheek, and then a dark shadow seemed to settle for a moment upon her brow. I soon saw it covered with the clammy dews which gather there only when the icy hand of death is upon the heart; a few hurried and scarcely audible respirations followed, and her spirit had fled, "where sorrow, wrong, and trouble, can never torture more."

I was left alone with the clay, and could not mourn that it was no longer tenanted. I pressed the lids upon those eyes which had so often beamed upon me with affection, left the sad office of watcher to another, and

sought the solitude of my room, to weep "in agony that would not be controlled"—not that she had gone—oh, no; it was merciful to take her away; but I wept for the sufferings of a fallen world. This is the history of many—oh, how many—hearts!

To the majority of women, love is life—it is all they have to live for; and when it is taken away, they have not, like men, a profession, business, travel, and pleasure to divert and occupy their minds. It is a sorrow they can never tell to seek the healing balm of sympathy—they have only to sit down and endure.

Oh, the sin and wrong it is to trifle with affection—the purest, holiest, noblest gift which our Heavenly Father has bestowed. It is the redeeming element in a fallen world. And a nature which is base enough deliberately to plan the ruin of a trusting, loving heart, or so lost as to look with indifference upon the wreck which falsehood and betrayal have effected, is only fit for the companionship of fiends and the prince of darkness.

But Robert S—— was not one of these. I had scarcely returned from the solemn ceremony of consigning "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," when I was startled by the entrance of him whom Amelia had hoped to see once more; and she was scarcely more changed in the last days before her death, than he seemed as he stood before me

I could not welcome him, and shrunk from the grasp

of his hand; but he was not a subject of envy as he listened to the story of her suffering, and felt in every nerve the story of her wrong.

He besought me to spare my reproaches, for he needed pity more than blame; and I could not withhold my compassion, as I heard the confirmation of the words of the wise man, written so many years ago, that "many a strong man has been slain" by the "fair speech" and "flattering lips" of the "subtle heart."

I went with him to the mound which covered the new-made grave, and could no longer doubt the agony of his soul, as he knelt upon the green turf, and shed the tears which seemed wrung from his breaking heart, and prayed to be forgiven.

I stole silently away, and left him alone with his God.

The Winter Bouquet.

RECEIVED ON A SICK BED.

Here blooms the fair Camellia,
With its robe of purest white,
Beside a blushing rosebud
Just opening to the light;

And here are sweet Geraniums
Of every varying hue,
Entwined in pleasing contrast
With the Heliotrope of blue.

There slyly peeps the Daisy,
So lowly in its birth,
Where proudly peers the evergreen
To shelter modest worth.

And there are countless blossoms
In crimson blushes too,
While fringed and tasseled leaflets
Half shield them from the view.

It is a beauteous garland,
And beauty's spell I own,
Yet o'er these clustering flow'rets
A holier charm is thrown.

The gift of one whose friendship,
And self-denying love,
It needs not time to halwo,
Adversity to rove;

Whose heart with fervent sympathy
In time of trial glowed,
And from whose bosom pity
In gentle current flowed;

With brow all brightly beaming,
Where loftiest beauty smiled,
She came with these poor emblems
To bless affliction's child.

How sweet to breathe the fragrance
Their dewy leaves impart,
But sweeter far the fountain
Warm gushing from the heart.

Conversation as an Art.

DR. Johnson made it a study before going out, where he should meet those whom he would be expected to entertain, what he would say and how he should say it, in order to please and in order to instruct. His sayings at dinners, clubs, and tea-parties are familiar as household words, but it is not now remembered when we repeat them, how much time he spent in preparing them, and the idea of *studying* fine things *to say*, would strike many as foolish, and betraying vanity, yet I see not why we should not study as intently to talk well as to write well.

We have the "table-talk" of Coleridge and Hazlitt and many other great men, and we read it as if all these pearls and gems dropped from their mouths without any previous polishing, when, I doubt not, they were coined and moulded, wrought and re-wrought, with as much attention and skill, as anything in their written productions; and as what is said with the living voice is much more impressive than what is written, and must therefore be more potent for good or evil, why should we not study what we say?

Some one will probably answer that the occasions for conversation suggest the subjects, and we cannot know whom we are to meet or what they may say, and therefore cannot be prepared with *topics* or *replies* for the thousand meetings with as many different persons, to which we are liable. Certainly not, but there are many people who are expected, from position, or education, or circumstances, to introduce subjects for conversation, and to take the lead, wherever they may be, and those who are thus promoted should be able to talk "to edification," and say something that will do good, though they speak but a few moments, and with those whom they are never to meet again.

And I have thought upon the subject with special reference to the education of woman. I have even imagined that conversation could be taught, as an art, in school, and young ladies prepared for a sphere of

usefulness more extensive and more potent than any other within the range of her powers or of her *acknowledged* "rights and privileges," and I fearlessly add that if this one gift were cultivated as it should be, and might be, neither the rostrum nor the forum—if they were granted to her—would open a field of usefulness at all to be compared to it.

I know a lady who cultivated this power, and used it so discreetly and effectively, that hundreds acknowledged her as the instrument of their soul's salvation.

There are few sentiments which pass into a proverb without some foundation in truth, but would that there was justice in the universal slur cast upon the garrulousness and gossipping propensities of women. That they talk, and talk what does more evil than good, is the reputation they have, whether they are entitled to it or not. But it is time they were redeemed from this latter portion of the aspersion, and there is no way of accomplishing it, but by making the art of conversation an important branch of her education—something to be acquired and kept in view as a most effective means of usefulness.

That those who are educated will make this use of their knowledge, that they will of course converse about what they know, are not inferences we are justified in drawing from past experience. The young ladies who acquire what is called a good education are now very

numerous, and yet it is scarcely less proverbial that the majority of ladies "talk about nothing."

It is not a knowledge of books, merely, that entitles the posessor to be considered well-educated or cultivated, nor that enables her to teach well or to converse well. I have heard those who were principals of seminaries, and constantly applying for and receiving applications for teachers, say, that there were few whom they could recommend or employ as such. They had studied enough, but they had not incorporated the thoughts of others with their own—they had no originality, had never learned to think for themselves; and to repeat parrot-like what others have thought and said is neither interesting nor instructive.

When boys are in school and college they look forward with certainty to a profession, and are continually reminded of the use they are to make of what they learn; they are continually turning it over and thinking how they shall make it the instrument of promoting their fortunes or their fame, and so it becomes a portion of them; "they are to live by their wits," while girls are too apt to grow up with the impression that their success depends in not having any wits at all, at least in not making use of them.

It has, to be sure, been reiterated in their ears from time immemorial, that "there is no sphere so important as that of wife, and mother, and sister, and daughter,"

and yet, incomprehensible as it may seem, this very seldom influences a woman to attain to any great degree of cultivation. She is quite as sure to get married without it, and she can keep house and take care of children without it. When they ask questions, she can say "hush," or "go to your father," and when present where there is intelligent conversation she can keep silent. Why should she take the trouble to learn what is not absolutely necessary to her getting comfortably through the world?

A celebrated writer and observer has remarked that "a woman to maintain her influence, must either look well or talk well." The good looks do not always depend on herself, but to talk well certainly does. There should be a much larger proportion of time spent by school-girls in writing and talking—in learning to express their own thoughts and those they acquire.

If a woman's object is to gain admiration merely, there is no way she can be so sure of doing so, as by an intelligent and animated conversation. There is no way that brilliant talents and solid acquirements may be exhibited to more advantage, and most surely there is no way in which good seed may be sown in the heart to spring up and bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold as by "a word in season," which is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Let every lady before going to a tea-party or sewing

society or social gathering, decide upon one or many interesting subjects which she will endeavor to introduce to those whom it may become her duty to entertain, and obtain all the information she can concerning them. If she select one about which there may be differences of opinion, let her revolve in her mind all the thousand and ten thousand *pros* and *cons* which may possibly spring up in the minds of others, and thus become familiar with the process of arguing, and learn to argue fairly. But the theme must not only be well conned; she must study quite as assiduously to talk about it in the right way, lest she should seem dictatorial and pedantic—as if she were reciting a book. If every lady should go thus prepared what an amount of small talk and gossip it would banish from social circles, and how many in a little time would become intelligent and take pleasure in mental cultivation who now make very little use of their acquirements.

I have seen the experiment tried in schools, and very successfully, of devoting two or three hours each week to *conversation cultivation*, if I may coin an expression; and if no other benefit accrued, it impressed upon the minds of young ladies the importance of training their tongues to usefulness, and inspiring them with ambition to redeem their sex from the accusations now so universal, of insipidity and frivolity.

Something of the same kind might be instituted in

families. Mothers, and fathers too, might thus prepare their daughters to be "burning and shining lights" in a sphere which is eminently theirs.

Oh! how many times have I blushed with shame and indignation to hear intelligent men complain of the tediousness and soul-sickness they felt at having been obliged for so long a time to entertain ladies! How many do I know who talk of their aversion to lowering themselves to the understandings and capacities of women! Men too, who would deny, if asked in so many words, that they thought woman needed any greater facilities for education or cultivation, or that she had not all the respect and honor which was due to, or that she had a right to demand.

It is not true that she is sufficiently honored or educated, or that her influence is sufficiently appreciated in her own quiet sphere, but it is also lamentably true that she has not cultivated rightly and made the best use of the talents which God has given her, nor made herself worthy of the respect and deference she claims.

It is a hackneyed theme, but I know of no other way than to give "line upon line and precept upon precept," "here a little and there a little," in hope and earnest prayer that some of it will prove the "good seed" in "fruitful soil," and in due time yield a harvest which shall gladden the heart of the sower, and testify to the glory of God.

Is She Happy?

"WHAT is fame to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? It is like the victor's wreath to him who is parched with fever, and longing for the one cooling draught—the cup of cold water."

This was the language of one who had been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, and on whom was lavished all the world has to bestow of honor, and yet her heart hungered!

Is she happy? is a question I have often asked, con-

cerning one who is walking in the same path, and breathing the same atmosphere of praise and adulation. I sometimes ask her if it is enough? if this is sufficient for her woman's heart? and she answers "yes." But I never yet believed her! Why those tears when there is no visible cause? Why does she start, as if guilty, when suddenly roused from a reverie? Why does she instantly assume that gay and careless air, lest we should know that she is ever sad?

I have seen her when she thought no eye was near, and no listening ear was by, with her face buried in her hands, and the hot tears falling thick and fast, while sobs seemed rending her bosom. If I should ask her the cause of her weeping she would answer "nothing," for woman must not speak the truth concerning her heart's yearnings.

And there are those who envy her—who think she glories in the world's homage, and loves its hollow praise. Oh, what an answer would her heart give back, could it speak from its hidden depths! Her name is on every tongue; but to her it is only mockery.

The unthinking world calls her cold and heartless—they contemptuously speak of her as one who prefers flattery to love—to whom the breath of fame is sweeter than the gushings of affection. She smiles, a gay, glad smile, when they tell her of the crown which is to deck

her brow, and they think she will wear it proudly. They know not how her soul tramples it in the dust.

"Why does she not renounce that which gives her no pleasure?"

A literary man in his advice to another, concerning the care of his health, says: "However happy he may be in the domestic circle, he must have something else to feed his *temper* and his *ambition!*"

"And is it also true of woman?" "No," I fearlessly answer, though there will be a multitude to contradict me. Woman needs nothing for her "temper" or her "ambition," if there is enough for her heart. God did not make man and woman equal and alike in all things —what a stupid world it would have been if he had! "There are diversities of gifts." What is lacking in one, is made up in the other.

But it *is* true that woman must have something to feed both her temper and ambition unless her heart is full! The excitement of a literary life, or of any other which affords constant occupation, is not sufficient for the happiness of which she is capable—for which "her soul hungers;" but it preserves her elasticity and her usefulness; aye, and sometimes saves her from idiocy or from madness!

"Why has she never married? This is woman's sphere, and the duties of the household are woman's duties," is the stereotyped answer to all this. Yes, but

they are duties which cannot be performed with any degree of acceptance when the heart is not engaged. Into other channels the heart may be forced, but into this never, as the thousand wretched homes into which woman has come with only her head and hands abundantly prove.

"Is she happy?" No, not in the sense in which you put the question; but she is too true a woman to consent to make others miserable, by taking upon her vows which she can never fulfil—by consenting to preside over a HOME, while her heart is still wandering—by attempting to diffuse light and life into the fireside circle, when her own bosom is without the love, the warmth-giving element, which alone can link in harmony the family bonds.

Oh, how happy she would be, and how happy she could make others, surrounded by those in whom her affections delighted. How congenial to her would be those quiet duties and gentle offices which bless a home; "but there is a God in heaven who says, thou mayest like to do this, but thou must do that."

When woman reigns in any other empire than home, it is from a stern necessity, which converts her into a martyr. But it is to the restless, weary ones of earth, that we look for the mighty deeds which shake the world and reform society. One who has spent his life in wandering says, "nothing is ever accomplished in

the world by the happy;" yet there are some whose high sense of duty bids them relinquish the happiness they might enjoy, in order better to promote the good of others; yet there are many more who are *driven forth*, else they would never go.

Few, very few, women launch voluntarily on the sea where pleasure or safety depends on the breath of popular favor. It is with the hope of finding anchorage for the tempest-tossed bark—some rock which will give temporary repose—but it is far from being the beloved port. And let those who are in the midst of green fields and flowery vales envy them not their perilous resting-place.

Adventures of a Snow-Flake.

Bright Snowflake! in wonder I gaze on thy form,
So perfect in beauty, thou child of the storm;
And the vesture so spotless which ever is thine,
Reminds me of stars which more gloriously shine;
When gilded like them, with the sun's ruddy beam,
As brilliant thy glow and as radiant thy gleam.

But where art thou wandering, bright beautiful one,
And why art thou resting here pensive and lone?
Thou couldst not have thought to come strolling this way
To hear from a damsel some flattering lay;

Important dispatches mayhap thou dost bear,
Intended to gladden a lone maiden's ear?
Commissioned art thou like the carrier dove?
Then welcome to me is thy message of love,
Whate'er be thy mystery, please to unfold,
I promise the secret shall never be told.

"Nay, kind-hearted maiden," then said the Snowflake,
"I came not so cruelly false hopes to awake;
For no special mission hath called me to flee
From my home in the heavens, to linger with thee;
I came not to rouse thee from reverie deep,
Nor disturb the gay visions of morn's dreamy sleep,
And no gift of love nor of friendship so sweet
Have I brought thee, a smile of approval to meet,
Having long been a rover in regions of space,
I'm seeking just now for a tarrying place,
To rest me awhile, then away I must fly
A wanderer free in the bright azure sky."

"I proffer thee shelter and gladly would learn,
If thou wilt relate it to me in return,
Companion of ocean, of earth and of air,
Whate'er thou hast seen in thy roamings afar."

Then answered the Flake, "I'm not always of snow,
But various mutations I oft undergo,—
Sometimes I appear as a light drop of rain,
Or with mist of the morning encircle the plain,
And borne in a cloud through the blue atmosphere,
Foreboding a tempest, I oft times appear,
With a gale from the north for my Charioteer,
And often at eve in the moon's gentle beam,
A glittering pearl in her radiant gleam,
But ever most lonely when sprinkling with dew,
The soft blushing rose bud just opening to view,
And ever unwelcome when clattering down,
On the leaves and the blossoms a merry hail stone.
But when in the stream on the sunny hill side,
In the deep ocean's spray or the billowy tide,—
In a thousand bright forms, though changing my name,
In all my identity still is the same!
A rover so fickle so free and so fleet,
How wondrous the varied adventures I meet.

I first knew a home in those primitive bowers
By innocence wreathed, and I danced in the flowers,
That frost never blighted, that knew no decay,
The hues of whose petals ne'er faded away;
Where the songs of the warblers ne'er hushed on my ear
For the cold Autumn winds, nor the winter so drear,

Where hope never wavered and peace never fled,
Nor doubt over Eden its bitterness shed.
But a murmur is tempted within me to rise,
As back to those moments fond memory flies;
I heard the destroyer his flatteries speak—
Saw the paleness that spread o'er the loveliest cheek,
And learned that our joy like mankind's had been riven,
And we too must roam out of Paradise driven,—
That whether on earth or the wide spreading sea,
Must be doffing our robes as the weather might be!
Till then I had been by the soft breezes fanned,
And knew not till banished that beautiful land,
Of the hurricane wild, of the deluge or flood,
Of murderous deed, or of carnage or blood.

I floated awhile on Mount Ararat's height,
To veil from old Noah the welcoming site,—
When the waters subsided, the valleys were dry,
And the bright bow of promise was set in the sky,
With the glittering hosts which were marshalled that day
I appeared, clad in beauteous, in glorious array,
To rival in splendor the sun in his gold,
And the stars that at night through the firmament rolled.

From Babel's proud summit I gazed o'er the earth,
When a thousand strange tongues to confusion gave

Fainting Hagar I saw in the wilderness stop,
And flew to her fount to contribute a drop.
My honor it was to direct on its way
The Israelite host, all the wearisome day—
Through ethereal regions ascending on high,
With my vapory cloak to enshroud Sinai,
And in Jordan's loved stream with a numerous band,
To water the shores of the long promised land.
In Solomon's temple where often I strayed,
I heard lute and harp, and the psaltery played,
And the anthem's deep peal through its arches resound,
While the loud Hallelujah was echoed around,
And I left not the land of my home and my birth,
A pilgrim to roam o'er the desolate Earth,
Till deep lamentation through Judah had spread,
And the song of her triumph forever had fled—
Till sorrow's dark cloud to Jerusalem clung,
And the minstrel his harp on the willow had hung.

I rolled in the waves of Genesaret's sea,
And crested the ripples of deep Gallilee;
I have been with the Saviour on Olivet's height,
Till his locks were all wet with the dews of the night;
With him have retired to Gethsemane's bowers—
Heard his Spirit's deep groanings in solitude's hours.
Saw the agony borne for a suffering world,
When the traitor came forth, with lip sneeringly curled

And a cheek that was blanched with the smile of deceit
And the kiss of betrayal, his Master to greet.
I passed by the hall of old Rome's haughty lord,
Who innocent thousands could slay at his word,
Clad in vesture of purple, of silver and gold,
That covered a heart to base perjury sold,—
By deep raging passion so heated his brain,
I entered not there for I knew it were vain.

In the caravan throng o'er Arabian sands,
I travelled with hordes of her wandering bands,
As borne by the camel who willingly strode,
Through the untrodden paths with his ponderous load,
Then Egypt, whose glory hath faded away,
Like mist of the morn in the sun's golden ray,—
Her story famed ruins and mouldering tombs,
And recesses deeper of pyramid wombs,
Attracted me there, with the silvery haze,
To shadow their grandeur from scrutiny's gaze,
The smiling Oasis I visited too,
To enliven a spot for the wayworn to view,—
In the crystalline fountain to gold sands below,
A mirror I granted their beauty to show.
Then borne far away on the spicy winged breeze.
I sought the deep caverns of India's seas,

To learn why I'm ever compared to the shell
Where an insect so puny hath fashioned its cell.
And proud I have been to be called like the pearl
That I found in its home where the dark eddies curl.

Long I lingered and dallied in Orient bowers,
In the loveliest shades, with the fairest of flowers,
Where the cocoa tree waves and the cinnamon blooms,
And the orange exhales all its richest perfumes.
On the plains where Bananas so fragrantly rise,
And the feathery palm spreads its leaves to the skies,
And the tropical bird with its many-hued wings,
In the echoing forest its roundelay sings;
But a land though it be where the soft zephyrs blow
T'is limited still by the regions of snow:
When loitering one day near the Boodh's sacred fount
I was wafted afar to proud Himmalah's mount,
Yet but for a moment I rested me there,
I scarcely could breathe, 'twas so high in the air;
To ill-fated Poland away then I flew,
To see her bow down to her conquerors anew;
To see the proud Russian his dark banner wave
Over Hungary too, o'er a people more brave,
Than stern autocrat were e'er given to thee,
And a people that soon from their yoke will be free.

I darted from thence to Alps' towering crest,
And added new lustre to Jura's grey vest,
To the Switzer I granted in the hour of need
The ambient mist for his flowery mead,
In his ivy clad fanes e'er delighting to dance,
Then I fled to the vine covered valley of France.
Her gay festive garlands I studded with gems,
More brilliant than shone in her wrought diadems,
For art cannot fashion a diamond so pure,
As the clear shining drop from the deep fountain ewer.

Away once again! and to Scotia's fair scenes,
How dear are to me all her woody ravines—
Her valleys, her moors, and her heath covered hills,
Her wild pouring streams and her murmuring rills;
I loved the free air of her mountains to breathe—
To dance on the lawns of the valley beneath—
To find a lone haunt in the dark forest glade,
In the coppice wood green or the light beachen shade—
In the wild rushing torrent to sparkle and foam,
Or find in Lochlomond's bright bosom a home.

In the land of sweet Erin I lingered awhile
To survey the rich vales of that bonny green isle,
Then sped to Old England and flew to the tower,
That ages have hallowed with legend and lore—

O'er the woodlands and dells which the warrior hath
famed,
Or the lay of the minstrel more sweetly hath named,
Through the valleys and wildwoods familiar and dear,
Through the tales of my sisters who once had been here,
On the storied Avon I'm proud to have been,
To have played in her dimples so smiling and sheen;
On her borders I aided the daisy to bloom,
And bade the sweet Jessamine shed its perfume.

In the wave and the white crested ripple I rolled,
And the primrose I kissed on its chalice of gold,
The voice of rich music I heard in those hours,
From the bard who once sung in those fairy wreathed
bowers,
And the brow of the minstrel whose lays never die,
And the soul of the poet—that gleam of the eye,
I have seen, as he bent o'er the crystal expanse,
To watch in the moonbeams the water drops' dance,
And the blythe laughing spirit of whom he would dream,
Was wooed by the Avon's soft murmuring stream,
And love was the theme, when in youth's sunny prime,
This poet of nature first whispered in rhyme.

But from these cherished scenes I must hasten away,
With these fond recollections no longer delay

For thee I may weary protracting so long,
This sketch of my wanderings in unlettered song—
I might lead thee to Lapland, where moss covered
dome,
Gives master and reindeer a mutual home—
Through lone Russian wilds, and Siberian snows,
Where rages the storm, and the fierce tempest blows;
To the far polar sea where a stern monarch reigns,
With his thick hoary locks which he ever retains,
But though he may seem so unwilling to yield,
To the hardy explorer his broad icy field,
He has only to find him in spring's smiling mood,
Or when summer's untying his winter drawn hood,
To assume unmolested the conqueror's power,
And sail on his way to the Indian shore.

Oh how many a tale in thy curious ear,
Could I whisper to strike thee with terror and fear;
What tidings could bring from the deep ocean's bed,
And the earth's rocking centre from which it is fed,
Revealing what theorists never divine,
And confirming what *savans* can only opine,
For its windings and channels I roamed ever free,
And its deepest recesses were fathomed by me,
O'er its thousand green islets in regions unknown,
I was by the breeze and the hurricane blown,
Till alighting at length on a proud vessel's mast,

As it gallantly sailed o'er the watery waste,
On the shores of Columbia by chance I was thrown,
And no land I've yet traversed, can rival your own!

No moss covered turrets are towering here,
Which in tales of past centuries often appear,—
No castles in ruins, no old feudal halls,
No palaces rich with their tapestried walls,
But nature has strewn with munificent hand,
Profusely her charms o'er this beautiful land!
The forest how grand in her livery drest!
The mountain how stern with its snowy wreathed crest!
How bright is the streamlet that wakes in the dell,
Her deep rolling rivers how proudly they swell!
For ever around her the wild ocean roars,
And breaks into billows along her green shores.
But its scenery hath changed, since I first wandered o'er
Its mountains and valleys, and I listen no more,
To the wild thrilling song of a people who then,
Roamed as monarchs and freemen through wild wood and glen;
They have fled from the Mohawk and Delaware's shore,
In whose dells the shrill war-whoop is echoed no more,
Their spirits are crushed—they are wasting away—
By the breath of the white man they're doomed to

But away! the wide world I am bidden to roam,
And must linger no longer with thee in thy home;
The sun has arisen, and bids me depart,
For my form he will change with his magical dart!
Ah, would there were hope of our meeting again,
If not on the earth, in a fairer domain;
But tempest nor storm, in that world you will share,
And I know not that even the dew-drop is there!
Of all the frail creatures who fell by his sin,
'Tis man who alone can that Paradise win,—
To the humble believer the promise is given,
Of a glorious crown with the ransomed in Heaven,
May it rest on thy brow and thy form be arrayed,
In those "white shining robes" for the "suffering" made,
And a bright golden harp be attuned by thy hand
To join the sweet songs of the glorified band!

[illegible] 1854

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